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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Chew on it!

Japan, Teardrop, Gillan

All fall apart

Any second now something's gonna POP!

WHAM!

Lynn Hanna goes for it

BIFF! Dub ranting with Benjamin Z

YECCH! Fowley's Hollywood horrors

POW! Gielgud gets Bow Wow Wowed

PLUS! Explainer, 14 Karat Soul, Yazoo

Gizza top ten hit . . . Wham wait for the bubble to burst / Pic: Pennie Smith.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**HEARTBREAKER**	**Dionne Warwick (Arista)**	4	1
2	1	I DON'T WANNA DANCE	Eddy Grant (Ice)	6	1
3	29	MIRROR MAN	Human League (Virgin)	2	3
4	5	(SEXUAL) HEALING	Marvin Gaye (CBS)	3	4
5	8	THEME FROM HARRY'S GAME	Clannad (RCA)	3	5
6	3	MAD WORLD	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	5	3
7	4	THE GIRL IS MINE	Michael Jackson & Paul McCartney (Epic)	3	4
8	18	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT)	Wham (Innervision)	2	8
9	6	MANEATER	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	3	6
10	13	MUSCLES	Diana Ross (Capitol)	3	10
11	15	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	2	11
12	21	LIVING ON THE CEILING	Blancmange (London)	3	12
13	24	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	3	13
14	9	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME	Culture Club (Virgin)	9	1
15	(7)	OOH LA LA LA	Kool & The Gang (Delite)	4	7
16	28	DO IT TO THE MUSIC	Raw Silk (KR)	2	16
17	(17)	CRY BOY CRY	Blue Zoo (Magnet)	2	17
18	(—)	YOUTH OF TODAY	Musical Youth (MCA)	1	18
19	(—)	TRULY	Lionel Richie (Motown)	1	19
20	30	SAVE YOUR LOVE	Rene & Renato (Hollywood)	2	20
21	(—)	WISHING (If I Had A Photograph of You)	Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	1	21
22	11	ZAMBEZI	The Piranhas (Dakota)	5	11
23	14	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	12
24	(—)	THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE	Yazoo (Mute)	1	24
25	(12)	STARMAKER	Kids From Fame (RCA)	8	2
26	(—)	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES	Modern Romance (WEA)	1	26
27	(26)	ANNIE I'M NOT YOUR DADDY	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	7	3
28	10	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow (Arista)	6	7
29	(—)	BACK TO LOVE	Evelyn King (RCA)	1	30
30	20	JACK & DIANE	John Cougar (Riva)	3	20

No one makes Dionne Warwick over as she reaches number one with both single and album. Pic: Kovesdi Press.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	4	**HEARTBREAKER**	**Dionne Warwick (Arista)**	4	1
2	6	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	3	2
3	1	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	18	1
3	(—)	THE SINGLES — THE FIRST TEN YEARS	Abba (Epic)	1	3
5	2	SINGLES — 45's & UNDER	Squeeze (A & M)	3	2
6	3	FROM THE MAKERS OF...	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	3
7	12	THE RISE AND FALL	Madness (Stiff)	2	7
8	7	REFLECTIONS	Various (CBS)	6	7
9	(—)	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION	John Lennon (Parlophone)	1	9
10	20	PEARLS II	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	2	10
11	(—)	MIDNIGHT LOVE	Marvin Gaye (CBS)	1	11
12	(—)	CHART HITS '82	Various (K-Tel)	1	12
13	5	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN	Various (BBC)	6	1
14	10	FAMOUS LAST WORDS	Supertramp (A&M)	3	5
15	(—)	LIVING MY LIFE	Grace Jones (Island)	1	15
16	9	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	6	2
17	11	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	7	3
18	8	LOVE OVER GOLD	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	9	1
19	(—)	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	23	2
20	14	A KISS IN THE DREAMHOUSE	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	14
21	13	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	24	4
22	17	20 GREATEST HITS	The Beatles (Parlophone)	5	11
23	15	WARRIOR ROCK	Toyah (Safari)	2	15
24	(—)	HAPPY FAMILIES	Blancmange (London)	1	24
25	19	FLASH TRACKS	Various (TV Records)	3	19
26	22	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	12	1
27	(—)	RIP IT UP	Orange Juice (Holden Caulfield Universal)	1	27
28	26	THE DOLLAR ALBUM	Dollar (WEA)	4	18
29	(—)	GREAT LOVE SONGS	Nat King Cole (EMI TV)	1	29
30	(—)	LOVE SONGS	Elton John (TV Records)	2	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**Shipbuilding**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
2	(1)	**How Does It Feel**	Crass (Crass)
3	(9)	**The Other Side Of Love**	Yazoo (Mute)
4	(3)	**East World**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
5	(17)	**Give Me Fire**	GBH (Clay)
6	(4)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
7	(5)	**Drumbeat For Baby**	Weekend (R Trade)
8	(15)	**Shake Up The City**	UK Subs (Abstract)
9	(11)	**Chinese Take Away**	Adicts (Razor)
10	(7)	**Be Proud, Be Loud**	Toyah (Safari)
11	(12)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
12	(—)	**For You**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
13	(8)	**Pillar To Post**	Aztec Camera (R Trade)
14	(6)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
15	(10)	**That's What Good Friends Are For**	Brilliant (Limelight)
16	(23)	**Lullabies 12" EP**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
17	(13)	**Baby Turns Blue**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
18	(21)	**Don't Make Me Wait**	Peech Boys (TNT)
19	(20)	**Burn 'Em Down**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
20	(28)	**Woman In Disguise**	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)
21	(—)	**Agents Of Change**	Blue Orchids (R Trade)
22	(—)	**Weary Of The Flesh**	Andy T (Crass)
23	(—)	**Drag You Out**	Lurkers (Clay)
24	(29)	**Hooked On You**	Darkness & Jive (Red Rhino)
25	(—)	**Save Your Love**	Rene & Renato (Hollywood)
26	(—)	**Alice**	Sisters of Mercy (Merciful Release)
27	(22)	**Suicide Bag EP**	Action Pact (Fallout)
28	(—)	**Stand Out**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
29	(16)	**Live**	Conflict (Xntrix)
30	(—)	**Groovin' In Green**	March Violets (Merciful Release)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Voice Of A Generation**	Blitz (No Future)
2	(2)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(4)	**Warrior Rock**	Toyah (Safari)
4	(—)	**La Variete**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
5	(7)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
6	(27)	**The Sound Of Music**	Adicts (Razor)
7	(6)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
8	(3)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
9	(9)	**Under The Flag**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
10	(5)	**Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
11	(10)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
12	(26)	**When The Punks Go Marching In**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
13	(—)	**If I Die, I Die**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
14	(21)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)
15	(20)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
16	(24)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
17	(12)	**Hai**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
18	(8)	**Defective Breakdown**	Defects (WXYZ)
19	(13)	**Enter K**	Peter Hammill (Naive)
20	(23)	**The Psychic Sacrifice**	Throbbing Gristle (Karnage)
21	(16)	**Bullshit Detector 2**	Various (Crass)
22	(11)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
23	(17)	**Carmel**	Carmel (Red Flame)
24	(15)	**Perfection**	Charge (Kamera)
25	(18)	**Recorded 1979-1981**	UK Subs (Abstract)
26	(19)	**The Black Album**	Damned (Big Beat)
27	(25)	**Dr John Sings Mac Rebennack**	Dr John (Demon)
28	(22)	**A Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
29	(—)	**Pigs On Purpose**	Nightingales (Cherry Red)
30	(—)	**And Did Those Feet**	Dancing Did (Kamera)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **You Make Me Feel So Good** — Rudy Thomas & Susan Cadogan (Virgin)
2 **Girls** — Papa Face (Top Notch)
3 **Too Late To Turn Back Now** — Alton Ellis (Fashion)
4 **Melody Life** — Pam Hall (Music Works)
5 **Cool Down The Pace** — Gregory Isaacs (Island)
6 **How Could I Let You Get Away** — Sugar Minott (Thompson Sounds)
7 **Rat Trap** — Fathead (Greensleeves)
8 **New Love** — Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
9 **Its Love That Makes A Woman** — Karen Dixon (NK)
10 **Last Dance** — Mighty Diamonds (JB)
11 **You Know** — Curfew (TNT)
12 **Rock To The A Class Champion** — Johnny Clarke (Fashion)
13 **Night Nurse** — Gregory Isaacs (Island)
14 **Heavyweight Style** — Mikey Dread (Dread At The Controls)
15 **Blow My Mind** — Arema (City Boy)

ALBUMS

1 **Carroll Thomson** — Carroll Thomson (S&G)
2 **D.J. Explosion** — Various (Heartbeat)
3 **Night Nurse** — Gregory Isaacs (Island)
4 **First Case** — Investigators (Investigators)
5 **Commandments of Dub** — Jah Shaka (Shaka)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2.

US SINGLES

1 **Up Where We Belong** — Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Island)
2 **Truly** — Lionel Richie (Motown)
3 **Heart Attack** — Olivia Newton John (MCA)
4 **Gloria** — Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
5 **Heartlight** — Neil Diamond (Columbia)
6 **Who Can It Be Now?** — Men At Work (Columbia)
7 **Mickey** — Toni Basil (Radial Choice)
8 **Maneater** — Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
9 **Steppin' Out** — Joe Jackson (A&M)
10 **Muscles** — Diana Ross (RCA)

US LPs

1 **Business As Usual** — Men At Work (Columbia)
2 **Mirage** — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3 **Nebraska** — Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
4 **Lionel Richie** — Lionel Richie (Motown)
5 **Built For Speed** — Stray Cats (EMI)
6 **Night And Day** — Joe Jackson (A&M)
7 **The Nylon Curtain** — Billy Joel (Columbia)
8 **Its Hard** — The Who (Warner Bros)
9 **American Fool** — John Cougar (Riva)
10 **Heartlight** — Neil Diamond (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

SWEDEN

1 **Puttin On The Ritz** — Taco (RCA)
2 **Never Again** Tomas Ledin/Agnetha Faltskog (Polar)
3 **The Day Before You Came** — Abba (Polar)
4 **I Know There's Something Going On** — Frida (Polar)
5 **Abracadabra** — Steve Miller Band (Mercury)
6 **Cat People** — David Bowie (Backstreet)
7 **Eye of the Tiger** — Survivor (Scotti Bros)
8 **Var Ska Vi Sova Inatt** — Perikes (RCA)
9 **Memory** — Barbra Streisand (CBS)
10 **Don't Go** — Yazoo (Mute)

Courtesy GLF/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Mull Of Kintyre** — Wings (Parlophone)
2 **We Are The Champions** — Queen (EMI)
3 **How Deep Is Your Love** — Bee Gees (RSO)
4 **Name Of The Game** — Abba (Epic)
5 **Rockin' All Over The World** — Status Quo (Vertigo)
6 **Daddy Cool** — Darts (Magnet)
7 **Floral Dance** — Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)
8 **Dancin' Party** — Showaddywaddy (Arista)
9 **She's Not There** — Santana (CBS)
10 **Live In Trouble** — Barron Knights (Epic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **My Ding-A-Ling** — Chuck Berry (Chess)
2 **Gudbuy T'Jane** — Slade (Polydor)
3 **Crazy Horses** — Osmonds (MGM)
4 **What Made Milwaukee Famous/Angel** — Rod Stewart (Mercury)
5 **Crocodile Rock** — Elton John (DJM)
6 **Why** — Donny Osmond (MGM)
7 **Lookin' Through The Windows** — Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
8 **Lay Down** — Strawbs (A&M)
9 **Ben** — Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
10 **I'm Stone In Love With You** — Stylistics (Avco)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

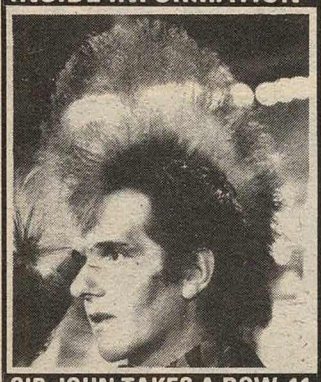
1 **Hello Goodbye** — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **Let The Heartaches Begin** — Long John Baldry (Pye)
3 **Everybody Knows** — Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
4 **Something's Gotten Hold Of My Heart** — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
5 **If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'** — Val Doonican (Pye)
6 **Careless Hands** — Des O'Connor (Columbia)
7 **I'm Coming Home** — Tom Jones (Decca)
8 **All My Love** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9 **The Last Waltz** — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
10 **World** — Bee Gees (Polydor)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Lovesick Blues** — Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2 **Return To Sender** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 **Let's Dance** — Chris Montez (London)
4 **Guitar Man** — Duane Eddy (RCA)
5 **Swiss Maid** — Del Shannon (London)
6 **Sun Arise** — Rolf Harris (Columbia)
7 **Bobby's Girl** — Susan Maugham (Philips)
8 **Devil Woman** — Marty Robbins (CBS)
9 **Telstar** — Tornadoes (Decca)
10 **The Next Time** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION



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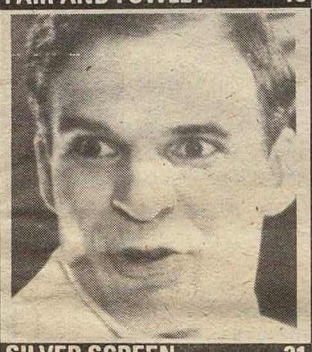

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Will Julian cope? Pic Kevin Cummins

The year of the split — three more top bands break up

TEARDROP DISSOLVES

TEARDROP EXPLODES ceased to exist last week, four years to the day after they made their debut at Liverpool Eric's on November 15, 1978.

The split decision was by mutual agreement of the final three-man line-up — Julian Cope, Gary Dwyer and David Balfe. The first two were the only remaining members of the original group, whose personnel has fluctuated considerably over the years, though Balfe has been associated with them from the start as producer of their first Zoo single.

Cope has been contemplating a solo career for some months, and he'll shortly start recording his own album, as well as playing club dates — and it's already agreed that Dwyer will be a member of the group. Balfe is said to have various "wild ideas" which he'll unveil when ready — and he, too, will be working with Dwyer on his recordings when they'll be known as The Dumbfounding Two. All three will remain with their current label, Phonogram / Mercury.

A new Teardrops album was almost completed at the time of the split, and this will be released in some form in the New Year, plus at least one final single. But the band itself — like so many others this year — is now part of rock history, and none of the trio will be using the name again in the future.

GILLAN LOSES CHORDS

GILLAN come to the end of the road on December 17, the final date of their current marathon UK tour.

It was officially confirmed by the band's management this week that their present tour will be their last.

Ian Gillan has been told by specialists that he must stop singing for at least nine months, as his recent toll of performing around 200 gigs each year — interspersed with recording sessions — has been far too heavy. And he's been warned that, if the same schedule is maintained,he will suffer permanent damage to his vocal chords.

There is no danger of any of his current dates being cancelled, unless anything untoward happens, but he intends to be out of action for the bulk of 1983. At the moment, the future plans of band members Messrs McCoy, Towns, Gers and Underwood are unknown.

JAPAN'S LONG GOODBYE

JAPAN have played their last-ever concert in Britain.

It was at London's Hammersmith Odeon earlier this week, as the final date in their extensive autumn tour. Now they have to fulfil commitments in Hong Kong and Japan — and, appropriately, it's in the latter country that they play their very last show in mid-December. Then the group disband irrevocably.

The split is not yet official, though David Sylvian has been dropping hints to audiences throughout the latter stages of the UK tour. And Virgin Records freely admitted on Monday that they'll be issuing an official announcement of the break-up next week.

The end of Japan has been on the cards for the past year, with rumours starting to spread as early as January, because the various members were becoming so deeply involved in their own individual activities. It was to counter rumours of a complete split that they released details of their autumn tour schedule as early as the spring.

Only a few weeks ago, they revealed that they would be going their separate ways again in the New Year — though, at the time, they insisted that Japan would be operational again later in 1983. Now, evidently, they have had second thoughts — and they've decided that their own solo interests must take precedence.

Tory threat to Reading

THE FUTURE of the annual Reading Festival, one of the leading events in the rock calendar, hangs in the balance following the local council's decision to banish it from its present site.

The ban officially takes effect from 1984, but the council has also left the organisers up in the air by delaying any decision on whether to allow it to go ahead next year.

The event has been held on its present Richfield Avenue site for 12 years, during which time the council has always ignored objections from certain local residents, in favour of the publicity and the considerable financial revenue the town has gleaned from the festival.

But this year is different and, with local elections due in May, it's been turned into a political issue. Reading Council is at present Conservative and, although it's understood that a number of Tory councillors wanted to vote in favour of retaining the festival, the party whip was applied to ensure they didn't. Labour councillors are angry at the decision, and are promising to over-rule it if they are returned to power.

The Tories have instructed officers to look for an alternative site close to the town, though local sources say the prospects of finding such a large area of open land are very

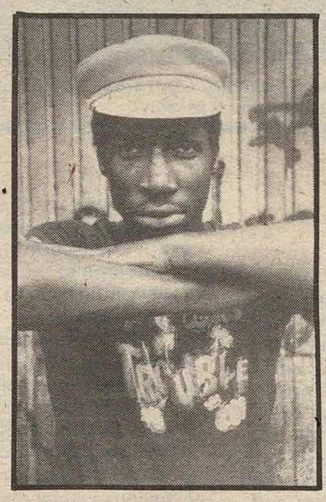
● *continues over*

Rats back

THE BOOMTOWN RATS are playing a short series of club and college dates before Christmas.

They're also busy writing and rehearsing material for a new album and single to be released in the New Year, with the likelihood of further dates to coincide. Meanwhile, their imminent gigs — for which ticket prices range from £3 to £4.50 — are:

Chippenham Goldiggers (tonight, Thursday), Coventry Warwick University (Friday), Uxbridge Brunel University (December 4), Nottingham University (5), Leicester University (10), Norwich East Anglia University (11), Sheffield Lyceum (12), Hitchin Regal (13) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (14).



Can Flash master it?

Flash in the can

GRANDMASTER FLASH, America's premier rap star whose single 'The Message' was a Top Ten hit in the *NME* Chart earlier this year, pays his first-ever visit to Britain next month together with his band The Furious Five.

More dates are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but those confirmed so far are:

London Victoria The Venue (December 4 and 5), Norwich East Anglia University (7), Loughborough University (8), Coventry Warwick University (9), Manchester Hacienda Club (10), Leeds University (11) and Chippenham Goldiggers (12). Tickets for the London dates are now on sale priced £5, though they'll be £5.50 on the door if any remain. Readers are advised to contact individual box-offices for booking arrangements at the other venues.

Flash will be featuring material from his album 'The Message', as well as some new tracks which he recorded recently. Tapes of this new material are being rushed to Britain, and it's hoped to release a new single to coincide with his visit.

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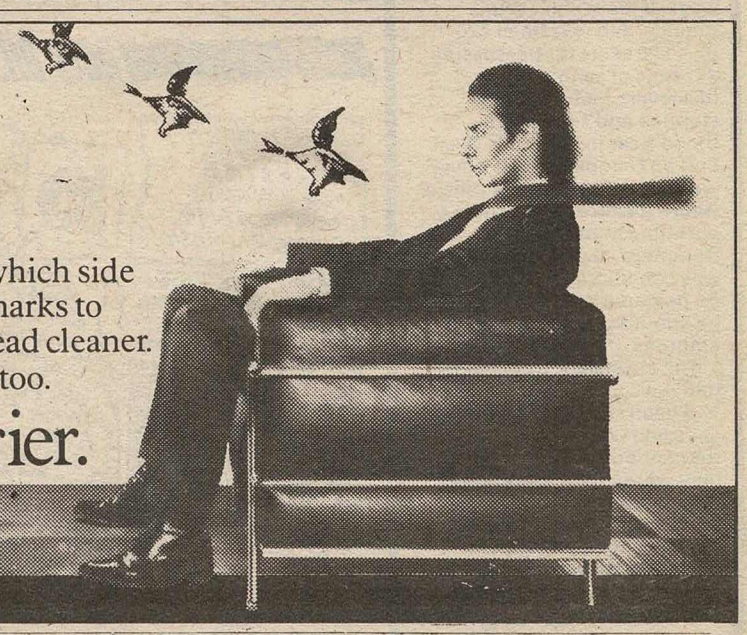

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Rolling cameras

☐ **The Rolling Stones** movie *Time Is On Our Side* has been acquired by Embassy Pictures, who are currently negotiating UK distribution for the New Year. It's a documentary record, put together from miles and miles of live footage shot during their last American tour, and features the band in concert, on the road and behind the scenes.

Meanwhile **Mick** and **Keef** are "gathering their thoughts together for a new studio album". That's what the *offical* line is, though mumblings from the highly unreliable grapevine say that, in fact, they're frantically sifting through what they've already got to see if they can scrape an album's worth from it. We can but wait . . .

Ambient modes 'n' that . . .

☐ The Museum of Modern Art in Oxford is to be the site of a new installation of "aural and visual investigations" by the team of ex-**Wire** men, **B.C. Gilbert** and **G. Lewis**, and illustrator **Russell Mills**. The latter is best-known in the pop world for his collection of illustrations to **Brian Eno**'s lyrics but worked with Lewis and Gilbert on a previous London gallery outing, 'MZU!'. The Oxford experiment will be entitled 'MU/ZEK/UM' and will run from 5 Dec–30 Jan at 30 Pembroke Street, Oxford.

From 18–30 January, the same site will host Brian Eno's travelling video installation, *Mistaken Memories of Mediaeval Manhattan* — shots of New York's SoHo area in the ambient mode.

DJ Barry Alldis dies

☐ **Barry Alldis**, Radio Luxembourg's longest-serving disc-jockey, died in hospital in the Duchy on Sunday. He had collapsed two days earlier and was rushed to hospital with internal bleeding, but despite frantic efforts, doctors were unable to save him. He was 50, and leaves a wife and two teenage children.

Born in Australia, Alldis joined Luxembourg in 1957, soon afterwards launching the **Top Twenty** series — which was to become the station's top-rated show (attracting ten million listeners at its peak) and which has recently been re-introduced to the schedules. He moved to the BBC in 1968 but returned to Luxembourg in 1975, giving him a total of 17 years at 208.

Dammers bust

☐ **Jerry Dammers** was found guilty in London's Malborough Street Court last week of his second drugs offence, and was fined £20 plus £20 costs for possessing 212 mgs of cannabis (discovered when police stopped and searched a friend's car in London's West End on October 3). The driver was Local Government official **Andre Adrinto**, who is now a part-time member of Dammers' new group — he was conditionally discharged on payment of £20 costs after he admitted having small amounts of cannabis.

The ex-**Special**'s solicitor told the court that both men had been working 17-hour days and were under tremendous pressure because they were trying to complete the group's debut album by Christmas — this was taken into account in mitigation. Dammers had previously been fined £20 for a similar offence in 1979.

ACTORS GOBBED IN PISTOLS DRAMA!

EXCLUSIVE: Rumblings of disgust from local worthies in Plymouth.

By Our Reporter

SEX, FILTH

Pic: Jorgen Angel

SEX PISTOLS! Kevin McNally, Rick Cotton and Chris Beaumont in Pistols.

ROCK N ROLL!

" 'Ere Sid. . .these boys taking the Michael or what?"

Pic: Jack Plug

DOPPELGANGERS! Rotten still eeking a living from slicing off his piles in public. Sid and Steve Jones still looking for A minor.

SID LIVES . . . Rotten returns! Er, yeah, well *nearly* . . . *Pistols*, the play's called. Logical really, since it's a dramatic reconstruction of that group's last days on earth.

Currently running at Plymouth's Theatre Royal, *Pistols* is written by Malcolm McKay and it stars a crew of hopeful doppelgangers, from Rick Cotton (as JR himself) to Kevin McNally as the Blessed Sydde. Other infamous characters portrayed include Steve Jones (by Chris Beaumont), Paul Cook, Malcolm McLaren and Nancy Spungeon. Nobody plays Bill Grundy.

In the finest old Pistolian traditions, this production's causing rumblings of disgust from local worthies (not least because it's subsidised by an Arts Council grant). And it's won the devotion of punks far and wide who come along and make-believe it's '77 for real.

All four sub-Pistols take on their matching musical roles, running through that golden repertoire we all knew and loved. Theatre seats have been removed, to give the place that authentically sorid club gig ambience, and nobody minds at all if the crowd play their bit too by gobbing at the actors.

Discussions are underway about a London run for *Pistols* in the near future. Meanwhile it's on at the Theatre Royal until November 27. Check box office for times (Plymouth 669595).

HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE

Pic: Joe Stevens

Reading threat

From previous page

slim. And Barbara Pendleton, wife of organiser Harold Pendleton (who is in hospital), admitted that previous searches for different sites in Reading had proved fruitless.

One ray of hope for next year's festival is that, after the vote to eject the event was won, Labour pointed out that it was unfair not to give the organisers sufficient notice and asked that the ban should not become operative until 1984. This resolution was passed in the Leisure Committee, and has now been sent back for consideration to the main council, whose final decision won't be known until the New Year.

This means that the organisers will have to re-apply for a licence at that time and, if they are unsuccessful, will have to await the outcome of the May elections — giving them very little time to make arrangements for the 1983 festival.

The motives behind the Tories' determination on this issue are unclear — particularly as this year's festival was the most trouble-free to date, with only five noise complaints and fewer arrests than ever before. It is unlikely that the Richfield Avenue site would be required for re-development, because it is a made-up tip which is still settling, and so unsuitable for building at this stage.

Festival booker Jack Barrie told *NME:* "We're obviously upset that the event is again being used as a political football. And it's all very worrying because the situation is so confused at the moment — even the council don't seem to know exactly what's happening.

"All we do know for sure is that, if the Tories retain power, we won't be at Richfield Avenue in 1984 — and there's every chance that we shan't be there next year, either."

If present trends continue, the Tories *do* seem likely to retain power in May. This, coupled with the apparent lack of a suitable alternative site in the vicinity, means that the festival is faced with the chop or with finding another home in a different part of the country.

note oilskin base — lowry

MONTY MONT-GOMERY IS ARRESTED FOR SINGING COUNTRY AND EASTERN MUSIC!!
THIS IS A DEMOCRACY, KID - YOU DON'T SING THAT COMMIE BULLSHIT HERE!
I LIKE FIDEL CASTRO - AND HIS BEARD!!
SENT
WHOA!
MONTY IS HUSTLED AWAY FROM THE GOLDEN COCKEREL CLUB IN AN UNMARKED CAR...
WE FIND IT MAKES FOR EXCITING DRIVING!
I'D SAY - THE FINEST PICTURE QUALITY OF ALL TIME' - A. PREVIN.
BEEP!!
AT POLICE H.Q...
WHAT ABOUT IT MONTY - HAVE YOU GOT THESE NEW FANGLED MILITANT TENDENCIES?
THIS IS SERIOUS, SON, WE FOUND THESE RUSSIAN BOOTS IN THE BAND'S GEAR.
I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING CONSTABLE - IT'S BOLSHEVIK CHIC!!
Hardwearing Ideal for farm-
YOU GOT A DIRTY MOUTH ON YOU, KID!! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S LADY P.C.'s PRESENT!?
THINKS - AT LEAST HE'S A FEMINIST..
O WOK!!
RETCH!!
LOCK THE BASTARD UP FOR THE NIGHT...
S.O.
HEY, LISTEN - DO YOU BELIEVE IN U.F.O'S, MARTIANS, ROMAN CATHOL-ICISM?..
UH, OH.. BACK IN THE DRUNK TANK..
NEXT - THE MASSES FINALLY RISE!! — BUT ONLY AGAINST PAULA YATES..

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

KIRK BRANDON

SONGS
Shape Of Things To Come — Slade
River Deep Mountain High — Ike & Tina Turner
Get Up Stand Up — Wailers
Concrete Jungle — Wailers
Superstition — Stevie Wonder
Grapevine — Marvin Gaye
Bored With The USA — Clash
Complete Control — Clash
Bollocks LP — Sex Pistols
Complete Works Of Wagner
Total Silence

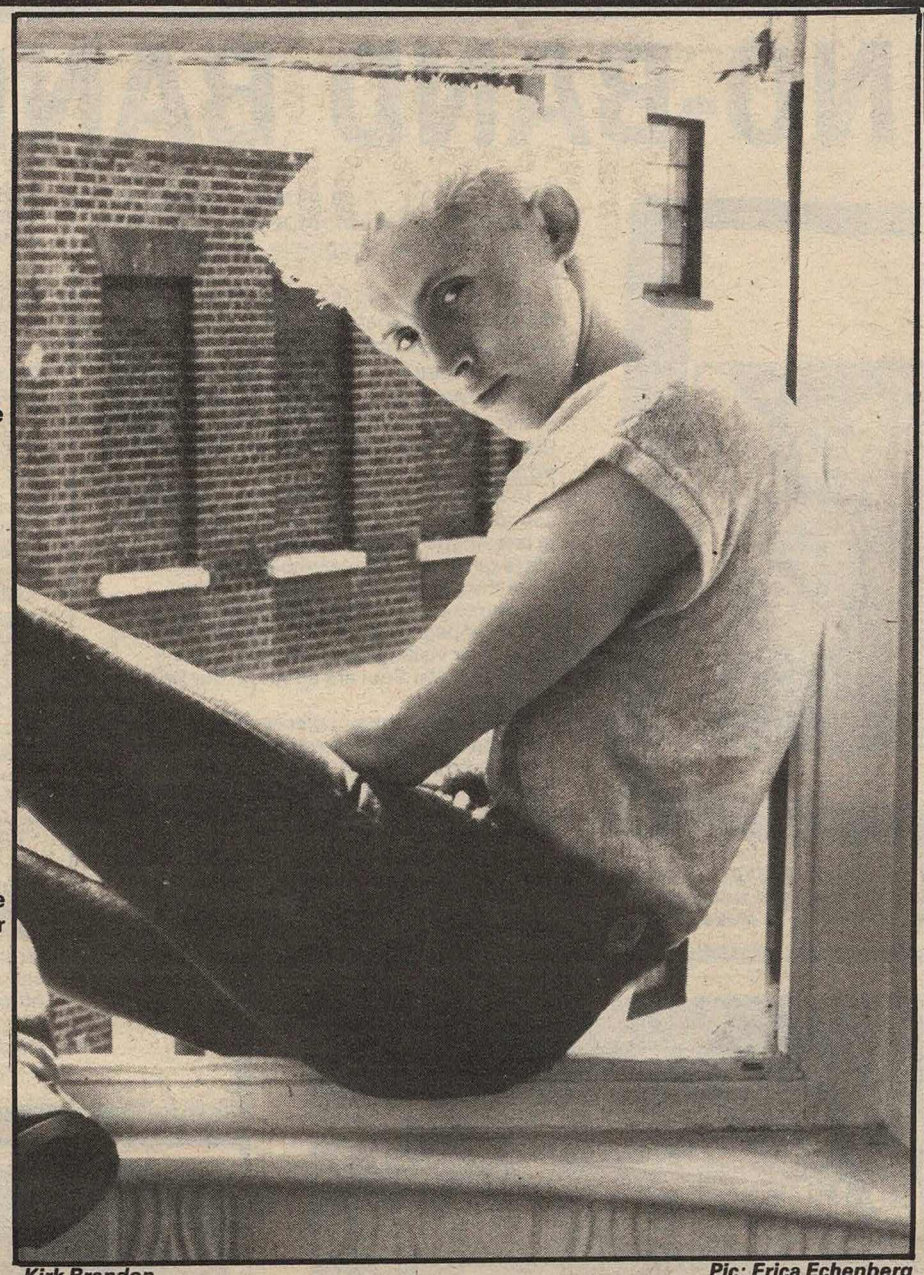
SPORTS
Kendo
Karate

HATES
The trouble with poison is people begin to enjoy it in their system after a while.

LIKES
Revolutions
Beheadings
The Sahara
The Sea
The Wind
Bull Terriers
Women — white or black

BOOKS
The Times
Revelations
Empty pages, or rather the other side of it — there is nothing yet only you waiting to do it. Do it!

FOOD 'n DRINK
Pineapples
Blackcurrants
Lime Juice
Anything with bones in



Kirk Brandon *Pic: Erica Echenberg*

FILMS
Orson Welles
De Niro
Marilyn Monroe
Ford

PEOPLE
Those who have died bringing us to our stations in life
Bob Marley
Anyone who would walk in the light

GUITARS
Gretsch G120s
Gretsch G Brands
Gretsch 1st Anniversary
'58 Les Pauls

FUTURE DREAMS
These belong to you. But remember like in the play: There are many who would murder you in your sleep.

Townshend intervenes for Yobz in peril

PETE TOWNSHEND has stepped in to try and save an ambitious community music project from closure by the GLC.

The Lancaster Music Project — which provides premises and facilities for the Skeemin' Yobz group of young unemployed musicians featured in *NME* (October 23) — is scheduled to be turned into a hostel for the homeless.

"The irony is, by doing this the council will be making the four single people who live there at the moment homeless," said Joy Mobbs, a spokeswoman for the project.

The Music Project, situated in West London's Whitchurch Road, currently provides cheap rehearsal facilities, a mobile studio, a radio project and an independent cassette label for about 100 young musicians from the area, many of them unemployed.

The project is financed mainly voluntarily by members, who through fund-raising and by contributing money from their own pockets, have spent £3,000 on the project over the last two years. They have also received £300 from the ILEA for equipment.

They claim that their problems with the socialist GLC have arisen because the founders of the Project are squatters who moved into the house when the premises were owned by the Inner London Education Authority. Because the house was declared surplus to the education authority's needs, it was passed to the GLC for housing purposes.

Tony McBrearty, Chairman of the GLC's Housing Committee, confirmed that his department did want the property.

"We feel it should be used for housing," he said. "These people may or may not fit our criteria for single homeless, but if they went to their local authority, they could then be assessed.

"We need accommodation for people coming off drug abuse, coming out of prison or moving out of some of London's very large hostels," he continued. "But we can't just allow people to move in and say they're single homeless. It's a question of priorities."

The GLC have offered to try and find the Project other accommodation. But Graham Perry, another project member commented, "Unless we were given a grant, I just don't think we'd have the energy to start all over again."

Now the Project has placed its hopes in Pete Townshend's powers as peace-maker. He offered to intercede with the GLC on their behalf after hearing of the Project's plight.

"I feel total sympathy with single homeless, since I was one myself," added Graham. "But the fact that we were squatters seems to have over-ridden everything else we were doing."

LYNN HANNA

lowry

"It's an extremely rare, late-period recording, made when he was almost totally obsessed with food."

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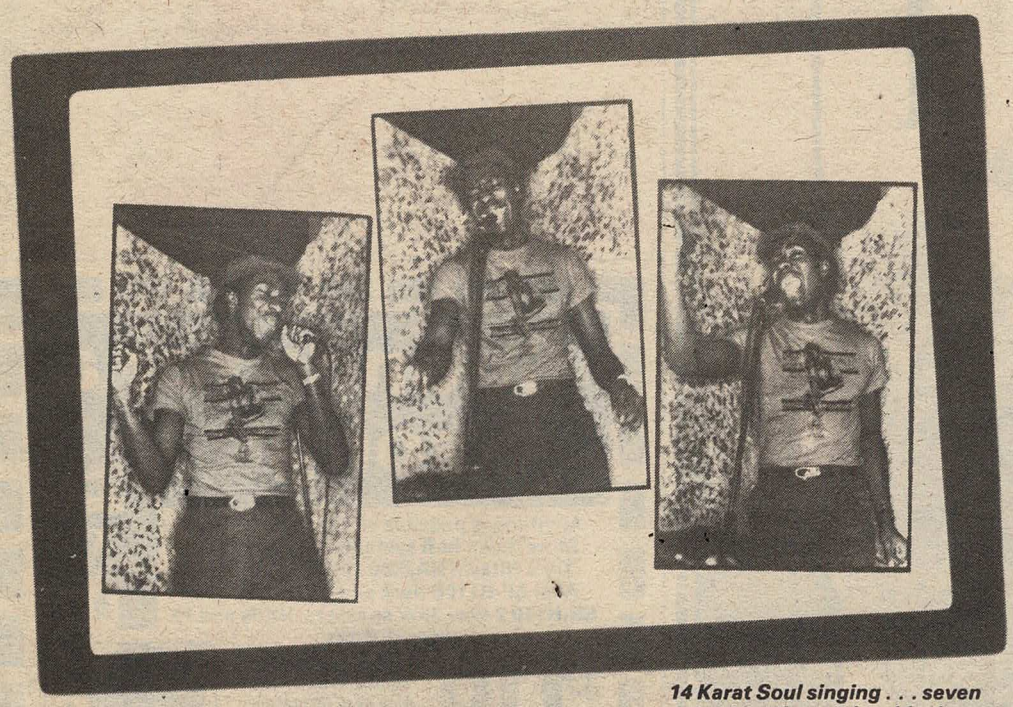

14 Karat Soul singing . . . seven years together and suddenly they're starting to make it.

ACAPPELLA . . a-ca-ppella . . . singing without musical accompaniment or, in its original Italian, a-cappella . . . in the style of the chapel.

Either way, unless you're a Welsh miner or a football hooligan, singing without music rarely cut much ice on these shores until 14 Karat Soul. These five young men from New Jersey are attempting to alter the way we feel about the beauties of the unadulterated human voice.

14 Karat Soul first came to town as the live soundtrack for a touring US theatre company in late August; and though their two short plays gave a less than complete picture of what the group were capable of, it was enough to ensure them a string of club dates and an appearance on *The South Bank Show*. Now, after visiting the continent with the plays, 14 Karat Soul are about to tour Britain in their own right.

As one of the theatre pieces they were involved in — *Sister Suzie Cinema* — is being turned into a film with the group doing the soundtrack, and theatres, clubs and television stations have been falling over themselves with bookings, it was a very tired 14 Karat Soul who sprawled around their ICA dressing room, ready to tell me about themselves.

"We didn't have a band, but we wanted to sing in the talent shows so we just got together and started singing the Top 40 acappella," bassman Reggie 'Briz' Brisbon offers, answering the obvious question of why five black American teenagers got together to sing instead of taking drugs and becoming the next Rick James. This, he adds, was no easy road to fame.

"When we started, we had no rhythmic basslines or anything like that, we didn't even know how to come in or go out properly. We were just singing the notes, and we'd get all messed up!

"Then we got hold of a couple of acappella albums, and started listening to the arrangements, and before we knew it we were doing our own arrangements of the Top 40 tunes, with a little bit of rhythm and everything!"

Glenny T cuts in. He's the group's middle singer — between second tenor and baritone.

"We wanted each individual to be able to sing a lead part, and at the same time hold the background. We had all the right voices — Dave (Thurmond) on the tenor, Brian (Simpson) first tenor, me right in the middle, Russell (Fox) on baritone and Briz as the bass — and we worked for everyone to have their own personalities, but blend together to be in one groove."

It's these personalities, almost as much as their ability, that make 14 Karat Soul so entertaining. In the true tradition of street corner harmonizers or barber shop quartets, they are singing because they enjoy it. The strong scent of fun that pervades their stage show allows them to clown about with each other and with the audience. The five senses of humour — like the five voices — work separately yet in harmony to give the watchers a *show*, rather than a mere concert.

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One of the Peter Kennard photomontages used by The Labour Party in their anti-nuke TV broadcast.

Masque of the anti-red death

DECEMBER 1st will see a Labour Party political broadcast devoted entirely to the theme of nuclear disarmament — and its visuals will include the anti-military photomontage of agitprop artist Peter Kennard *(NME 25.7.81)*. Since there are now 4 channels, it will for the first time be broadcast in different time slots — thus providing new-style saturation coverage in 20 million living rooms and lounges.

On the same day, Kennard's travelling exhibition 'Despatches From An Unofficial War Artist' opens at the Southampton Art Gallery, Civic Centre, Southampton *(Hours 11-5 Tues-Sat; 2-5 Sun)*.

It includes 3 years' worth of montage work, says the artist — who's pleased to see it sited in an area with a Tory Council. "I think most people have got the message by now in other areas. . .so I'm pleased to get the images up in places where people may not necessarily agree with me".

Kennard says the exhibition's title denotes the fact that "these are sort of 'last images' — images of a war where there won't be any more war artists; no more enterprising people with pencils shipping out to the Falklands".

Kennard has published a book of his work (*No Nuclear Weapons,* CND/Pluto Press, £1) and his photo-montage is also the subject of a previous Arts Council film to be shown this April.

CYNTHIA ROSE

The boys in the band. *Pics Waldo*

Now, after the performance, they still cannon off each other, finishing each other's sentences, as only a tight group of friends can. Mind you, in spite of singing together for only seven years *(only* seven years? That's longer than most marriages!) 14 Karat Soul have known each other a lifetime. Same streets, same school, same church — "Even our parents knew each other!" says a wide-eyed Simpson.

AFTER THEY organised their act and began winning talent shows, they came to the attention of their current manager Stanley Krause. Krause polished the group's rough'n'ready style in much the same way as he did for The Persuasions — the only other acappella group to have made a commercial impression in the last 15 years.

Now, in 1982, after plenty of work, live and in the studio, and with a previous tour of Europe already under their belts, they find themselves bigger here than they are in the States.

Did the reaction they've been getting in England come as much of a surprise?

Russell Fox takes up the running. "It was quite a surprise at first, I mean we didn't expect anything like the reaction we've had from the young people, but when we looked around to figure out why, it kinda made sense. Everything about the kids here seems reminiscent of the '50s — their dress, their style — so I guess we just fitted in."

Although 14 Karat Soul are in a league far above your average bandwagon jumper, a large amount of their appeal must be novelty value — and the '50s fad could disappear overnight. So how did they see the future for themselves and their music?

"To break the style really big, we'd have to establish ourselves on record, and when we record we don't record whole albums of acappella," states Dave Thurmond. "We put a few acappella songs on, but for the most part it's with a studio band."

Consternation must've crossed my face, and Simpson offered further explanation.

"Using a band is necessary for what we want to do. Singing acappella is very good, and it's our forte right now, but singing acappella over a period of time you burn yourself out. It's very hard physically, and you tend to lose any versatility."

Fox: "I really doubt that an entire album acappella would sell at all. If you're just listening to the five of us — if you're just listening to five *anything* as limited as the voice — after a while, it can get kind of monotonous. People can predict what we're getting ready to do."

I'M STILL not sure, though. What they say about a band makes sense, yet I can't help thinking that with one they'd be just another soul vocal group — albeit a very good one.

14 Karat Soul will be in town until November 21, playing all over the place and appearing on Channel 4's *The Tube*. They're also on the verge of signing a record deal. Whether or not you think you'll like acappella doo-wop, I guarantee you'll like this group.

LLOYD BRADLEY

The cast of 'Yakkety Yak' prepare to catch a giant rock & roll balloon. *Pic: Alastair Muir*

HALLELUJAH EAST SIDE STORY

Keepin' cruisin' down '50s Boulevard

AS YOUNG dilletantes throughout the country delve deeper into the arcane mysteries of '50s Americana and its 'billy' orientated fashions, the music also seems to be reasserting itself.

Latching on to this, the 'fringe theatre' — represented here by the Half Moon in East London — has delivered its own West Coast musical based around the exceptional talents of songwriters Leiber and Stoller. Treading a cotton candy line between the comedy of *Happy Days* and the verve of *West Side Story* is traces out the bubble gum laden lives of a family of Irish American brothers.

Yakkety Yak is its title and it casually deals with the capers and the trash that made *Grease* such a nostalgia ridden success.

The sub *West Side* plot (balcony scenes and all) may be lacking in substance, but the sheer exuberance of the cast and the band (courtesy of The Darts) more than makes amends for any cliched scripting. With a fine eye for detail and a superb diet of vocal harmonics and red faced sax play, *Yak* does more than justice to such classic juke box classics as 'On Broadway', 'Kansas City' and 'Riot In Cell Block No. 9'.

The girls, Natalie Ogle (the next Natalie Wood?) and Tracey Perry are all pony tails, full skirts and college chat as they strut jive assed through the set — teasing both punters and lovers in their turn.

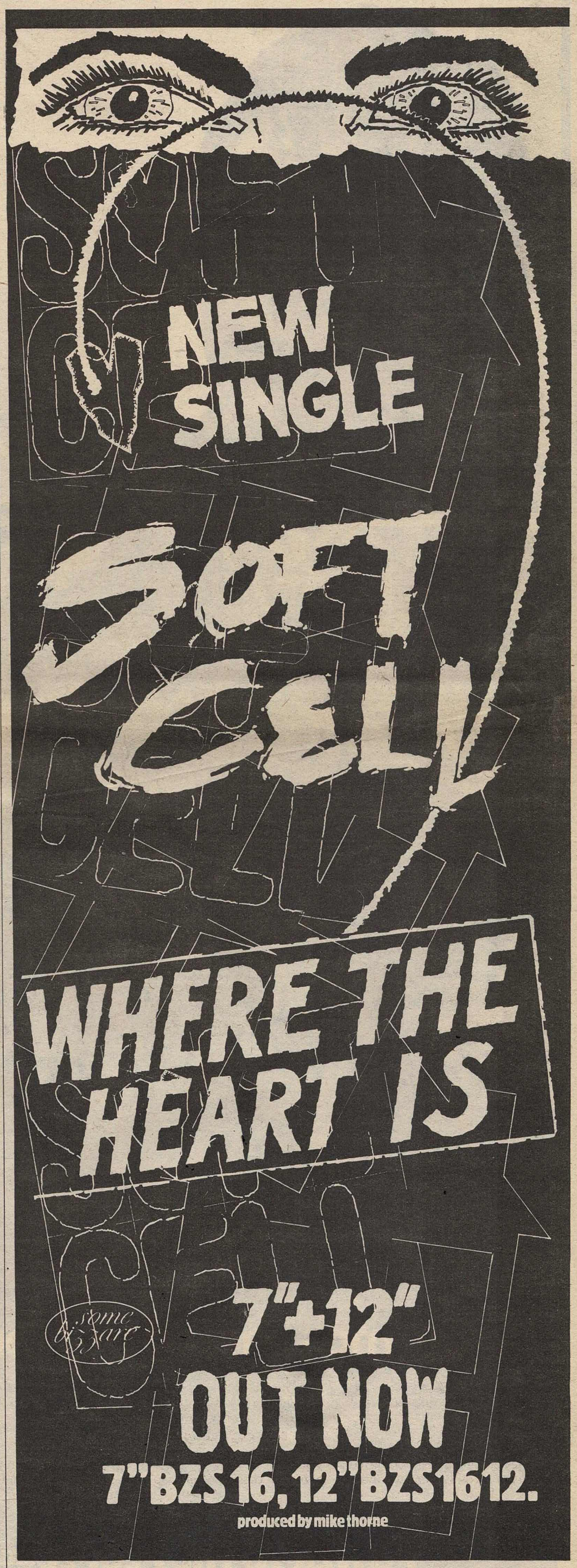
The brothers — steely-eyed, rubber legged and greasily coiffured — cruise about in a cardboard cut-out pink Cadillac. Played with an easy air by four real life brothers, the McGanns, they slide from their native Liverpudlian into a low Californian drawl as fast as the pound drops.

Some of the scenes drop into sugary sentimentalism as a group of children scream their way through the title track, but all is redeemed as Kenny Andrews (of Darts again) deep throats his way through 'Flippety Flop'.

As the guys and dolls wander through pregnancies, fights, schools and drug initiation, it's Leiber and Stoller who bring through the hard core goods — gritting their teeth to failure, laughing at success.

With or without a star studded cast, *Yakkety Yak* is a spunky little trip through the fantasies and footsteps of the bowling alley brigade — recounted with loving care. With *Yakkety Yak* you just don't dare talk back.

DAVID DORRELL



Eric in the House Of The Rising Glass

ROCCO THE ROCKIST

First, it was 'Gotta Get Outta This Place', now it's *Comeback*. Will Eric Burdon ever make up his mind?

PENNY REEL attempts to find out

IN THE final frame of *Comeback*, rock hero Rocco is shot dead as he leaves a Berlin stage, which is to begin at the end and a trick I've wanted to play ever since the time someone leans over my shoulder to advise "he is sent to Siberia" while sat reading *Crime And Punishment* on a bench in Trafalgar Square.

Comeback tells the story of a performer who bows out at the peak of his career during an incident of mid-tour nastiness. Under the pressure of "a murderous music industry, he leaves the stage, his wife, his child, his home, California, the American dream in which he apparently won everything and yet lost everything, and goes back to the street."

The street in context being location shots of West Berlin pavements, including a sequence in the vicinity of the Wall where Rocco encounters bluesman Louisiana Red and the pair strike up an understanding on their mutual agreement of "what a fucked up world it is, man" and common knowledge pertaining to the chords of Elmore James' 'It Hurts Me Too'.

This Rocco character bears a marked resemblance to Eric Burdon, right down to the trace of a Geordie accent and a predilection for very heavy, very 'umble blues-based rock. So complementary the role, in fact, that the part of Rocco is distinguished by the presence of Burdon himself.

The film's recurrent phrase, eventually daubed on the wall of Rocco Burdon's squat, is a facile "when you're dead you're great" that is not without effect.

Eric Burdon spends much of his time in Berlin at present, though is unsettled and even talks of returning to England, maybe. *Comeback* is written and directed by Berlin film maker Christel Buschmann.

So how much of Rocco is Eric?

"I would say it was fairly autobiographical, at least up to where Rocco leaves America," he talks between mouthfuls of pate and toast. "I quit the music, my wife, the States. The only thing different is I never left my child."

And you also share a taste for the hard bitten rock in *Comeback*, such as 'Who Gives A Fuck' and 'Kill My Body' in addition to the blues of Elmore and Wolf?

"The band I've got together now are not so much into the hard blues side of it."

'House Of The Rising Sun' recently hit over here again. Do you still have to go onstage and sing it?

"It reached the point where I wouldn't do it. At the time I was getting other things together — you remember War? — and regarded the song as an embarrassment. Now I enjoy doing it. Just go out and have a ball with the song."

We talk of his possible return to England, its changes during the past decade, its aspect of despondency, the tattoos of its children.

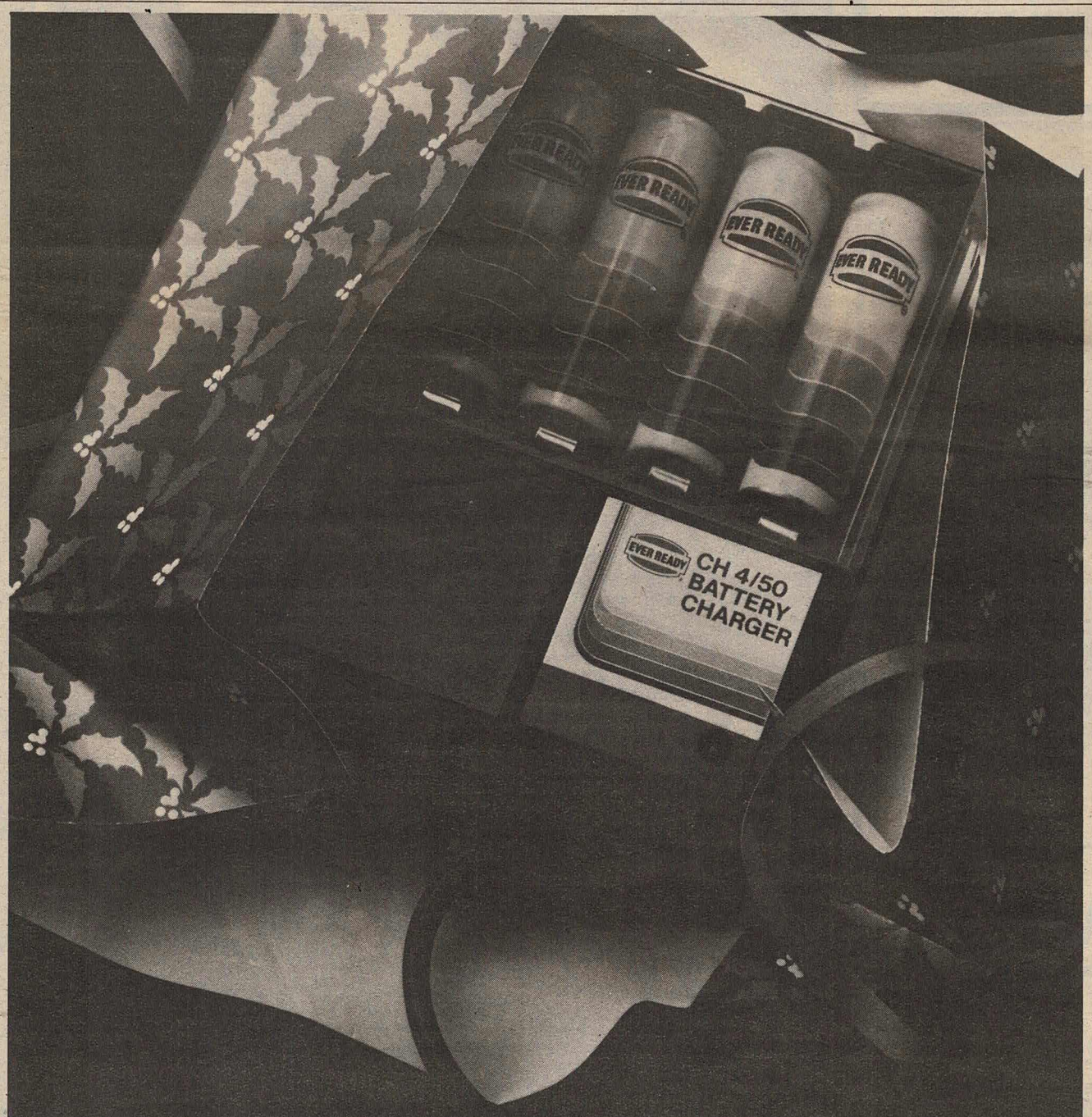
"There's more tattoos in England than anywhere else in the world except Australia," says Eric.

Don't you sometimes wish you were still an ordinary bloke living in England, in Newcastle?

"I met Brian Matthews the other day and he asked me the same question, Do you have any regrets? He said the last time he saw me I was surrounded by these beautiful women, saying I am the fountain of life. So I said to him, Would you have any regrets?"

But, I persist, wouldn't you sometimes like to be this guy nobody knows, going down the pub and singing with the local band?

Eric Burdon shrugs. He has nothing to say.



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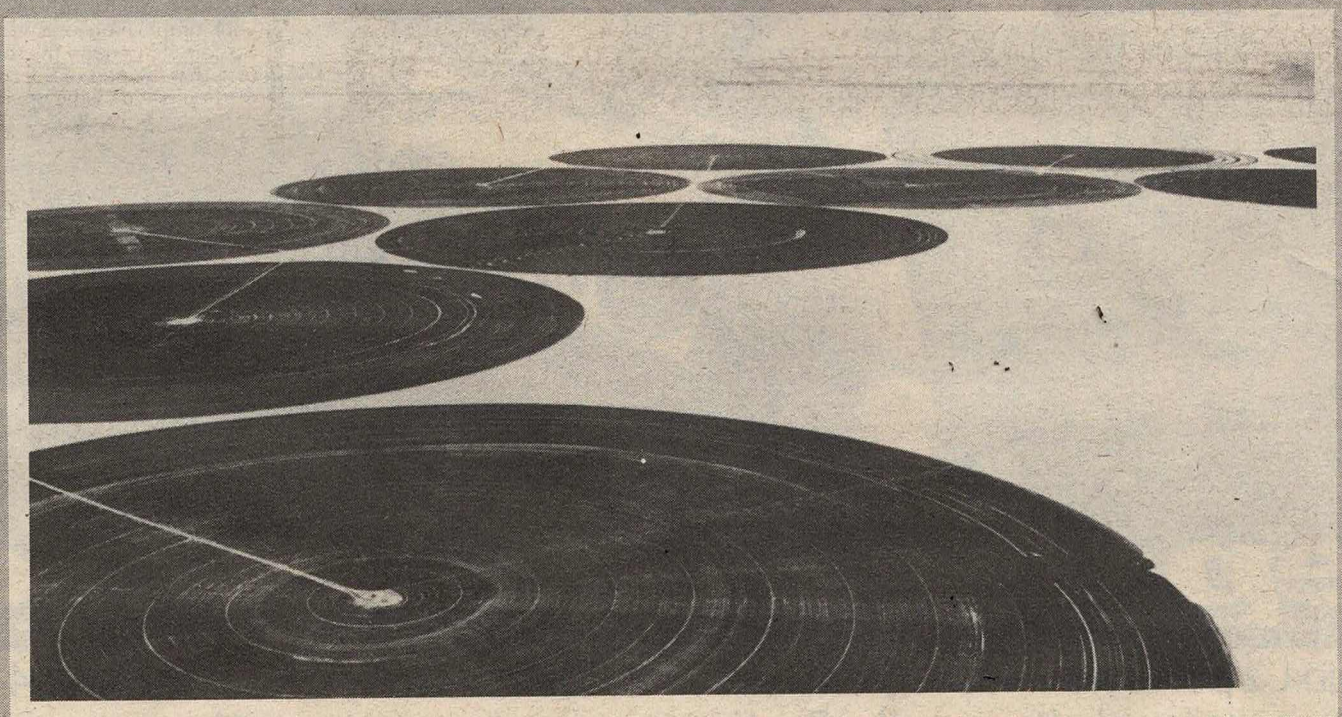

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THE BOY LOOKED AT SIR JOHNNY ...

**. . . and Sir Johnny spat right back in his face.
Gielgud plays the punk. David Dorrell cops an interview . . .
Bow Wow Wow even get a look in
— It's *Scandalous!***

SINCE THEIR split with Malcolm 'I *am* an artist' McLaren, chicken-feed band Bow Wow Wow have been scratching around for fresh breaks. Deserted by their wardrobe mistress Viv Westwood and slated in the daily press for Annabella's curt dismissal of "sexist" B A Robertson on TV, the band may have to settle, for now, with star appearances in only *two* films — hard times for an ordinary pop band in a world full of ordinary pop . . .

They are the central figures in a film to be shot in India, in which Annabella plays the local heroine and the rest of her gang play at being a hip, hot English pop group visiting the country. Also in the cast are Nicky Tesco of The Members and David Jacobs' actress daughter Emma.

Though world distribution could be limited because its backers are an Indian company, the picture is reputed to have a £10 million budget. Bow Wow Wow's other acting scoop is a cameo as a 'punk' band in a Raleigh Films production entitled *Scandalous.*

Scandalous by name, scandalous by nature; the film is a comic-thriller starring risque Pamela Stephenson, debonair Robert Hayes and the venerable Sir John Gielgud, a veritable crew of depraved bohemians and thespians which must surely bring into doubt director Rob Cohen's sanity. Sir John plays the part of a ruthless con-man, Pam and Rob the journalists intent on exposing him.

The most sensational scenes were those filmed at the now defunct Rainbow. The shutters were pulled down for a brief respite in the venue's desolation and in cruised a host of Kings Road hipsters and North London squatters, intent on gorging as many free sausage rolls and cups of tea as possible.

Far more amazing than the punks, drunks and lunks on display was Sir John himself.

Resplendent in black leathers, wrap-around shades, earring, pink leopardskin top and biker's cap, the star of *Brideshead Revisited* stunned a bored crowd. As Bow Wow Wow knocked out the twentieth take of 'Go Wild In The Country' the dignified thespian beckoned to two wierd-looking cats — both supposedly punx.

Dressed in reject Johnsons outfits, one with a three foot rainbow coloured Mohican and the other with a moustache, these are two rather camp spies of the James 'Rotton' Bond ilk; a cane carries a microphone, the haircut a camera. Like *weird* maaan!

Speaking to Gielgud afterwards uncovered some interesting facts. With a mini-tape recorder hidden in a four week old 'pasty' (sick), I asked the great Shakespearian actor about the film.

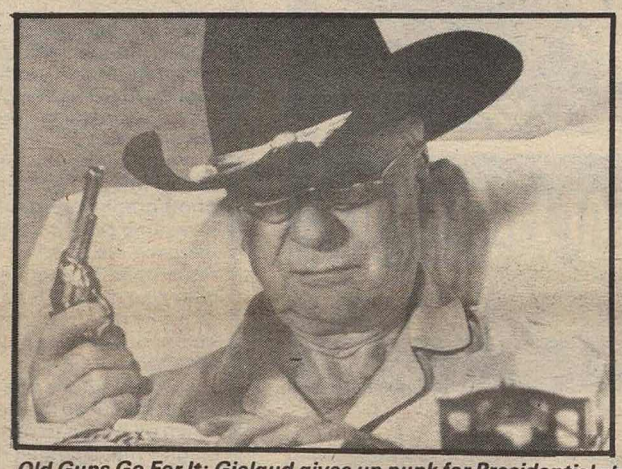
"They sent me the script a while back but I had to insist on some changes. They wanted me to do one scene in drag — I changed that immediately. *(Closet Queen — punk, who cares?)*

"I also play a Hindustani, a delivery man and a Japanese man.

"I think it will be a very distinguished film, although it is of course aimed at an American audience. It's a bit mad."

Mad or not, *Scandalous* is a screen first for the pensioner punk and, as long as the film doesn't get the *Caligula* treatment in the cutting room, could well justify Sir J's confidence. As food fights broke out in the hall I left.

Above: Scandalous spies — look out, this mohican takes snapshots.



Old Guns Go For It: Gielgud gives up punk for Presidential chic.

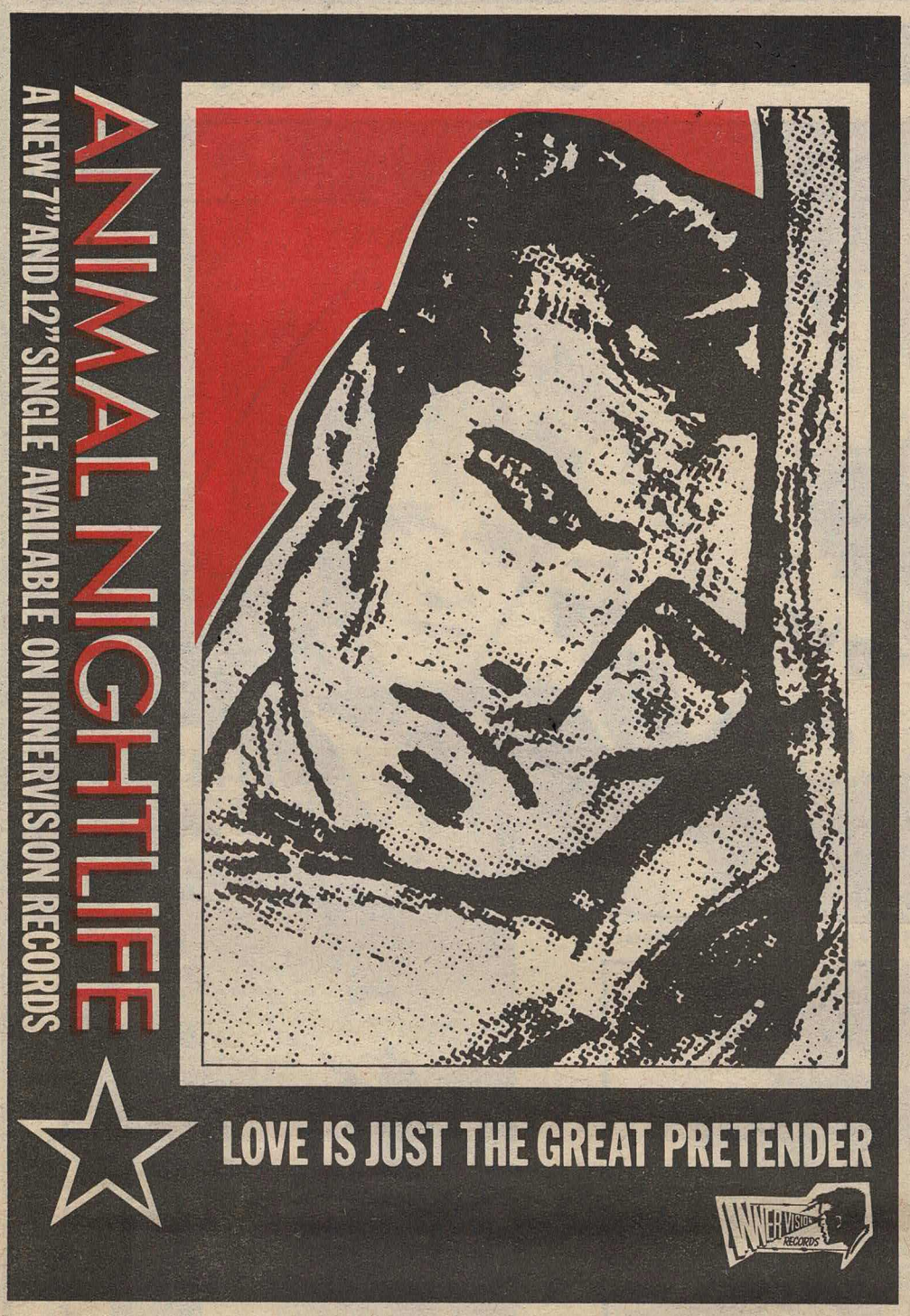
Woof woof pix: David Corio

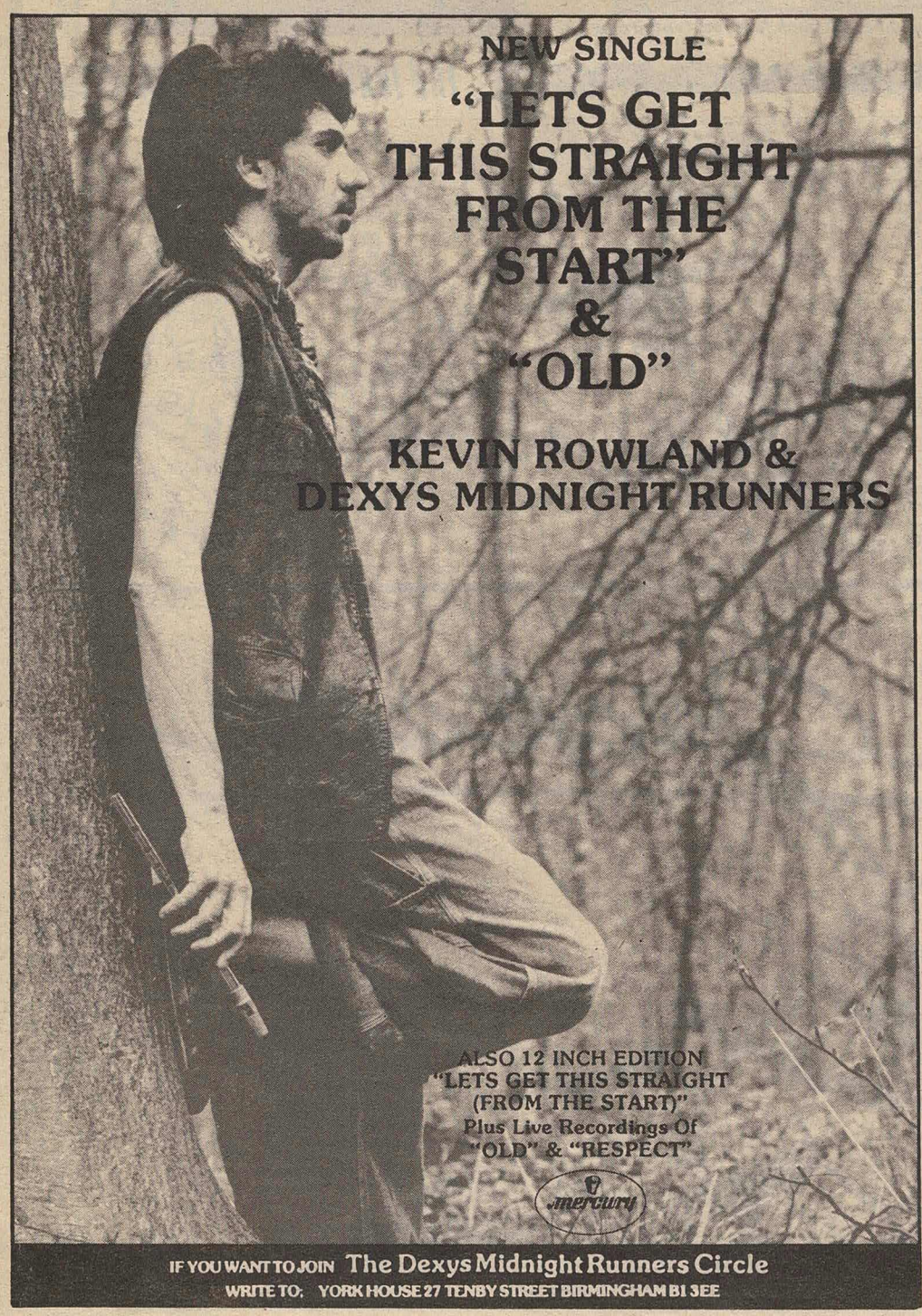
benyon

McLARENS DONE A SINGLE ON SQUARE DANCIN' — RIGHT?
RIGHT!
WITH DIAGRAMS ON HOW T'SQUARE DANCE — RIGHT?
RIGHT!
YOSSER IS HARDER THAN BOY GEORGE
SO MUCH FOR TH' WALT DISNEY OF PUNK
RIGHT!
BUT I'M AN ARTIST TOO — RIGHT?
RIGHT
SO WHAT'S SO CRAZY 'BOUT ME WANTIN' T'DO A SINGLE CALLED YOSSER?
TOO REAL FOR YA! RIGHT?
WE CONSIDERED TH' CONCEPT AN' TESTED TH' PRODUCT.....
RIGHT.."
TH' SONGS ALRIGHT BUT WE PASS.....
EH?
YOSSER IS HARDER THAN NIETZSCH
....ON TH' NUTTING DIAGRAM —
VASTO RECORDS A&R DEPT...
RIGHT?
RIGHT!
RIGHT!

the lone groover

Michael Jackson
thriller


ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE
A NEW 7" AND 12" SINGLE AVAILABLE ON INNERVISION RECORDS
LOVE IS JUST THE GREAT PRETENDER
INNERVISION RECORDS


NEW SINGLE
"LETS GET THIS STRAIGHT FROM THE START"
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"OLD"
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BLUES, BUMP 'N' GRIND

ELVIS by Dave Marsh — *Elm Tree Books £14.95.*

ELVIS PRESLEY — THE COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED RECORD by Roy Carr and Mick Farren — *Eel Pie Publishing £7.99.*

"I was tuned on Mozart and the Big Bands and didn't feel particularly susceptible to pop fads, but this was overpowering. It was not a matter of one's taste in music, it was a question of whether or not you considered yourself a living, animate human being. Elvis on a record or on TV might be different, remote, otherworldly, but live, he was powerful, penetrating, shattering, exhausting. Parents weren't afraid of his so-called bump and grind, they were afraid of his power."
***Elvis 56* by Alfred Wertheimer (Cassell)**
"Echoing through all of rock 'n' roll is the simple demand for peace of mind and a good time. While the demand is easy to make, nothing is more complex than to try to make it real and live it out. It all sounds simple, obvious; but that one young man like Elvis could break through a world as hard as Hank Williams', and invent a new one to replace it, seems obvious only because we have inherited Elvis's world, and live in it."
***Mystery Train* by Greil Marcus (Omnibus Press)**

NOW WE have the Elvis coffee table books. The authorial credits explain the nature of the lavish American production — Text by Dave Marsh, Art direction by Bea Feitler, set in equal type size on the inside front, and outside back covers.

It's some tribute to the lasting power of Elvis's image, of course, that so many of the photographs reproduced here still carry such awesome clout across all this time and distance. He wasn't a regular film star, remember, he was a musical revolutionary who also made a long string of weak movies as a way of further maximising the profits to be drawn from his powers to enthrall and entertain.

From about the age of 19 (how easy it is to forget that Elvis Presley was just 19 years old when he began to record the Sun studio singles that changed the face of post-war pop music and ultimately a part of our world) until after his army spell, Elvis could look into a camera lens and come out on film looking any age, or no age at all.

There's a really splendid example of this on Page 30 of this book; Elvis holds high the guitar in the famous tooled-leather case, he's positively glowing with self-satiation, his lop-sided grin teasing up the left-upper side of his mouth in the suggestion of a sneer and his eyes full of the accumulated experience and carnal awareness of, oh, the last two or three hundred years. Look at that glistening swell of the lower eyelid and see the ocular prototype of Mick Jagger's pouting, swollen gash. That eye is leering, of its own accord! Elvis is 21, going on two thousand.

The whole look says EAT SHIT, just as surely as (thanks to the priceless Greil Marcus essays) we can now see that records like 'That's All Right, Mama' say, in part, EAT SHIT. You can be like this instead of that, you can make records like this; there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy, punk. There are other choices.

There's another great shot sharing the spread with this one; a rear view of Elvis on the stage, his rump swivelling around inside the drape of one of his great, early-period jackets as he kicks into a pelvic gear change prior, perhaps, to embarking on one of those sublime, tip-toe, flailing arm (as propeller) driven, pelvic thrashes along the edge of the stage, whipping the mike stand back and forth like a giant riding crop.

If you haven't seen the film of Elvis doing his live thing you ain't seen much. Have ANY OF US seen film of the show that produced the famous still (reproduced here) of Elvis on his belly on the deck, the mike stand crashed flat and the audience reaction ranging from demonic possession to no discernible signs of life? I, at least, should be told.

Oh, those '50s! Elvis's rampant groin and Marilyn Monroe's "wiggle" were waving like crazy, freak flags in the face of a world whose sexual expression had been rammed down the barrel of a gun for years, and that world went righteously bananas! Salvador Dali wasn't in it!

Back to the book, though. *Elvis* isn't simply a collection of pictures; Dave Marsh has laboured manfully in the groves of Academe and has put together a respectable, if slightly unoriginal, overview of the Elvis Presley story. He's on the side of the angels, assesses the man's work intelligently and doesn't wallow in the copious amounts of mud stirred so profitably by friend Goldman last year.

I didn't, however, spot any new insights into Elvis's character and work, such as crackle out on a first reading of the Presliad section of *Mystery Train*, the Greil Marcus book already quoted. Marsh's writing is a synthesis of the best findings and original ideas of the Elvis pioneers like Marcus and Peter Guralnick and,

INSTANT PARTY

THE WHO — MAXIMUM R&B

By Richard Barnes *(Eel Pie £6.99)*

FROM PETE TOWNSHEND on his potty, to shooting the cover of the last LP, this pic-packed portrait of England's definitive rock'n'roll group misses little out. Penned by Pete's long-time crony Richard Barnes (author of Eel Pie's earlier *Mods* homage), the book chronicles The Who's stop-go progress through nearly two decades, with a fan's faith and an insider's privileged information. What Barnes' style may lack in slickness it makes up for in the wealth of fact and anecdote. And despite his closeness with the subject, sycophancy is thankfully avoided — as befits an act notorious for not merely washing its dirty linen in public, but positively pushing the soiled artefacts before the audience's nose. The candour extends to the generous allocation of visuals — many rare and all handsomely presented. There won't be a better Who book.

PAUL DU NOYER

Townshend whoops it up

as such, strikes as worthy rather than original or innovative.

The plucky Brit contenders, Roy Carr and Mick Farren (of, and late of, this parish, respectively) follow Roy Carr's tried and proven 'Illustrated Record' format for their contribution — square-shaped format, soft covers, lots of jazzy colour and jivey layouts and a text that concentrates on the artist's work rather more than mythology and sociological blaugh blaugh implications.

This is definitely the book for the workbench rather than the coffee table, unless your coffee table happens to be in the garage. A work for the practical rocker rather than the rockist aesthete, fully deserving of a place next to the BSA workshop manual on your bookshelves.

There are titles, track listings and recording details of all of Elvis's singles, extended players and albums, pictures of most of the sleeves, details of all his television appearances, of every last one of the movies and even a brief selection from some of the available bootleg recordings. In short, this is the Elvis record owner's manual, really the COMPLETE Elvis.

The hardware listings and details are scattered through a text that, again, concentrates on assessing the man through a critical appraisal of his work rather than setting itself up as the definitive last word on Elvis's place in the whole history of the universe — although, this being the work of gentlemen of some perception, they aren't afraid to state the very obvious FACT (suckers!) that Elvis was "the most important single pop artist of the 20th century". Anybody STILL want to argue with that?

You have to go along with Dave Marsh for the sheer quality of his enterprise. *Elvis* is a beautiful production, probably the best collection of pictures available in one volume and the cover is, simply, classic; but it's Mick 'n' Roy's collection that I'll be dipping into again and again for information and sound critical analysis of Elvis's recordings.

Dare I suggest (almost certainly not, at a big 23 sheets for the pair) that the works are complementary and both deserve a place in any self-respecting Elvis freak's collection?

And can you take my foot out of the vice, now, chaps? . . .

RAY (definitely a White Christmas this year) LOWRY

CUT OUT, STICK AND FLICK

THE BOOK OF THE SCAM

LIVERPOOL EXPLODES!

By Mark Cooper *(Sidgwick & Jackson £3.95)*

ALREADY THE subject of a recent Radio 4 documentary no less, this peculiar thing "the Liverpool scene" acquires another layer of legend with the appearance of a complete book devoted to it. Probably wisely, *Liverpool Explodes!* skims over the more transient cast of characters and concentrates on the city's prime success stories, The Teardrop Explodes and Echo And The Bunnymen, with a passing acknowledgement of the Crucial Third Pete Wylie.

Plenty of photos and good lay-out make the book attractive enough, although the words confine themselves largely to competent biog-level. Biggest problem, maybe, is the timing: Teardrops have now split up and the Bunnies have spent a year trying, and failing, to come up with a third LP. Oh well. They do say there's a lot going on in Norwich these days ...

PAUL DU NOYER

The BEAT
The New 7" & 12" Single.

i confess

7" AVAILABLE WITH A LIMITED EDITION FREE 3-TRACK LIVE SINGLE 'DOORS OF YOUR HEART,' 'SAVE IT FOR LATER' AND 'MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM.'

PRODUCED BY BOB SARGEANT. 'I CONFESS' TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM 'SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE.' 7" FEET 16. 12" FEET 1216. ARISTA

GO FEET RECORDS

SECURITY BY HARRY'S HEAVIES.

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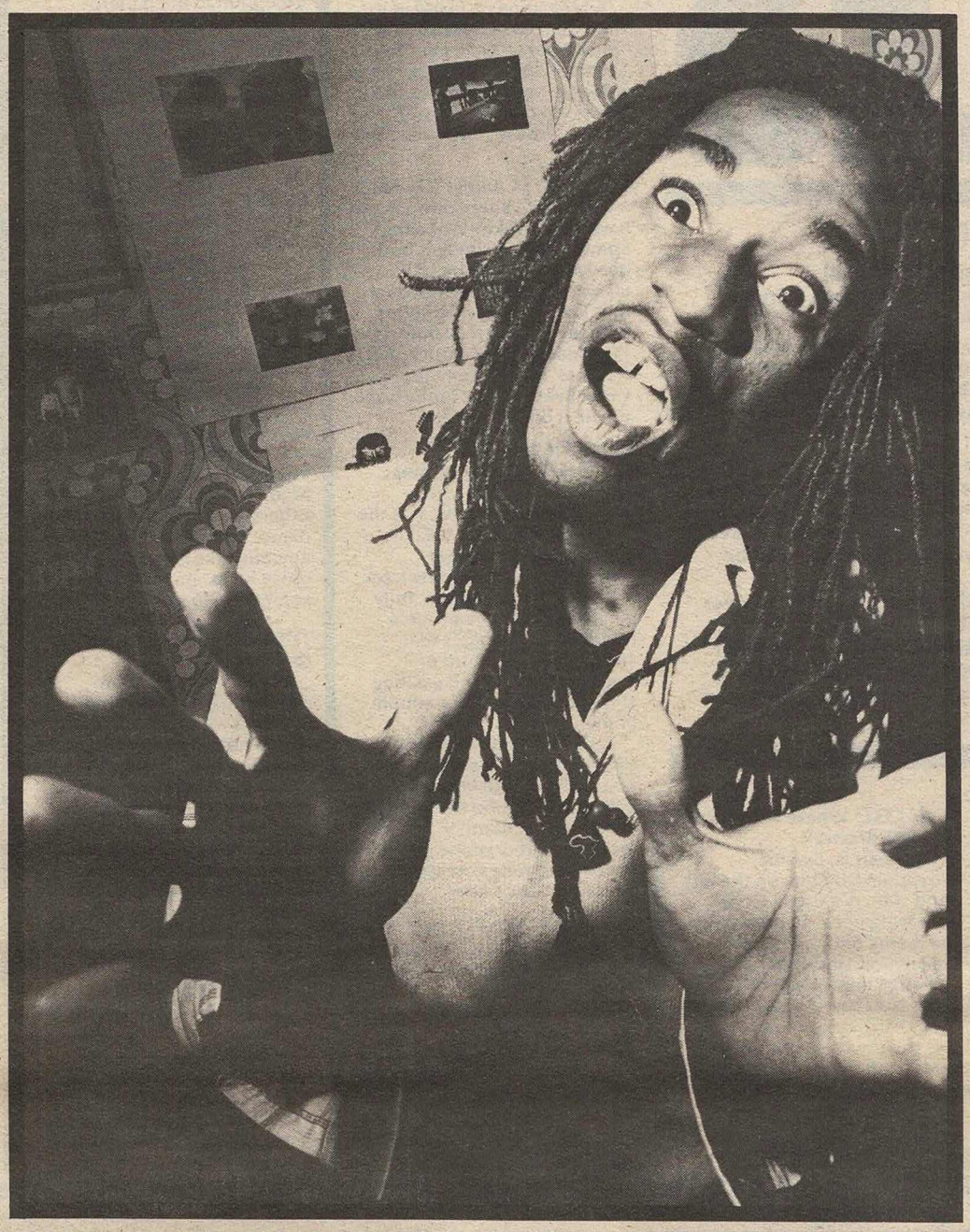
SECURITY MECHANISM BY BASF.

THE BARD OF STRATFORD

"I sing / I don't like the thatcher / I said I don't like that girl / her I want to batter / she is the worst girl in the world / I don't like her dictation / and her laws on immigration / so I fight in this timeation / for to build a better nation."



DREADLOCKS hauled up inside a bulging tam, Benjamin Zephaniah stood sipping a Britvic orange beneath a snapshot of the Queen Mother playing pool.

A working poet in recession ridden Britain, he's taken the Alternative Cabaret scene by storm with his rhythmic rantings, and the Anti-Nukes section of the national press gathered at the salubrious Press Club in London's Shoe Lane were not to be disappointed.

Once onstage he advanced through a memorable and well crafted repertoire, including 'War Is A Danger To Your Health', 'African Swing', 'There's An Uprising Downtown' and 'Margaret Thatcher'. But as a black he is unusual, and his delivery and wit are more akin to John Cooper Clarke than to Linton Kwesi Johnson.

His impact in print and on record is likely to be as strong too: the reprint of his first book *Pen Rhythm* is imminent, and a second volume is already at layout stage; and his EP 'Dub Ranting' will be out before Xmas. Not surprisingly, he is the subject of a forthcoming Channel 4 documentary.

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH hails from St Elizabeth, Jamaica, but his formative years were spent, or more appropriately misspent, in Birmingham where conflict with the law meant he served considerable time at Her Majesty's pleasure. The long periods of incarceration gave him grounds for thought; combined with a fascination for the lyricism of Big Youth, it led to his first flirtation with Rasta.

Back on the street as a DJ for Meritone Hi-Fi, he became a local sound system hero and rapidly acquired a reputation as fastest tongue in Handsworth. He secured his twin ambitions of "having a sports car and six girlfriends", but found the gigolo mentality spiritually bankrupt. His unfolding consciousness caused him to write, and also develop his sound system talkover. After seeing the work of other young black poets he became convinced he could do better.

Benjamin Zephaniah, as his name suggests, had found his calling as a modern day Isiah, dealing with modern issues in an '82 style — "bringing Godliness up to date".

Reluctantly, he left behind Handsworth and its Rasta community to settle in Stratford, in London's East End. Through his friendship with Neville Staples, who he'd met during Meritone's forays to Coventry, he worked briefly as a roadie for The Specials, and at the same time organising small readings in local community centres.

"Yeah, me just print some leaflets, book a room, bring in some people and do a reading. Them times deh, I was probably more energetic. I used to run through the audience, jump over the audience and pick on individuals and pump certain lines at them. A lot of people know me in the East End and I can do gigs, at say North London Poly and they sing and chant along with the poems. 'Fite Dem (Not Me)' is a favourite."

His reputation has grown by word of mouth and he laughs at an early gig at Warwick University.

"Someone told them I was good and them book me just two weeks after Linton Kwesi Johnson. It was a show of my own, and a real professional fee. Them book me for one and a half hours and I can only do 20 minutes before I start sweat. Well I said, How am I goin' to do this? So I crammed together 25 poems, went up there and *sweated* it out."

Nowadays he plays mostly CND benefits, colleges, Rasta gatherings and the Alternative Cabaret circuit popularised by the likes of Alexei Sayle, Rik Mayall, Pauline Melville and Keith Allen. This area has developed to encompass a wide variety of radical entertainment, and Zephaniah is enthusiastic about the fresh opportunities it creates and perspectives it offers.

"I want to go on doing plays and some acting, but do as much as I can without doing all the conventional things, 'cause I feel I've been fully educated in Ghettology. I don't have to think too hard or imaginative to write my poetry, 'cause it's there all the time. If it's not somethin' on the news, then it's somethin' that happen to me.

"But I want to know that what I'm saying is really relevant to every person in the audience. So if I say, *'The boat is sinking, we're goin' down, do you want to sit there and let these people drown, on this automatic star? The boat is sinking, we're goin' to drown, young ones don't just sit there'*, everybody in the audience knows I'm talking to them. Sometimes I don't even know if we should call it poetry."

UNLIKE LINTON Kwesi Johnson, Benjamin Zephaniah does not focus his poetry on the black youth experience or the survival of the black community.

His reasoning reminded me of a session with ex-Aswad bassie George Oban, who felt strongly that the days of laying the Rasta doctrine on people at every possible opportunity were finished — it was a question of putting your beliefs into practice. The Rastafari call is 'Livity' and like JA poet Mutabaruka, Zephaniah launches his universal dread attack from the same theological vantage point.

"I really write what I see and how I feel. I like Rasta company more time, but I live very cosmpolitan amongst a very diverse set of people. All of them is important. Who feels it knows it, and a lot of the things I've felt have been because I'm black. A woman will feel it because she is a woman. If I take my experience out there people will learn to understand, 'cause a lot of racism stems from fear.

"One time I just understand black people struggles; then I start to understand white people in England are struggling; then I get to understand it's international.

"Well, right now one of the things that concern me most is peace . . . war and peace . . . and that concerns all of us. An end to war is just a natural thing if you're young. It's just a simple love of humanity.

"People don't want to take on the responsibility though. A lot of artists feel for it, but . . . I know if I wasn't talking about the things that I am and was doing a straight Lenny Henry thing, it would probably have been the BBC and a nice lickle show already. Instead of me just doing a black Pam Ayres (Laughs) . . . Yeah, it would just be a novelty thing and they would have a lickle Rasta up there a chat a whole heap of shit 'n' mek jokes about cannibals.

"You have to have responsibility. My mum thinks someone is going to assassinate me one day; she's really concerned about it."

AMAZED AT the number of people who refer to him as a comedian, Benjamin Zephaniah is unquestionably possessed with a righteous wit. Onstage he'll announce it's time to get religious and drop to his knees to offer a prayer to the Lord . . . *"Lord Scarman, the dread controller and dub co-ordinator of Frontline"*, and steam into an almost manic, 'This Policeman Keeps On Kicking Me To Death'.

Humour in face of the Iron Lady's barbarism is essential.

"I've always had humour in me and I say to myself that when you suffer you're supposed to keep your head up and smile and have fun as well — 'cause when the wicked are oppressing you they're smiling.

"So when I go in front of an audience I am conscious that I a tell them something serious, really serious, and at the same time them good fe laugh at a certain line. I don't want to put people down all the time; I want to entertain them and make them think of me and what I've said."

His poems are effective at many levels and occasionally receive different reactions. For example, at a reading with the Twelve Tribes Of Israel, the dreads saw the poem 'Margaret Thatcher' as comedy rather than political, but some nights later in the East End it was the opposite.

"It's funny, 'cause with the said person I really learnt a lot about how wicked right wingism is. She's done so much in such a short space of time, she's really brought it down to earth in a crucial way.

"Like, I did this show at the Half Moon Theatre and this little yout' come up to me an' says, I like the one about Mrs Thatcher. I HATE her! I thought, this yout' probably doesn't understand politics, but he knows the reason he's not having milk is because of this woman.

"She's so effective, she reaches the hearts of a lot of people who I know and are not politically inclined; but all of a sudden . . . BUFF . . . the schools are gone . . . BUFF . . . you walk into the Social Security and you might get nothing 'cause you haven't been looking for a job. That really gets them."

In this age of austerity, Benjamin Zephaniah's poetry is part of the jigsaw of resistance — a shout and a complaint. Destined to reach a wider audience, his work is a powerful, upful statement.

Flash it and see for yourself.

. . . Stratford, East London that is. Originally from St Elizabeth, Jamaica, BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH is a self-proclaimed dub ranter who is "bringing Godliness up to date", and the government to task.

INTERVIEW PAUL BRADSHAW PHOTOS PETER ANDERSON

SINGLES

DRILLED BY PAUL DU NOYER

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

FIAT LUX: Feels Like Winter Again (Cocteau).

It feels like winter indeed, but Fiat Lux are a warming thought to face the chill months ahead.

Bill Nelson produces the group for his own Cocteau label, conferring some precision and gloss, perhaps — certainly it's a single that rises head and shoulders above the messy murk of most independent product at the moment.

At first hearing I liked Fiat Lux for the song's passing resemblance to the profoundly great 'In A Lonely Place' by New Order. On second hearing I forgot about that and thought more of Blancmange. Third time round and ever since, though, the record's own allure is all you can be aware of.

A sad story, simply sung, with unforced emotion, over an uncluttered arrangement which uses rhythm and synthesised repetition to quietly compelling effect. *Fiat Lux*, incidentally, means Let There Be Light, which isn't particularly relevant to this review, I just thought I'd take the chance to show off a little bit.

JULIA DOWNES: Let Sleeping Dogs Lie (Naive)

What can I tell you about Julia Downes? Not a lot. She once wrote a hit for Sheena Easton. Her first LP comes out in the New Year. And I'm dying to hear it. So far as I can gauge, she's a singer/writer at the more credible end of the MOR spectrum, and possibly quite exceptionally gifted.

This is a full-blown ballad which hints at genuine depth, intelligence and sensitivity. I wonder if anyone will ever get to hear it.

SOFT CELL: Where The Heart Is (Some Bizarre).

The heart is, like the proverbial Dutchie, on the left hand side. It's also at Home, so the saying goes, so providing the theme of this wistfully melancholy offering.

A huge improvement on Soft Cell's Northern Soul excursion 'What', this one should safely give the boys a respectable chart position over Yuletide. Sad symphonic waves of melody lap lightly over a nostalgic essay of childhood. One almost senses the vibrations from the vocalist's quivering lower lip.

It will break a million mother's hearts.

DONNA SUMMER: I Feel Love (Casablanca)

A Milestone of a kind in its time, of course, and Summer's finest hour — or 15 minutes 45 seconds, to be exact, thanks to this new "mega-mix" by the late disco dancing master Patrick Crowley, who died last week.

THE BEAT: I Confess (Go-Feet)

As the late Billy Cotton might have said: Wakey Wakeling! Somehow, this single is both busy *and* sleepy. The LP it's taken from was proof enough that The Beat deserve better than the commercial doldrums they seem to have struck. But 'I Confess' is *not* one of the Great Beat Singles. I only hope the next one is.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: Melt (Polydor)

Surely 'Slowdive', the Banshees' previous 45, was the Great Lost Single of 1982. In 'Melt' we have another superlative, atmospheric track from the current album, fully consistent with the group's reputation for singles that conjure a small world of sensual mystery (and exciting stuff like that) inside a couple of minutes.

Best, I think, to overlook the alleged double A-side, wherein Siouxsie intones the old French crimbo hymn 'Il Est Ne, Le Divin Enfant' in a voice that lacks either of the qualities the song requires, namely tenderness, or satire.

KEVIN ROWLAND & DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: Let's Get This Straight From The Start (Mercury)

The Rowland riddle — pretentious wally or misunderstood genius? This record comes with cover-art to suggest the former (brooding visionary sits in forest solitude), and lyrics that try to imply the latter.

Personally I've always liked Dexys for their epic arrangements, and been bored by Kev's weakness for tiresome bullshit.

'Let's Get . . .' is no exception to the pattern: muddled, martyred lyrics and a fine foot-tapping tune, strikingly well sung, artfully played in the folk-and-fiddles vein of 'Eileen'.

Double A-siding is a live version of 'Old', that mellow number off the last LP.

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS: Party Party (A&M)

Oh no, I thought, looking at the title. Don't tell me he's gone and got all *cheerful* on us. The traitor! But fear not. Despite its swing rhythms, and distinctly carnival-minded horn section, 'Party Party' smuggles a lethal unease into any festive proceedings.

It's the title track of a soundtrack album (featuring Madness, Sting and many others) of a film of the same name. If the film conveys anything like the sly wit of these lyrics, then it'll be something to see.

THE DAMNED: Generals (Bronze)

Peculiar how so many people go on connecting The Damned with punk. They sound nothing like it, least of all Dave Vanian's efforts at a sonorous vocal style. They're more a brutally-distorted modern echo of Gilbert & Sullivan than anything else.

'Generals' is an anti-war song — reasonable, so far as it goes, even if it's got nothing special to add on the subject. A routine rumble, in fact.

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS: Dear Addy (Ze)

Problem: what do you do for a new single when you've already robbed your last album of every conceivable candidate? (No preposterous answers, please, like "write a new one".)

Solution: you go back to the album *before* last . . . Thus, 'Dear Addy', the closing cut from 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places'.

Alright, so it's remixed and a persuasive number, all soothing and soft. And on the picture-sleeve you get the Coconuts dressed as what could be Father Christmas groupies.

PHIL COLLINS: You Can't Hurry Love (Virgin)

One day modern pop stars will reconsider covering classic soul songs, and then they'll recall the words of Rufus Thomas: *"Ah feel so UNNECESSARY!"* And then they'll drop the idea.

One day.

THE PASSAGE: Wave (Cherry Red)

Zippy and brisk, The Passage pursue the same line in hit-and-run melodics as on 'XOYO'. It's almost refreshing but only almost.

The impact is muffled, I think, by the lingering worry that Dick Witts is trying to tell us something, when you'd rather just be whistling along.

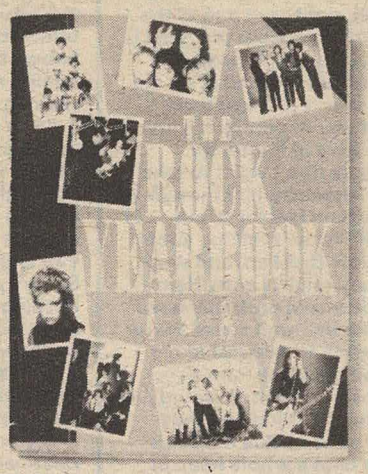
I fear the lad may think too much. However, a career in television may yet cure him.

THE DANCING DID: Badger Boys (Kamera)

Imagine, if you can *A Clockwork Orange* transposed, not to the urban future, but to the rural past. Turn of the century Evesham, in fact. *"The deadly dandies, the poison brothers/Racetrack riff-raff of gin house mothers"* . . . the Badger Boys!

Another wonderful crunch of English history and rustic hysteria, courtesy of The Dancing Did. Tim Harrison's estimable words, plus the urgent, quickening heart-thump of his Did-fellows' music make for country goodness. Or something.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS



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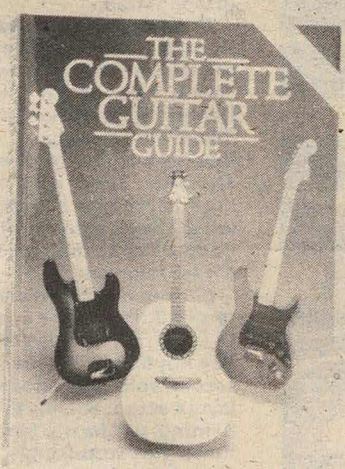

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THE SISTERS OF MERCY: Alice/Floorshow (Merciful Release)

They're sounding not unlike The Psychedelic Furs, this group — he said, crushing their chances of a fair hearing in one fell swoop.

No, don't be put off. This is dark and powerful stuff from Yorkshire's Sisters. Maybe a bit *too* dense for extended listening, but this much I like a lot. And a big improvement on the 'Body Electric' debut.

DAVID BOWIE & BING CROSBY: Peace On Earth/Little Drummer Boy (RCA)
THE MANISH BOYS/DAVY JONES & THE LOWER THIRD: 4-track EP (See For Miles)

Christmas means never having to feel embarrassed about the spectacular crap you're asking people to buy. Which is where RCA come in with this Dave 'n' Bing thing — a soppy, syrup-dripping duet knocked off on a '77 TV special.

Deserves to be ignored in a big, big way. However, complete-ist Bowiebores might find a more useful addition to their collections in the form of the 4-track EP. A quartet of early DB numbers, from 1965; two by his roots R&B group The Manish Boys ('I Pity The Fool' and 'Take My Tip') and two by his beat boom combo the Lower Third ('You've Got A Habit Of Leaving' and 'Baby Loves That Way').

The reissues have a certain historical interest, obviously. But better still, they stand up and stand out as choice examples of their musical type.

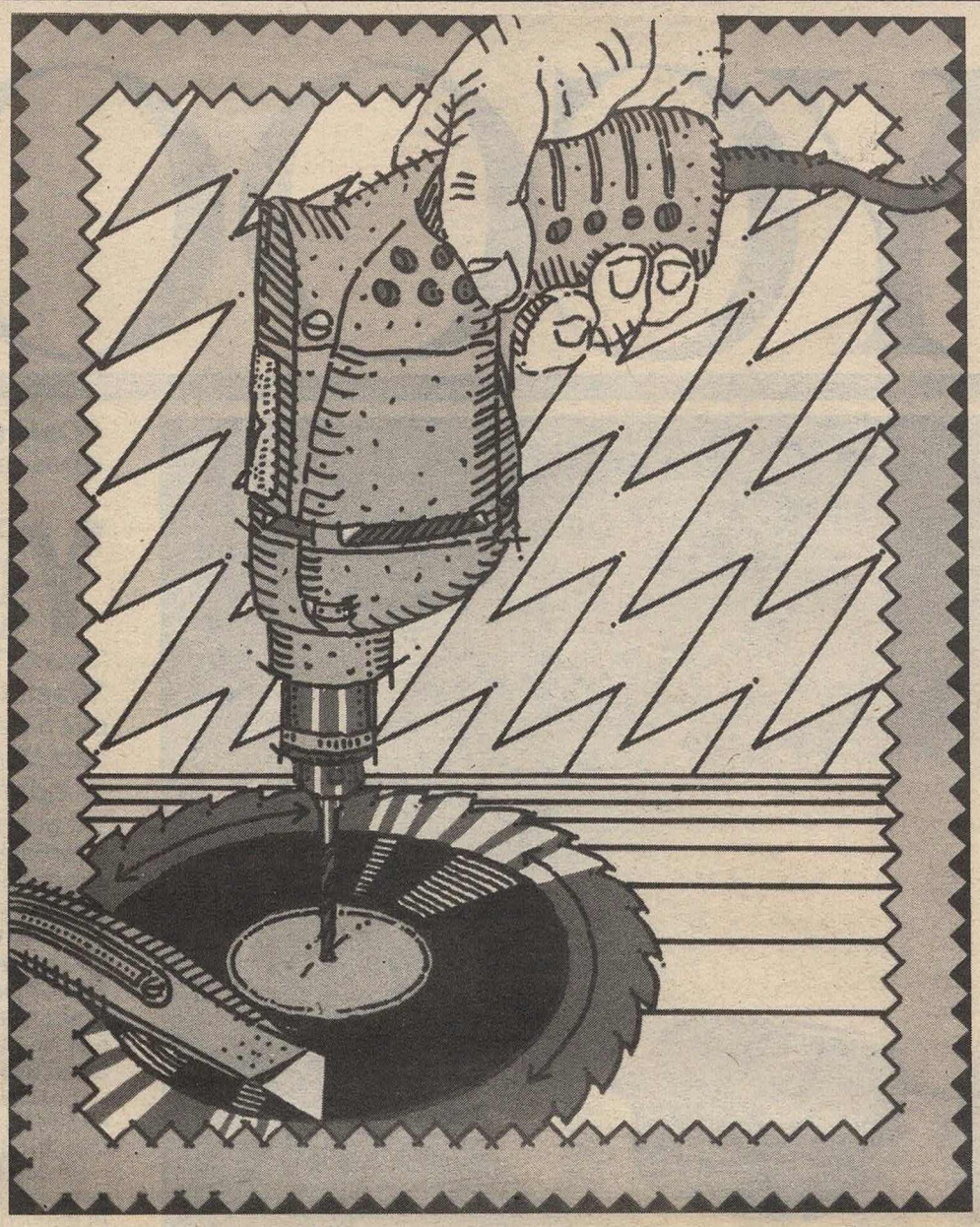

Illustration by Clare Cameron.

CLIFF RICHARD: Little Town (EMI)
GREG LAKE: I Believe In Father Christmas (Manticore)

"Spectacular crap" would be an unfair verdict on Cliff's newest, for it's as classy as you'd expect. The song's not much to speak of, but the combination of Cliff and Christmas hits on a tender part of the British psyche.

Besides, it's got church bells, it's got heavenly choruses. For all I know, it's got God on trombone. A hit.

Next, a re-release of life for Greg Lake's winsome ditty, especially notable for its pay-off line, *"The Christmas we get we deserve"*.

And if that's true of Christmas records, too, then we've all been very, very bad.

THE APOLLINAIRES: Envy The Love (2-Tone)

Three things appear to distinguish The Apollinaires' new one from their debut 45 'The Feeling's Gone'. One is that producer Jerry Dammers has been replaced. Another is that there's a new brass section instead of The Swinging Laurels. A third is that it isn't nearly as good.

I'm as keen to believe in the Leicester band's potential as anyone, but this humdrum run of fast funk doesn't do them any major favours.

TWO TWO: King Solomon's Mines (Chiswick)

"Wey twende na Safari!" cry the lads of Two Two. *"Ah wewe kuja haba!"* And who among us could find it in his heart to disagree? Another romp across the dark continent, by the Kenyan-born white-boy twosome, like their last effort the excellent 'Kwagayo'. Rousing chorus, and coolly humorous lyrical sensibility.

Music to scrub your elephants to.

TREVOR HERION: Kiss Of No Return (Imperial)

And so to Paree, in a swirl of accordions. Arranged by Thomas Dolby, it's an attractive effort by Herion (formerly calling himself Fallout Club.) But I think his attempt to match the melody with something like a sophisticated croon (and not quite 'like' enough) lets the side down a little.

DIZ & THE DOORMEN: Bluecoat Man (Ace)

Jeez, who let this gang in here? A hearty hunk of honk 'n' holler from swing supremos of the London pub circuit. Dangerously enjoyable stuff, carrying a subversive implication that it's nicer to be happy than hip.

TYGERS OF PAN TANG: Making Tracks (MCA)
ROCK GODDESS: Heavy Metal Rock'n'Roll (A&M)

Yes of *course* all heavy metal songs don't sound the same. Some go dumpa-dumpa-dump, others go kronga-kronga-krong. And the Pan Tangs' new one goes blaaa-da-da-da-da. My God! What will these people come up with next? As for Rock Goddess, I'm afraid, everything you could possibly say about them has been said before, in Girlschool reviews.

BLACK: More Than The Sun (Wonderful World Of)
IT'S IMMATERIAL: A Gigantic Raft In The Philippines (Wonderful World Of)
CHERRY BOYS: Come The Day/Only Fools Die (Cherryoza)

Three Liverpool groups — the tip of a large but mostly boring iceberg — reviewed together just to annoy them. Best are Black (aka one Colin Vearncombe) whose mournful 'Sun' builds insidiously into a work of dark drama and real feeling.

It's Immaterial re-release an old number: brittle and bright, but not quite anything else.

Cherry Boys play well-scrubbed beat-pop. Nothing to take offence at, but nothing to take to heart, or soul.

MARILLION: Market Square Heroes (EMI)

You may or may not know it — and if you don't, you won't thank me for telling you — but there's a sort of "progressive rock revival" being touted around at the moment.

With groups like Marillion at its head, this new movement looks to early Genesis albums and such for its inspiration. And if they've found any, then they're plainly twigging something which I never could.

THE KINKS: Come Dancing (Arista)

A typically Kinksish essay in bittersweet British nostalgia, this, specifically reminiscing about the '50s dance-palaces.

The mix of lumpy rock and pop calypso is very Ray Davies, too. I doubt if you'll find it to be an essential record. Me, I'd like to see Davies writing with Elvis Costello, putting a cutting edge on his work instead of an absent-minded giggle.

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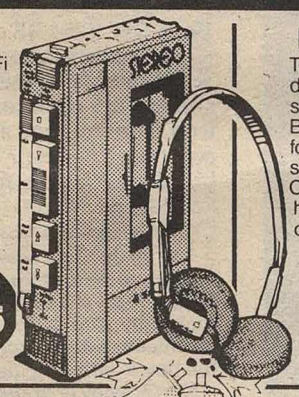

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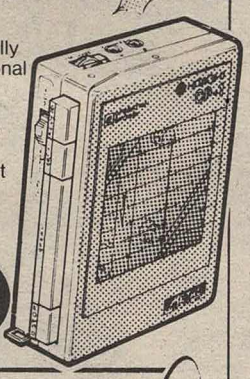

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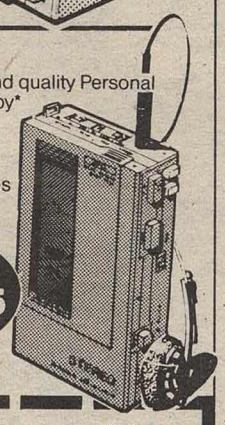

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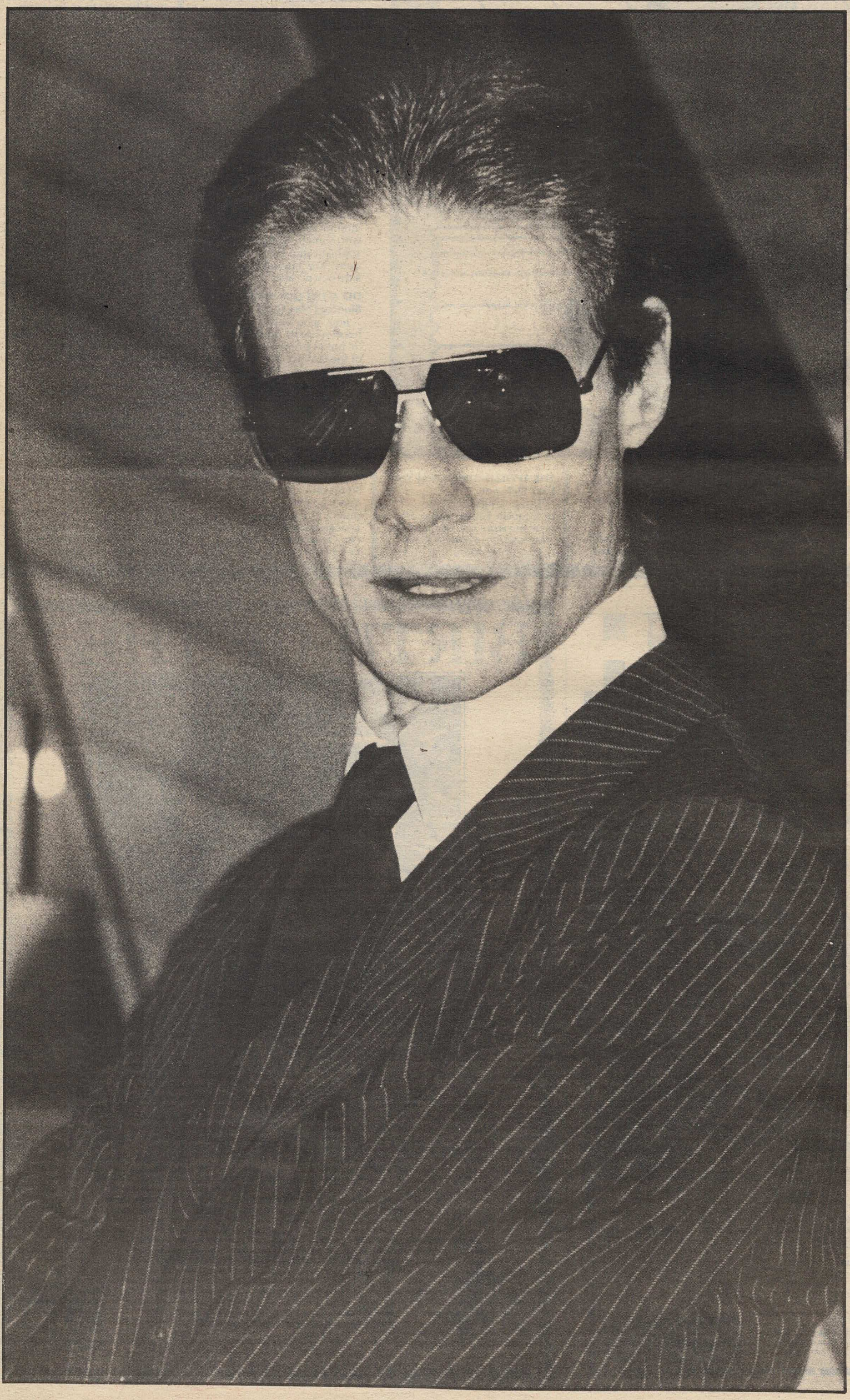
Kim Fowley Pic Paul Hodara.



"Only the mice and the great ones are happy when I arrive."

YOU'RE CRUISING the airwaves one starry Sunset nite ... you've dragged the dial through 'Even The Nights Are Better', 'Wasted On The Way', maybe even passed Johnny Cougar and Men At Work en route, *and ... it gets stuck.*

It gets stuck on a song so effortlessly crass, so archetypally anodyne, you'd swear some impish computer programmer had fused into one emollient melody the various wonders of Toto, Survivor and Chicago. It's called 'You Don't Want Me Anymore', and the five fun-loving guys who play it are called Steel Breeze. *Steel Breeze.*

Steel Breeze are the latest chart trick turned by Kim Fowley, the king of rock'n'roll pimps.

Having infiltrated every other possible nook and cranny in the bastion of *Billboard* hype, the reptile prince of Hollywood trash has finally pitched one into the stadiums and wormed his canny way into the heart of Foreignerland USA. Steel Breeze are at 28; Steel Breeze are on tour with Kansas.

By all the rules of decency, Kim Fowley should be the most contemptible leech on the face of rock'n'roll. Yet he pulls it off: his manipulations transcend cynicism and become their own source of delight. Fowley is the oldest rock'n'roll hustler on the make because he's the only one doing it for its own sake. Concentrated in the six feet five inches of his gaunt, gangling frame is the ghost of showbiz itself. The ghost clings to the charts, to the wheeling and dealing and hustling. It clings like a vampire, bleeding liquid vinyl.

NOW YOU'RE dreaming. You're floating down Sunset in Kim Fowley's white Cadillac. You're sharing the back seat with a green plaster frog. The frog has a seven-inch penile erection. The chauffeur is a backwater protege called Jo Jo Clark — according to Fowley, an "Elvis reborn in front of Creedence Clearwater Revival".

The Jo Jo Clark tape bombarding the back of your neck does for the Everglades what Shakin' Stevens did for Home Counties rockabilly. This is Sunset Swamps, Inc — produced, with scrupulous ethnic fidelity to the boy's wildcat gypsy roots, by Kim Fowley.

Kim Fowley is original Hollywood trash. For all you know, he invented it. For all you know he *is* the illegitimate son of Howard Hughes.

In 1964, he came to London with a silver suit and P.J. Proby. He wrote 'Nut Rocker' by B. Bumble And The Stingers. He invented the Hollywood Argyles, The Runaways, and Helen Reddy. Kim Fowley is Malcolm McLaren, Shadow Morton, Colonel Tom Parker all rolled into one. He's the lizard king of Svengalis, the animal god off the street.

And his trash is for real. It's the glittering garbage of Sunset Boulevard when the ghouls and goils come out to play. Kim kisses to make 'em stay. It's the Hot Pussy show. It's a Beverly Hills matron being raped in the doorway of Frederick's. It's a cherry bomb on top of the *Billboard* cheesecake. It's frenzied fellatio, the lechery of disease. Jester of the damned, death ejaculates through his voice. It's Artaud's theatre of prime-time plague. A baptism of fire for every two-bit starlet on the wild side. Into the realm of the movies and beyond. Crucify them on the Hollywood sign...

"Where are the herpes virgins As I put on my lonely spurs?"

BUT FOWLEY'S done with mouthing obscenities at tonight's Sunset People — the Caddie's electric window slides shut. You're pulled over to a House of Pancakes where a replica of The Band A.K.A. is bathing

KIM FOWLEY

OF TRASH

in buttermilk. For a second they look like cops.

And in the half-light of the pancake palace you begin to make out Fowley's features. He looks like an aristocratic drug addict. His eyes are a dead marble blue. His face is built around the jutting ridge of an almost dislocated chin, the top row of teeth curved like a single piece of bone.

Then the eyes focus and the brain starts to deposit information: facts and opinions spill over the table. Fowley is his own subject. It engrosses him. When he pronounces his name, it's as though he is seeing himself on the other side of the room — and the doppelganger is dining off a platinum disc.

Question: Kim, if you're so successful, rich, and powerful, why do you live in a dirty room, across the road from a carwash?

Answer: "Because it's fun."

On Kim Fowley's door it says "No solicitors", but he doesn't live in a Bel-Air fortress like Phil Spector. He's happy to be a prisoner of the streets. For him, LA is the last frontier of the entertainment industry.

"Stranded her in cuckooland,
Isolated in vast fast-food landscapes,
I am far from the kingdom of God."

KIM MAKES SURE your tape is running. For a Wednesday night this is a pretty good hustle. You play along. Those dead fish eyes might bore through the back of your brain if you say anything 'smart'.

Tonight he's hustling the opportunity to get his half-Japanese heavy metal band interviewed by an English rock paper. You're just as much a part of his bait as they are. So you clock into Sunset Sound, where Tsunami are recording. Fowley launches into action.

"Come on, I want you to think! What makes you different from all the other metal groups? Why are they going to love you in England!"

From under a mass of blond curls a voice drawls out something about "real" heavy metal. Fowley squeals with delight and proceeds to give you the lowdown on the intercultural significance of Tsunami. One of the Japanese boys expands.

"They're making sweeping statements now, the ones you put under their picture!"

Behind Fowley's delight in the game, there's always the sense that this *is* a matter of life and death.

"See! Iggy Pop couldn't do a dissertation on Ernie K. Doe and Slim Whitman and then discuss isolated cultures. I can."

We listen to 'Fade To Black', 'Revenge' and 'Call Off The Dogs'; Fowley presses me for encouraging comments. I can say nothing short of "they're as good as The Scorpions ..." and everyone seems pretty happy with that.

"Don't blow out on old passions
Cause old passions is easy action."

SEVERAL DAYS elapse before my next Kim Fowley session. It takes that long to get over the queasy sense of having regressed to 1973. When you show up at the Fowley apartment around *Soap*-time on a balmy afternoon, his current galaxy of stars — well, two groups anyway — are on hand. It's what used to be called an "artist development" session: Kim Fowley and ten plastic teenagers — *bon appetit!* Not quite the Sylvers-lined Solar lottery, but here we go.

First, Candy, Fowley's "male Go-Go's", actually a sort of exhumed Bay City Rollers. They showcase a medley of teenyglit lullabies with titles like 'Cherry Cola', 'Weekend Boy' and 'Saturday Arcade'. Cross Hello with Johnny Thunders And The Heartbreakers and you get 'Electric Angels'.

"*'I've found America and I want to be Number One',*" sing Candy.

Fowley grins at them: "If Kim Wilde fucked Jimmy Savile, you'd be the sons, right?"

Second up for the day is Money Jungle, the Kim Fowley answer to Abba, Buck's Fizz, and techno-pop in general. Two cute girls, two cute boys. Eric the keyboard kid has tunes worthy of a young Brian Wilson but in the LA money jungle, Joanie only loves Chachi till the ratings drop.

Fowley directs the scene from a cross-legged guru position on the floor.

"What are you, Money Jungle!"

"We're techno-pop dance with a new wave edge."

"But you're more Mamas And Papas than Human League, aren't you?"

"Are we?"

"Yes, you *are!* And why will you be successful!"

"That's easy! We're being executive-produced by Kim Fowley!"

"Right! Now kids, let's see some smiles ..."

I say, Kim, this is a bit like a toy Tamla Motown.

"Yeah, but I'm too much Howard Hughes to be Berry Gordy."

"What is the future of the future?
Will it last?"

"WHEN YOU CAME to look for Kim Fowley, what did you think you were gonna find? Some guy shooting heroin in a dirty back room? Huh? Well, I've outlasted everybody. Who else my age is still having hits? Not Spector, not Bob Crewe, but Kim Fowley is.

"The point is that I'm not trendy. As David Bowie said, style transcends fashion, Kim Fowley is a for-hire killer. When bands bring me their dreams, I don't criticise them, I just put them on tape."

Mr Fowley, you're sort of Erich Von Stroheim crossed with Andy Warhol. Are you part of the Hollywood tradition?

"I should have been a star, if that's what you mean. But if I was a star, I'd be a burden to people. You see, I'm smarter than your average rock pig. My IQ is 164. It's been said before, but it's still true that I am the missing link between Orson Welles and Chuck Berry. And I'm not decayed — the wrinkles are timeless."

Jo Jo Clark is present to confirm the data on the Kim Fowley diet.

"Jo Jo, what do I eat?"

"Milk and toast, beef stew, tuna and cheese."

"What about my drug intakes?"

"Kim doesn't take any drugs apart from the ones he's prescribed."

"You see, a successful behind-the-scenes person like me leads an isolated existence. This is a deceptively gruelling business in which you are true only to yourself. I don't have ego. I just have skills. I feel out of place in the 20th Century, especially amidst the cast of characters we call the 'rock world'. I would hope that by the 23rd Century more people will be multiple personalities like me.

"To paraphrase John Travolta, you are what you do. The guys at Throbbing Gristle couldn't do a Benny Hill album, but I could. However, the most innovative thing I'm doing at the moment is living. I'm an extreme individual in a mediocre world, and I'm still here. Why don't you shoot some names at me and I'll shoot back my responses?"

The Go-Gos.

"They got it right, I admit it. The Runaways got it wrong — they were too threatening."

Bruce Springsteen.

"The ultimate storyteller."

Frank Zappa.

"He wanted me to be his Brian Jones."

Donna Summer.

"Yeah, she's smart. Robert Plant's smart, too."

Hollywood.

"A waste of time unless you're Kim Fowley and can turn over deals. LA was great when if you were a lump of shit you could be put through a blender and come out a lump of gold. But it's always been a dirty place. The first movie was shot in 1911, the first heroin overdose was in 1912. A lot of people come here and don't cut it. Charlie Manson came, and John Hinckley and Mark Chapman came, and they didn't cut it."

Is LA still a cosmic cattle-market?

"It was. Now the memories are rotting on the street."

Who influenced you?

"Howard Hughes, who said, 'Concepts don't betray me, humans do'. And General Douglas MacArthur, who said, 'Preparedness is the keynote to victory'."

What do you listen to?

"Indonesian Gamelan music — imagine Phil Spector on angel dust. Plus a form of Haitian music called Tropicale. And I'll be buying the new Asia album. When I fuck, I play the dub version of 'Guilty' by Honey Bane, followed by the first Ramones album. 'Cokane In My Brain'. 'Blue Moon' and 'Heartaches' by The Marcels are just awesome. Then of course 'Friday On My Mind', 'YMCA', 'Judy In Disguise'..."

Why don't you write a book?

"I *am* a book."

What about your poem 'Hollywood Trash'?

"There's a lot of beat poetry down here, and I have two books of it published. Supposedly I'm the heterosexual Rod McKuen."

Regrets? Had a few?

"That I never found a real rock'n'roll girlfriend. Jerry Hall is the ultimate rock'n'roll girlfriend. She'd make a great manager. And I think Bob Geldof has a pretty good chick."

What of your solo records?

"Jim Morrison said to me, 'You're not a bad singer, and you're a good poet, but you'll only make a great record when you're in love'. So you'll have to wait till I find my Linda McCartney.

"Finally, I have a message for England. Hello England. Er, why don't your trends last longer? All my friends in LA have such a hard time. First they learn how to be new romantics, then they have to get into techno-pop, now they have to learn all about African music, Juju, i.e. King Sunny Ade; next it'll probably be Bulgarian folk music — it's really difficult for me hearing the tapes of all the American groups imitating you. That's my only complaint about you.

"As Clive Davis once said, 'I don't want to hear about the new trend, I want to hear about the new artist'. So anyone who wants to mail me anything at all, and that goes for dirty girls with offers of marriage, write to me, Kim Fowley, at 6000 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 209, Hollywood, CA90028."

For Kim Fowley, sultan of sleaze, there is neither fear nor loathing in this world. There is only the next deal.

(All quotations from 'Hollywood Trash' by Kim Fowley).

Kim Fowley — is he McLaren, Shadow Morton, Colonel Tom Parker all rolled into one? The lizard king of Svengalis? Or just the most contemptible leech on the face of rock'n'roll?

Money Jungle — Fowley's answer to Abba and Bucks Fizz. Pic Paul Hodara.

The Runaways — Fowley's jailbait.

Candy — exhumed Bay City Rollers. Pic Paul Hodara.

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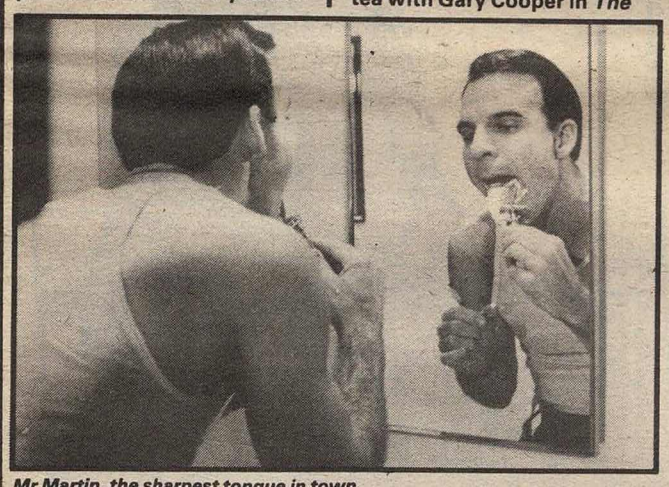
Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid

Directed by Carl Reiner
Starring Steve Martin, Rachel Ward, Carl Reiner

REARDON WAS the name that he was using: Rigby Reardon, private investigator. I knew him better as Steve Martin, a tall hard-faced number considered by the smart money to be a hot contender bucking for the throne of King Of Comedy. He hadn't changed much since *The Jerk* except that he'd had that distinctive gray mop dyed black; to match the atmosphere, I guess.

Now Reardon is a creation tailor made for this business, as qualified as a man can be to hold down a licence as a real (private) dick. He's trigger happy, indestructible, tenacious and unlikely to hit a woman without first removing his hat — unless provoked, that is. So you can imagine that when a dame like Juliet Forrest — that's 'Rachel Ward' to you out there in the 'real' world — shows up on Reardon's threshold one rainy night with a murder to be investigated, the bullets are going to fly like one-liners (or vice versa).

A great many familiar faces show up in the caper: well-known ladies and gents like Alan Ladd, Barbara Stanwyck, Ray Milland, Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Lana Turner, Edward Arnold, Kirk Douglas, Fred MacMurray, James Cagney, Joan Crawford, Charles Laughton, Vincent Price, Brian Donlevy and Edmond O'Brien. They show up on beds, in offices, on trains, on the other end of telephones, in jail . . . anywhere you'd expect to find people in a world like this one, and Martin gets involved with them the way Marty Feldman did when he blew a stick of tea with Gary Cooper in *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*



Mr Martin, the sharpest tongue in town.

In other words, Martin has to become James Cagney's mother in *White Heat,* which is considerably more stressful than simply sitting opposite Cary Grant in *Suspicion,* but not nearly as dangerous as getting shot by Alan Ladd in *This Gun For Hire.* This almost continuous use of clips from most of the best and most idiosyncratic thrillers of The Black and White Years imposes three singularly heavy tasks on the makers and cast of *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid.*

Can they succeed in this bizarre mission???

Firstly, sets, costumes and even film stock have to match precisely. Secondly, Martin has to sound convincing when bouncing dialogue off people who didn't get to be famous simply because they were very good at climbing up walls quickly. In order to juggle dialogue with a clip of Bogart, one has to be able to read the lines with a certain amount of *elan* (Jack Elan, that is).

And thirdly, the whole thing has to make some precarious form of sense, to be at least vaguely coherent. Carl Reiner describes the plot of *Dead Men* as being certainly not any more confusing than *The Big Sleep,* which is — I suppose — fair enough. After all, when William Faulkner and Leigh Brackett were writing the screenplay for that most wonderful of movies, they phoned Raymond Chandler and asked him who *did* kill General Sternwood's chauffeur? Chandler thought about it, drank another bottle of bourbon, admitted he didn't know either and went back to sleep.

What has *that* to do with *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid?* About as much as the lengthy sequence involving Lana Turner and Edward Arnold pirated from *Johnny Eager,* as it happens.

It's probably a minor miracle that Martin, Reiner and their co-author George Gipe have managed to pull it *all* off. (Can you imagine Harrison Ford as Reardon?) The film is art-directed, lit, costumed and designed to an eerie perfection: the transitions from new material to archive are startlingly seamless. Martin delivers his lines with the crispness and conviction of someone talking to someone else (rather than a tape), and the story . . . the story . . . well, it makes even less sense than *The Big Sleep* (who *did* kill the Sternwoods' chauffeur anyway?)

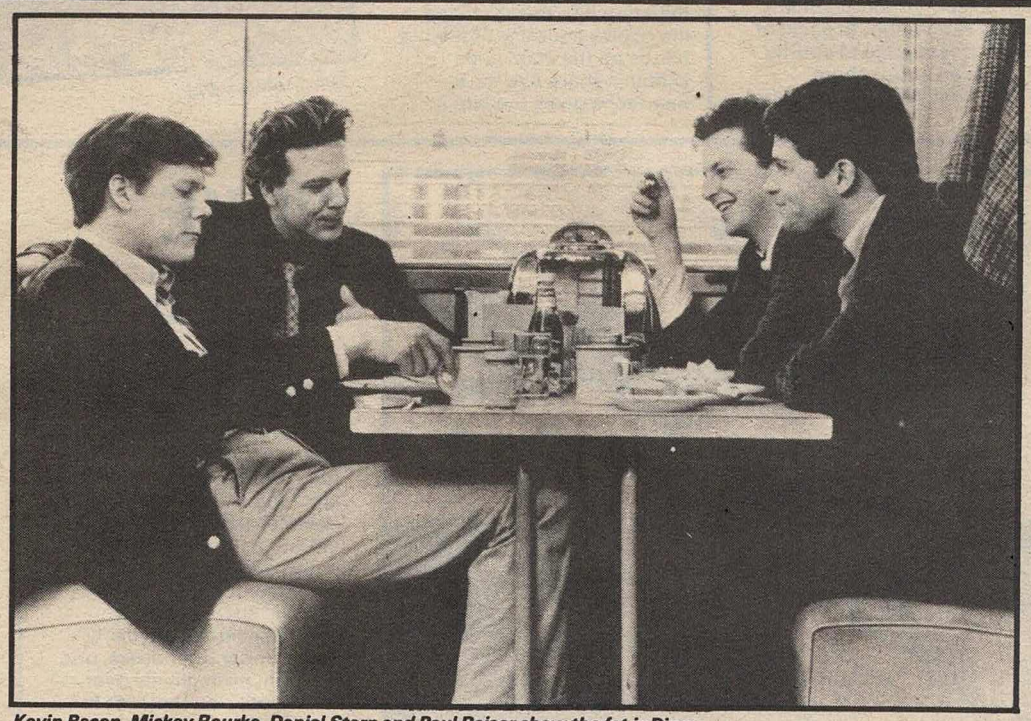
Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid ("Fifteen years ago," voice-overs Martin, "Marlowe told me that dead men don't wear plaid. I have no idea what he meant by that.") succeeds on the highest level of all, though. It is incredibly funny, a barrel full of Giant yoks. Rachel Ward is a laugh-getter of the first water (if she ever drank any): her sexiness is a joke which she is playing on Martin rather than one which the director is playing on her, and her methods of extracting the bullets with which Martin is peppered with the regularity of a hiccup is one of the movie's best schticks (the second best is Martin's excuse for not being able to keep his hands off her tits, and the way that she turns it back on him for the movie's punch line).

Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (how true that is) is, regrettably, stiffing out in its country of origin. This should not deter you from setting off down those mean streets and sniffing this one out for yourself. You owe it to your soul to meet Rigby Reardon, one hard, lonely PI who traffics with illustrious ghosts and never shot an honest man in the back.

Charles Shaar Marlowe

Diner

Directed by Barry Levinson
Starring Steve Guttenberg, Daniel Stern, Mickey Rourke, Kevin Bacon and Timothy Daly (MGM)



Kevin Bacon, Mickey Rourke, Daniel Stern and Paul Reiser chew the fat in **Diner.**

CHAPS WITH EVERYTHING!

PLATEFULS of french fries made soggy with sauce. A long, long chain of cigarettes. A parking lot full of cream coloured Cambridges. The ceaseless crack and clatter of dishes. The torrent of smart talk and plain jive. And a big neon sign over the meeting place — *Diner,* it says.

Writer/director Barry Levinson's film starts with an argument over a beef sandwich and ends with an interminable story told over the final roll of the credits. In between is his record — a personal microcosm, no grandstanding for a generation or ticking through historical landmarks — of a tableful of young men, vacillating between post-college jobs and girlfriends and the vague ambition for something 'better'.

They're a good crowd. Shrevie has his wife and records ("What does it matter what's on the flipside?" "IT'S IMPORTANT TO ME!!"), Boogie his amateurish sports scores racket; Fenwick sniffs out trouble to pile into at every chance, Billy can't seem to woo his girl into taking vows — and Eddie has the altar in sight, except his intended first has to get through a football quiz so tough it has the others shaking their heads. Regular guys, one and all.

Although the posters suggest a more literate kind of *Porky's, Diner's* content has little to do with the adolescent grope. Levinson instead turns the dialogue into a superfast gag machine — running on funny lines instead of mere jokes — and registers a naturalistic set of performances inside a setting where period detail like cars, movies and TV are allowed to sit, not shout. While every touch is impeccable, from the magazines in a hair salon to a soundtrack that takes in every significant sound from 1959, the recreation never seems laboured.

The film's success turns on its irreverence. Rather than go for the obvious and overworked strain of nostalgia for the lost youth of either Eisenhower's or Kennedy's America (at this rate we'll be pining for Nixon's offspring soon), Levinson — himself a former gag writer — feels bored with mooning and tends to revert to the funny bone. Serious points never really sour the humour. That it's an era the director clearly remembers isn't the lynchpin of the film; it's the coexistent approval of his young men's irrepressibility and affectionate guying of their foibles that makes it go with such a swing.

A certain sentimentality does overtake the climax, where everything seems to come right at least temporarily, and it's arguable that although there are moments of real hurt in the story — specifically when a basic fear of maturity undoes their grown men act — an opportunity to explore the deeper humours of friendship among men (that strange comradeship!) was perhaps a little frittered away.

But these are minor gripes. Splendid playing at every level, particularly from Daniel Stern as Shrevie and Mickey Rourke as the rascally Boogie, infuses an unaffected and excellent comedy of table manners. Ironists might be amused that it was to be shelved in America before US critics set up an outcry that led to tentative screenings and a subsequent massive success. Go see it, and find out why.

Richard Cook

PROPER GANDERS

Atomic Cafe

Directed by Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, Pierce Rafferty (Mainline).

The Peace Game

Directed by Ministry Of Defence (COI).

WE ARE at the flashpoint of the nuclear propaganda season with three items presently making the rounds. Two are anti-officialdom. The other has been expelled from the bowels of the nuclear establishment itself — and it's not a pretty sight.

In regard to the antis, the latest word on John Pilger's *The Truth Game* is that Central TV — who have been instructed by the IBA to come up with a 'complementary' effort — are having problems assembling a production team willing to hash together a piece of work that, even to the untrained nose, might well stink of Government authorised expediency.

Pilger says he's worried that *The Truth Game* could "fade away" if there's not some movement soon.

The other anti item is the magnificent US made *Atomic*

CONTINUED OVER

Querelle

A MOVIE-ABLE FEAST

RICHARD COOK gorges himself on the cinematic delicacies at this year's London Film Festival

A FESTIVAL ought to be a righteous celebration, and if you believed half the blurbs in the London Film Festival programme you'd think it was an overflowing banquet of world cinema. In reality the casual viewer has to take the very rough with the merely smooth. Taste being what it is, the more films you see, the less enamoured you tend to be of that 'festival' tag.

Having seen about a third of the 120-odd features on display I'd feel like despairing of the state of the film were it not for the fact that this is a mere fillet from an industry supposedly in a world recession. Consistent quality is inevitably subordinated to balance, cross-spread representation and availability: the Festival, a venerable institution in its 26th year, should never be treated as the 'best' of world cinema but as an unparalleled once-a-year shot at taking in a conflicting multitude of aesthetics, approaches and attitudes. You might feel baffled and fatigued after a few screenings but there's refreshment and education to be found too. So, to start: Hail the LFF!

'Name' films inevitably attract the first attention, and any movie event that can boast new work by leaders like Fassbinder, Altman, Antonioni and Losey can afford a pool of minnows to run alongside the big fish. Let's start with something from the small fry, David Stevens' **The Clinic,** an Australian feature with few pretensions to significance but one almost as funny as **Diner** and **Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid** (both also on show). The clinic is a VD centre, and the reels relate one day in its teeming life — nervous newcomers rub up against old lags, a wacky but recognisable team of medics turn routine into routines and doses of myth-shattering and education are injected with a minimum of pain. Breezily cut and filmed, an excellent antidote to the portentous side of the programme.

BUT A festival is best remembered for its blockbusters — and Rainer Werner Fassbinder's **Querelle** is a most likely candidate for immortality. There was something of a Fassbinder feast on the first weekend here, with his **Theater In Trance** documentary, his penultimate feature **Veronika Voss** and a film about him shot by his last producer, **The Wizard Of Babylon.**

And *Querelle,* his very last film. Drawn from Jean Genet's *Querelle de Brest* ("A film which is concerned with literature . . . must in every phase make itself known as a possibility of a concern with art which has already been stated"), it emerges as a gruelling *danse macabre* of the legitimacy of physical and spiritual love-making, tied around the story of a cruelly handsome sailor who attracts attentions from all sides.

Lit by an unceasing, honey-gold sunset, its splendid array of images must await full analysis on its release next year — but be assured that the montage of sexual ritual, a dangerously cherished view of violence, dialogue that's deadpan and lacerating by turns, performances brimming with sensual excess and a soundtrack chilled by celestial voices is completely mesmerising. Fassbinder's farewell is a non-resolution but it leaves intact a terrible imagination and a profound sense of form.

A far less impressive contribution came from the (as always) infuriating Michelangelo Antonioni. While I'm forever on the edge of succumbing to the Italian's really quite sumptuous way with composition, the tissue-based ideological content and spurious complexity of his usual style renders his films as flawlessly dressed vacuums of chic, intellectual sweetmeats of doubtful substance. **Identification Of A Woman** turned out to be no exception: a symmetrical puzzle of amorous allegiance involving a wealthy art circle elite of wastrels. With the sense of eavesdropping finally slipping into voyeurism it winds up as yet another of his form over content cul-de-sacs. Beautifully done, all the same.

As usual, 'beauty' is a very amorphous commodity among this cross-section. Of the high proportion of British films on display, most looked depressingly ugly — Greenaway's **The Draughtsman's Contract** is one obvious exception, and so is Claude Whatham's excellent Lawrence adaptation, **The Captain's Doll.** Some quite marvellously sensitive performances, particularly from Jeremy Irons as the eponymous captain, add a real weight to a tale of the modern edge to courtly love in an atmosphere (post-First War Germany and Austria) wrought with infinite care by the director.

It threatens to bog down in stifling good manners in the middle but the last half-hour is a rivetting two-hander for Irons and Gila von Weltershausen, a debate on affection and loyalty so skilfully presented (on a glacier!) that you hang on every word. A rare achievement to handle Lawrence so well.

I'd prefer to veil Barney Platts-Mills' dreadful **Hero,** a thoroughly makeshift and unmagical dalliance in Scottish folklore shot with a perverse disregard for visual finesse, and pick out another C4 production, **Experience Preferred — But Not Essential.** Peter Duffell, a neglected man among British directors, does well to evade wholesale nostalgia and zero in on human weakness in this depiction of a girl on a first holiday job as a waitress in a Welsh seaside hotel. Her initiation into the skivvying life comes courtesy of the old hands on the staff, and Duffell's sharp eye for a heartache gives the film a distinct tang without sullying the innate optimism of a Britain warming up for a booming, permissive society.

Two more Europeans of reputation: Carlos Saura (best known here for *Cria Cuervos* and *Blood Weeding*) offered **Tender Hours,** about a playwright enmeshed in a rehearsal of a new work that seems frighteningly bound up in his childhood fantasies, and Krystof Zanussi presented **The Unapproachable,** a triangular conundrum for retired film star, surly maid and self-destructive young intruder to the recluse's mansion. Both found few sparks, Saura bandaging a suspicious sentimentality in a bloodless web of multi-role trickery and Zanussi uncertain as to how to make his parlour game work.

This was a serious disappointment considering the crackling invention of his early pictures — Westernisation is doing Zanussi no good at all. Leslie Caron is over-zealous and faintly ridiculous in the lead and a careless script blots out all mystery and tension.

The two Polish pictures could hardly have been more different. **Va Banque,** a debut from the young Julius Machulski, proved a modest and highly enjoyable (if somewhat misguided) transposition of the heist caper picture to a '30s Poland. Although the Americanised plot straddled the affected recreation of period detail rather awkwardly, the bonus points — a strident and droll lead by Jan Machulski as the safeblower out for revenge on a crooked banker, sets lovingly held in a sepia-toned haze, excellent music — pulled it through.

The veteran Jerzy Kawalerowicz's **Austeria,** despite a certain hint of vaudeville vulgarity, took up a far more serious issue: the lost culture of Poland's Hassidic Jews, symbolised by a gathering at an inn threatened by Cossacks at 1914's point of explosion. Its austere sincerity is finally undone by misjudged bursts of melodrama and a final sequence both predictable and clumsily histrionic.

IT'S NOT simply partisanship that has me acclaiming the American entries, nor our supposed 'bias' against European cinema: in matters of style, idea and achievement these were by and large simply the best films. Any event with movies of the calibre of **Diner, The Evil Dead, The Atomic Cafe** and Bogdanovich's **They All Laughed** has got to do okay. And any one with Altman's **Come Back To The Five And Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean** has its cards marked.

CONTINUED PAGE 53

The Captain's Doll

Illustration: Stylo Rouge

NUKE REELS

FROM PAGE 21

Cafe which uses nothing but choice cuts of American nuclear propaganda from the '40s, '50s and '60s to make the identical case to Pilger but without editorial comment and with a great deal of chilling humour.

In the '50s, American children used to practise diving under their desks, one arm bent protectively over their heads, in readiness for the anticipated Russian attack. All you need to do, said the happy cartoon turtle, is "duck and cover . . . wherever you may be . . . duck and cover."

Other items — usually army-issued — told the American male about the inherent safety of radiation. "Even if it does make your hair fall out, it'll soon grow back again. And in the same colour."

A more venal lie was told in the '50s to the unsophisticated people of Bikini atoll who we see sitting at the feet of the great white American army officer as he explains why, for the good of all mankind, they're going to have to leave their island so the US military can obliterate it in an H bomb test.

The people of the area were informed there would be no fallout hazard but we see subsequent footage of festering radiation burns and balding heads due, it was officially explained, to a change in wind direction.

This wind change also killed or maimed the crew of a Japanese tuna boat and poisoned fish as far away as San Francisco.

Other awful sequences show pigs being blown up in desert tests, raw army men being lectured by their chaplain on the beauty of the atomic plume and then these same ignorant suckers staring at the flash of an atomic explosion; close-on, unprotected, then running towards the cloud as it still rises. You wonder how long they lived and how painful was their death.

There's plenty more that makes you want to laugh or weep for the cruel stupidity of the nuclear establishment and for the gullibility of the ordinary citizen.

But, thankfully, we're that

ON THE BOX

Thursday November 25

A Personal History Of The Australian Surf (Directed by Michael Blakemore 1981). Blakemore, whose *Private On Parade* (with John Cleese) gets premiered at this year's LFF, here offers an autobiographical docu-drama about immediate post-war Australia, where, sequestered far from Britain's austerity binge, young folk would go surfing instead of trotting down the road to fetch the Hovis. Prepare yourself with a bucket of prawns and a few frosty tubes. **(C4)**

Antonio Das Mortes (Glauber Rocha 1969). Epic Brazilian polemical film which uses traditional Western form to trace the threads of myth and legend in Brazilian history. The Antonio of the title is a mercenary who offs a band of guerillas before realising his affinities lie with the peasants rather than the government and landowners. Prepare yourself with Che Guevara T-shirt and bandolero. Poncho optional. **(C4).**

Friday November 26

Charlie Chan On Broadway (Eugene Forde 1937). Lubbish. **(BBC2)**

Before I Hang (Nick Grinde 1940). Boris Karloff goes directly to jail, takes eternal-youth potion (a few years late, I fear) and becomes homicidal maniac. The usual stuff. Prepare yourself with large ham. **(C4)**

Saturday November 27

The Big Parade (King Vidor 1925). Silent classic featuring John Gilbert as the doughboy who finds peace and love amidst the horrors of WW1 with the adorable Renee Adore. Not to be missed. Prepare yourself with large box of paper tissues. **(BBC2)**

The Strange Door (Joseph Pevney 1951). "Horror" film starring Charles Laughton *and* Boris Karloff. Prepare yourself with *two large* hams. **(BBC2)**

A Tale Of Two Cities (Jack Conway 1936). What used to be referred to by the term "blockbuster", before Universal got into three-part TV movies of Jacqueline Susann and Harold Robbins books featuring several generations of rich double-dealing families. This Selznick production for MGM, based on the Dickens yarn about the French Revolution, stars Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allen and uses 17,000 extras for the Storming Of The Bastille scene. I know — I've counted 'em. Amazing what you can do with freeze-frame, eh? **(C4)**

Diablo Menthe (Diane Kurys 1977). The kind of thing that gives European cinema a bad name: two kids from broken homes growing up in the '60s, suffering at school but getting saved by love and "radical politics", whatever that is. Sounds diabolical. Won some crappy French prize for best picture of the year in 1977, which goes to show how poorly served that country was before *Diva* and *Clean Slate.* **(BBC2)**

Man Made Monster (George Waggner (1940). If it's midnight, it must be horror, in this case Lon Chaney Jr in some drivel about a man turning into a robot after electric-shock experiments. Sounds pretty dubious to me, but don't let me stop you trying it. The experiment, that is, not the film, Wouldn't wish *that* on anyone. **(BBC1)**

Sunday November 28

Outcast Of The Islands (Carol Reed 1951). Routine adaptation of the Conrad book, set in Malaya and starring Trevor Howard as a slob. Also featuring Ralph Richardson, Wendy Hiller and The Great Robert Morley. **(BBC1)**

Rancho Deluxe (Frank Perry 1975). Offbeat spoof Western starring Sam Waterston and Jeff ("Phew!") Bridges as cattle rustlers caught out of time, trying to live through modern days with old ways. Sharply scripted by Thomas McGuane, best known for *92 In The Shade.* Worth staying in for. **(BBC2)**

Windfall In Athens (Michael Cacoyannis 1953). Greek romantic comedy about a stolen lottery ticket. Sounds riveting, eh? As if that weren't bad enough, it's by the director responsible for *Zorba The Greek.* 'Nuff said. **(C4)**

Dodsworth (William Wyler 1936). Sam Goldwyn production featuring Walter Huston (John's dad — remember him from *The Treasure Of The Sierra Madre?)* as a retired American industrialist whose value - systems are changed drastically on a trip to Europe. Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor and David Niven provide firm support. **(C4).**

Monday November 29

A Double Life (George Cukor 1947). Ronald Colman in Oscar - winning form as the actor who lets his roles take him over. When he does *Othello,* he gets Moor trouble than he bargained for. Lee Strasberg may well approve. **(BBC2).**

Tuesday November 30

The Last Wave (Peter Weir 1977). Peter the Weird's follow-up to *The Cars That Ate Paris* (on Channel 4 next Thursday, as it happens) and *Picnic At Hanging Rock,* a visionary, apocalyptic tale of ancient aboriginal myth and ritual making unwelcome incursions into modern-day Oz. Prepare yourself with mask and snorkel. **(C4).**

Wednesday December 1

Ciro City (Karl Francis 1982). Nothing whatever to do with Oxford. Glenda Jackson and Jon Finch star as investigative TV reporters on the trail of *Muck And Brass* - style local government corruption in Wales, stymied by behind-the-cameras compromise and double-dealing. Could be interesting. Alternatively, could be mind-numbingly tedious soapboxing. **(C4).**

Andy Gill

IN THE CAN

Creepshow (George A. Romero 1982). A stylish, affectionate nod at Romero's roots in this EC comic brought to life by means of a blend of animation and acting. Five slim slivers of horror hokum, tightly scripted by Stephen King (who also makes a delightfully hammy acting debut in one), and daft enough to get the AA certificate which should have gone to *Poltergeist.* Not exactly a *Zombies — Dawn Of The Dead,* but it's provided Romero with his first Stateside box-office topper. **(Alpha)**

The Draughtsman's Contract (Peter Greenaway 1982). The surprise hit of the moment in London, where it's out-doing everything bar *Tron.* A visual crossword-puzzle set in a Kent landscape, this period whodunnit borrows from Borges and *Marienbad* but still ends up as English as they come. **(BFI/Channel 4)**

Blade Runner (Ridley Scott 1982). Visually stunning adaptation of Philip Dick's *Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep?* which unfortunately trips over its own intellectual pretensions and thespian shortcomings. Worth seeing, but only on the biggest screen available. **(Warners)**

Tron (Steven Lisberger 1982). Visually stunning adaptation of arcade video-games which dumps any intellectural pretensions in the bin and concentrates on computer-graphics hijinks for maximum movie appeal. Again, big screen recommended. Cheeseburger and coke optional extras. **(Walt Disney)**

Andy Gill

much more sophisticated now. Or are we?

The British Ministry of Defence have just issued a 20-odd minute item (at an estimated cost of £70,000) called *The Peace Game.* This is intended for 'any small gathering' although primary targets are thought to be secondary schools and other educational establishments.

In *The Peace Game,* as in American '50s propaganda, commie red ink washes across a map of Europe. We see Russians on the march in Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland (nothing, incidentally, on Vietnam, Korea or the destabilising work of the CIA and the multinationals in South America).

We are told Russia has a four to one edge in the nuclear arms race and that America has "really put its neck on the block by *agreeing* to send cruise and Pershing II to Europe." But just in case the Soviets misunderstand the US commitment we will soon have Trident — our own deterrent.

Accidental nuclear war, it is explained, is "impossible" because modern computer technology takes care of us, and because we have the Hot Line between Washington and Moscow. Only once in the nuclear age have we come close to a nuclear catastrophe: Cuba in the '60s.

The commentary is interspersed with street interviews in which worried citizens pose limp questions about the efficacy of the arms race, and in the next frame invariably get their answer *a la* stormtrooping Russian troops and more red ink splashing over the European map.

Given that *The Peace Game* is a product of the '80s you'd have expected it to be less evidently daft than the *Atomic Cafe's* material. But it is not.

As Pilger has pointed out, the voice of modern authority is merely more soothing and full of regret about Hiroshima and the continuing insanity of the arms race. But, as before, it is the other guys, the ones in the red corner, who are to blame.

We must each of us be watchful from now on, for the sign of the happy turtle. And, when we see it, duck and cover . . . protect and survive . . . duck and cover.

Andrew Tyler

Atomic Cafe *will start a run at London's Screen On The Green Islington November 25. It will thereafter be seeking a natiohal distributor.*

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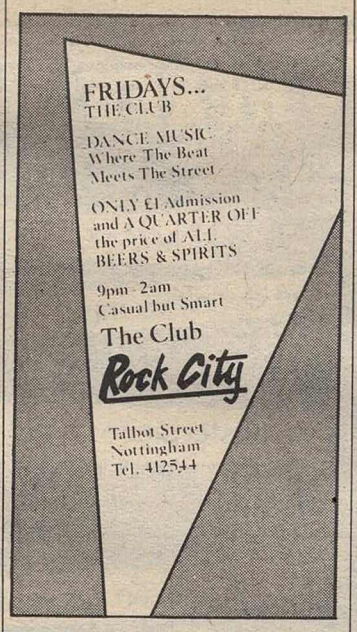

I'd been shot so many times you could use my shirt as a tea strainer.
STEVE MARTIN
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A
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VIDEO SYNCRASY

Paul Du Noyer meets bizarre Betty, 50 years on

Boop droops

BOOP-BOOP-a-doop, gang, and welcome inside the sweet, surreal and slightly sexy world of cartoon character Betty Boop. More than 50 years after she was created, this petite pen-and-ink legend gets to star in a full-length film of her own — *Hurray For Betty Boop* (Radial Choice, 80 mins. £39.95).

Originally drawn by Grim Natwick, Betty was developed in the studios of Max Fleischer, a pioneer of cinema animation who also invented Popeye.

Through America's depression-hit 1930s, the Boop cartoons held audiences entranced. The animations were alive with activity and crammed with imagination, wit and ingenuity — shaming many modern counterparts, whether of the hi-tech video trickery type, or else the low-budget cardboard cut-outs. Above all there was Betty herself — squeaky-voiced, impossibly cute, a silver screen sweetheart of the highest order.

The original cartoons — six to eight shorts — took our plucky-but-vulnerable heroine through scenarios and fantasies both bizarre and beautiful. And added charm was the scratchy soundtrack of spooky blues and smokey jazz that scored the action.

It's not surprising that the Boop cult took an upswing in the late '60s — a revived icon of art deco, a camp indulgence for hippy druggists ... Like, far out!

Unfortunately, it's dismally clear that the present film is aimed squarely at *that* generation, now off dope and into video recorders.

Hurray For Betty Boop, although begun in the Fleischer studios in the '30s, is largely modernised dross, stripped of all antiquated quaintness. And at 80 minutes, the story stretches its subject's appeal, to put it mildly.

It's long, and it's boring.

The soundtrack (apart from one or two choice insertions of old Cab Calloway) is '80s muzak; dumb, anonymous numbers which contrive to mention rock 'n' roll as many times as possible. The dialogue is similarly naff. It really hurts to watch Betty Boop mouthing horrible neologisms like "where I'm coming from" and "male chauvinist pig".

Thoroughly modern Betty

Merciless medium

On video the amateur's charm wears thinner, and quicker, than it does on record. And of course, it costs you so much more.

Lancashire band Zanti Misfits have plunged into DIY film, all the same, claiming it's a better bet than begging for hard-to-get live gigs.

Their tape is 40 minutes long, and costs £11 inclusive from Jettisoundz Ltd, 89 Church Road, St Annes-On-Sea, Lancs. I must admit that I'm indifferent to Zanti's music — nondescript post-punk indie stuff — except for the likeably daft, little-big-band swing of 'Love Ends At Eight', their recent single.

Between songs, there's much self-conscious capering by band members and their mates.

It's an ambitious project, not without touches of slapstick hilarity. But the film suffers in contrast to competitors with higher budgets, slicker skills and glossier locations.

MUSIC VIDEO

1	**The Complete Beatles**	MGM/UA
2	**Three Sides Live — Genesis**	EMI
3	**Complete Madness**	Spectrum
4	**Greatest Flix — Queen**	Thorn/EMI
5	**Pearls The Video Show — Elkie Brooks**	A&M Sound Pictures
6	**Live in Concert At The Ritz New York — Kid Creole And The Coconuts**	Island
7	**Swan Lake — The Royal Ballet**	Thames
8	**Gary Numan's Micromusic**	Palace Video
9	**Transglobal Unity Express — The Jam**	Spectrum
10	**Siouxsie And The Banshees**	Spectrum

Courtesy of HMV Shops Ltd

MOVIE VIDEO

1	**Chariots Of Fire**	CBS/Fox
2	**Battle For The Falklands**	ICN/EMI
3	**Falklands: Task Force South**	BBC/3M
4	**Star Wars**	20th Century Fox
5	**Tom & Jerry Vol II**	MGM/UA
6	**Apocalypse Now**	CIC
7	**The Sound Of Music**	CBS/Fox
8	**The Final Conflict**	CBS/Fox
9	**Ben Hur**	MGM/UA
10	**Tess**	Thorn/EMI

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Winston Henry is Explainer — the hippest soca artist in New York. Richard Grabel hears how he wants to become as important as Bob Marley. Photo Joe Stevens.

EXPLAINER

THE MESSENGER FROM THE CARIBBEAN

THE SCENE IS the backyard of a family house on the outskirts of Jamaica, Queens. One of those New York neighbourhoods that's gone in the last 15 years from being all-white to all-black — an example of the white flight to the suburbs.

Winston Henry, better known as Explainer, is hanging out here on a leisurely afternoon, rapping with his cousin (whose house it is) listening to some galloping spicy soca (soul-calypso) blasting out of a box.

The two journalists are seeing Explainer because his single 'Lorraine' has finally thrust that crafty Trinidadian sound into the lower reaches of the British chart and received some airwave exposure.

And because Explainer is making some of the most lyrically ingenious and musically irresistible songs around at the moment.

Soca, as a term, is only partly a marketing ploy, for the rest it's a real breakthrough, not so much a radical departure within calypso as a slight but important shift. The shift is gloriously productive. A subtle slowing down and levelling of the rhythm, that extra emphasis in the bass, pushes this new calypso over the line from being a slightly funny kind of foreign attraction to being a universally grabbing dance master.

Explainer is a slightly pudgy man, but friendly with a voluble personality. He can swing in a conversation from spiritual discourse and speculation on the nature of God and Heaven to business-like inquiries about the chart positions of his record.

He's made six albums and four singles, beginning in '76, and the last few have been solid hits in Trinidad and the West Indian community of New York. Ane he's not shy to let you know about it. Explainer is anything but modest.

EXPLAINER grew up poor in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and worked for ten years as a welder for a bus company.

"Just give it up because I was more interested in music. In the early stages I just used to sing in the tent. We usually had a tent for the Carnival festivities. So you get a chance to sing and prove yourself from there. That's what I did, starting out. Singing along with all the big singers, like Sparrow."

His predilection for topical songs earned him the name Explainer. This started with his first release, 'Mr Africa', and continued through 'Tables Turning', 'Ras Mas' — his first major hit and an interesting hands-across-the water gesture from Trinidad to Jamaica — and 'Integration', 'Lorraine', along with Mighty Swallow's great 'Subway Jam', is one of the few soca hits to explicitly recognise that the music's biggest market so far has not been in Port-of-Spain but New York.

"I aim at the bigger countries," Explainer says. "I am pioneering, so I must aim at the bigger countries.

"In Trinidad I put out the records myself in conjunction with a local distributor. On a much smaller scale, because after Carnival, calypso is not really a very big thing in Trinidad. It's more big out here.

"See in Trinidad there are so many artists, and then the industry does not cater to the amount of artists. Production and manufacturing are very slow, so one could only get so much of a record printed, maybe seven or ten thousands records. And then after Carnival the calypso records do not mean that much to Trinidadians, they resort back to the foreign stuff again, like soul, reggae, this and that. What we are trying to do is get them to be more patriotic and not use it as a seasonal thing but a life-long thing. And they are coming around, but slowly. Because out here the Trinidadian patronises his own music much more than those at home.

"They dub me The Messenger in the Caribbean. Before the Carribbean had two messengers, now we have only one. Marley's dead. And where soca influences, I am definitely going to be a Marley of soca. Because there hasn't been anyone as yet really captivate that thing the way he does."

Who else do you check for in soca?

"I recommend Blue Boy. Very soon we are releasing a record in England, a combination of me and Blue Boy doing a song called 'Soca Rock'. Another good act is Swallow. You can look up Swallow and get something out of him."

LISTENING TO Explainer talk about the importance of going international you'd think he was falling all over himself in a rush to sell out. Not so. The beauty of soca is that it borrows just what fits in, and uses its borrowings to up the power ante while remaining essentially roots music.

"It's all exemplified on 'Man From The Ghetto', last year's album from which the single 'Lorraine' was taken, and one of the few soca LPs that's strong in its own right, not just a single-plus-filler package.

It's a record full of wit.

'Stupidness' is a satiric dig at singers who use *"less imagination and more rhythm"* to get hits. 'Vex Money' is good advice for the ladies, telling them to bring their own money when dating, so to be able to make a quick escape. And of course 'Lorraine', which speaks perfectly to the psychology of a buy from the islands stuck in the North for the winter.

"Yeah, that's exactly what I tried to capture. The feelin', when the cold start, what could be happening in his home town and there he is, and his desire to get out of it because his roots are actually pullin' at him all the time, and there's nothing to stop him, not even love.

"The new album is going to be called 'nature'," he continues, "and that will really touch you too. I've yet to see whether it's better than 'Man From The Ghetto'. I'll leave that to the public. But I get the feeling it's on par or even better. When coming to international appeal this album has more, the topics reach out more to the world."

Like what topics?

"Well, the situation in the world today, man's reaction to religion and different things. Then you have a little bit of rhythm and party influences, and you get a little humour here and there."

You keep adding new moves, like the straight-funk break the bass slips into the middle of 'Party Time'.

"I try to incorporate many different things, pop, rock, in the soca. I do this because in order to gain international appeal you must have something that is alongside the people you want to attract."

Your lyrics strike a perfect balance. They are catchy, but always fit the rhythm so they never should interfere with dancing. They are meaningful, but ambiguous enough to keep you thinking about what they mean.

"Uh-hum. Do you smoke? Want to hear a piece of 'Nature'?"

WE DECLINE the smoke but accept the sounds. These are rough mixes, played on a portable box, but at first glance I'd say Explainer was keeping up the quality.

One track, 'Father Have Mercy', has no vocals yet, so Explainer sings along for us. For an impromptu performance, it's amazing. Explainer switches from his speaking voice to his singing voice and honey rolls out of his mouth. At the end he breaks off in the middle of a chorus and laughs. Applause and slap-me-fives all around.

That was very reggaefied.

"Yeah, that has reggae, soca, everything, and a heavy message."

It's overtly spiritual.

"Because I must say to the Father, for the people, if you intend to have a heaven there ain't nobody could get a reservation. The laws that you put out for man to live by, there's nobody living by them anymore.

"So if you really check it out you have nobody to put in heaven. So, save those who have lost the balance. Try to at least manifest to them, just like you did when Saul was marching to Damascus. You converted Saul so why don't you convert me?

"I want to get the information about the song's wherabouts published in Trinidad," he suddenly announces." When you run this you could run the charts along with it?"

They don't believe you at home when you say you're doing well in England?

"No, they believe, they'll listen to what you have to say, but they like to see it in writing.

Explainer's last words to me:

Write something deep. So that is to get over a sort of waitin' finish to the market over there because England is one of my important markets right now. So try to make a nice little story that could at least create more traction."

No trouble at all.

Wham! YOUNG B

Wham! Andrew Ridgeley makes sure George Michael's face doesn't get over-exposed.

Straight out of school and onto the dole. Now
Watford boys called WHAM! are Britain's newes
are bold attacks on unemployment and adult ap
tap teenage disenchantment, or honest political
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WHAM! RAP: LYNN HANNA WH

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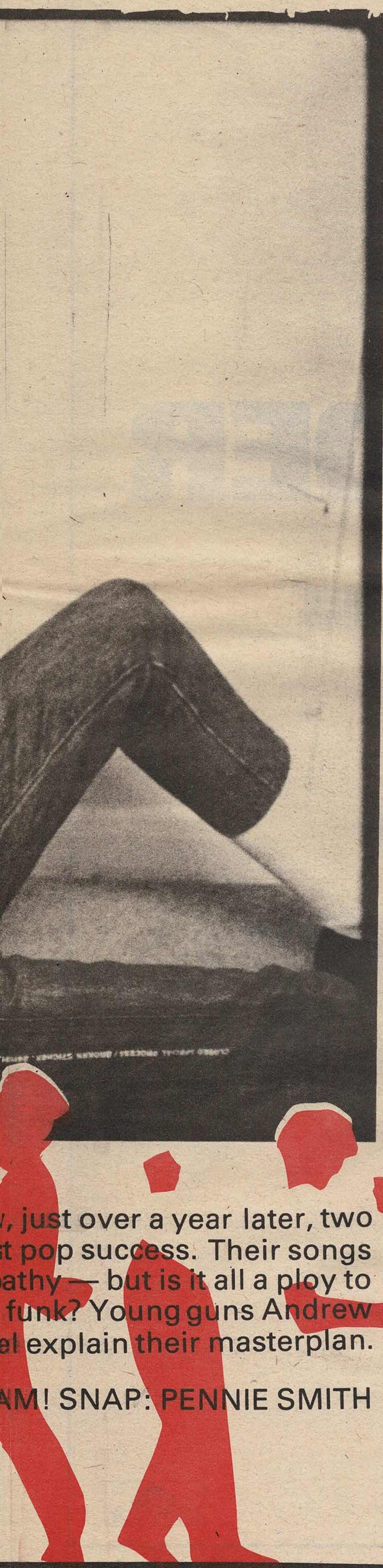

, just over a year later, two
t pop success. Their songs
athy — but is it all a ploy to
funk? Young guns Andrew
el explain their masterplan.

AM! SNAP: PENNIE SMITH

THIS WAS the week when everything went WHAM!

. . . When a barbed sex battle raged on the radio and a swaggering funk single brought fresh zest to the tired charts.

. . . When the macho joys of staying single were comically pitted against the lure of love.

. . . When that creepy guy who insisted on interfering was told where to go by a girl who could obviously give just as good as she got . . .

Despite appearances, the success story of Andrew Ridgeley and George Michael is no simple triumph of charmed innocence. A strong streak of native cunning and a shrewd commercial instinct have combined with the more slap-happy element of luck in paving the way for two new conquering pop heroes.

On the morning that I meet them, George and Andrew are pretty pleased with themselves, as well they might be with their first top ten single confirming them as the lastest chart darlings of a nation's young hearts. And at 19, George and Andrew are still young enough to be part of a generation whose expectations of life after education are totally different from anyone who approached adult life before the present government was elected.

Almost unconsciously, Wham! celebrate a new mood that cherishes the present in the enforced absence of any permanent certainties, and they reflect the excitement of a harder, private, hidden world where 'normal' rules are suspended and different, darker systems are evolving.

On a personal level, it's the choice between enjoying what you do or disappearing into the depression. While certain fatuous commentators have seized upon the 'Hard Times' tag as an odious means of self-aggrandisement, Wham! appear to speak simply from their own experience. Such a direct, enthusiastic appeal was bound to link up with a new wave of young consumers distanced from the pop process by an increasingly dreary parade of the calculated and artificial.

WHAM! COME from Watford, a town on the edge of North London's urban sprawl, where they went to the same school until Andrew left for college while George stayed in the sixth-form.

Both are boys who take their pleasure-seeking extremely seriously, and it was in '78, as they remember somewhat solemnly, that they became involved with a suburban soul scene, moving on to affiliate themselves with the ska and 2-Tone musical movement when the discos slipped into a more limpid jazz-funk.

"Ska had that energy. That's what we've always listened to, the stuff that's got the energy at the moment," says George.

While Wham! expended their adolescent energy in dancing and drinking, school not surprisingly took second place and their results suffered correspondingly.

"Andrew didn't get our exams because he was being a college trendy. I was a sixth-form rebel — which didn't take much," George adds.

"I think we both stayed on at school so we'd have an excuse to stay at home and wouldn't have to go out to work, being lazy. We both knew that all we wanted to be was pop stars.

"We're both the types that should have got our A-levels with flying colours, but we were really lazy, so we didn't. We spent most of the time round at Andrew's house, mucking about on instruments and writing songs."

Inevitably they gathered up a group — a ska band to start with. When they left school they signed on the dole and carried on composing. A year later their second single entered the charts and in retrospect made their short career look almost like a masterplan.

"We were both *convinced* that once the songs were heard by the right people we were going to make it. It was just convincing other people of that — like parents, that was the hard job.

"You're surrounded by people who are trying hard and failing dismally, and you've got to convince your parents that you're not one of those people. They don't realise the difference between a hit song and a bad song, they just think it's totally a matter of luck. I always told them, obviously it's a matter of luck, but it's not *all* luck. If you write good songs for long enough, someone's going to want to make money out of them."

In the event their record contract came just in time, since George's long-suffering father, incensed by his apparent lack of activity was on the brink of throwing him out of house and home.

"Now he just keeps asking when the money's coming in," he laughs.

AS WE TALK in a bar a few yards away from their tiny record company offices in the debby mecca of London's South Molton Street, you can't help feeling that these pleasure-loving, smooth-talking teenagers are the owners of two very hard young heads. Wham! are inclined to bandy the jargon of markets, promotion and sales with a commercial candour that's worthy of an experienced ad-man or a satin-jacketed rock executive. In part this is no doubt due to the necessities of understanding the rock rigmarole when you don't have a manager.

"That's been an advantage, definitely," explains George. "We've had a lot closer contacts with a lot of the areas."

"We know the machinations a lot more," adds Andrew.

Less charitably it's possible to speculate just how fine the line between a refreshingly realistic attitude to the entertainment industry and the dismally limited vision that characterises The Biz.

For the moment, however, the one debatable financial error Wham! have made so far is signing a contract so speedily — to Innervision, a small subsidiary of CBS, for a £500 advance each.

"We knew we were going to be massive, so we didn't want a big advance," claims George.

"It was the usual job of panicking and signing when you shouldn't really have done it, but it's got us where we are now, so it's nothing really to complain about. Any mistakes that we may have made, we'd still do it again to be number ten this week. Every company has its advantages and disadvantages, there's not much difference."

After they'd signed to Innervision, they recorded a demo tape which had, says George, seven or eight major publishing companies chasing the rights on the strength of what he calls one "killer single" that they'll release at an appropriate time.

"A worldwide number one," explains Andrew. "Julio will be *green*."

"I know it all sounds really over-confident," George expands, "but it's just like we've been able to judge our next steps all the way so far, so why not just keep hoping that you're right? We *know* we're right."

Their first record, 'Wham Rap', now due to be reintroduced to the shops on the strength of 'Young Guns' success, coincided with a wider realisation of the huge implications of a young dole queue generation. A spirited fist shaken in the face of adult apathy and suspicious disapproval, 'Wham Rap' is a refusal to be denied the good things of life, its slick sloganeering sliced into an exhilarating funk setting; a spontaneous emotional response rather than a stiff political cliche.

"We were writing about what was happening at the time that was really typical of most people," George explains. "Obviously more with people in the North, they didn't want to go out and do grotty jobs and yet there was nothing else.

"Where we were, Watford wasn't that bad for opportunities, we managed to do decent part-time jobs. But in a lot of places there's absolutely nothing. Somebody told me the other day, Your record cheered up a lot of my friends — which is brilliant!

"We didn't write it thinking, Let's help kids or anything. We just thought let's write about what we're doing at the moment and make it funny. The idea of actually cheering someone up was great, because we were told that of the limited sales it did, 70 per cent of them were in the North. There were people who were throwing accusations at us for being irresponsible and talking about enjoying the dole when so many people can't. At the same time, a huge amount can and we're writing for them. They obviously got the joke.

"Some people are going to take any lyric seriously, however funny. We were thinking about doing one on a driving test and you can just imagine people slagging you off for that. You know. Don't you think about all those people who have failed six times?

"We've done grotty jobs, so we weren't talking off the tops of our heads. We've done all kinds of things — labouring, cinema ushers, warehouse work, cleaning, washing up. We realised after a while it was better to stay at home."

'YOUNG GUNS' — a witty condemnation of a dreary domesticity which can prove permanently crushing when undertaken at too early an age — has also met its critics who see an unpleasant male braggadocio beneath the sparring repartee of those crackling love-hate lyrics.

"What happened was that the lyric wasn't as well written as it could have been, because George had to do it in the studio," says Andrew.

"The sentiment wasn't truly expressed. It didn't really come across."

"At the same time, I didn't think there was any harm in the lyric," adds George. "It's worked so well in every other way.

"The idea when we went in the studio was anti-young marriage — of either sex. It didn't mean to be anti-young girls. It just seemed to us that the funniest thing we could think of relating to it was the way you get the boys up the pub saying, Where's so-and-so? Oh, he's at home, she's kept him in again.

"It might not be right or true of all situations, but it does happen a lot and we're just commenting on it. That is what people listen to, and they think they know that situation.

"For people in that situation, the girl is the one to feel sorry for. In a lot of cases she's not been brought up to expect anything more than to feel supported and secure. We were just looking at it as it happens. We weren't taking sides. It was a comic observation."

WHAT WHAM! achieve on their *TOTP* slot is an abrupt electric shock that jolts the programme's flaccid system into instant charged action.

Helped by Dee C Lee and with Andrew's real life girlfriend, blonde Shirlie Holliman adding poignancy by posing as his screen partner, George and Andrew glide through a cut-and-thrust vocal comedy with flashy, fluid funk choreography that shames much of *TOTP's* stodgy staple diet into comparative sleepy senility. It's young, fetching and funny, and with typical opportunism, Wham! have achieved the best of both worlds by using the skilled resources of professional session-men for the music, whilst ensuring their visual line-up is instantly attractive.

"When we first approached a record company, their first thought was we'll get you a band together to move these songs. We said we didn't really want a band. It's better just to have ourselves as a front.

"What we've found is that so far we've had two songs that have been completely different and appealed to different markets," George continues. "Eventually we'll have a certain sound that we'll keep to, for a while anyway. You just work towards getting as wide a market as possible without making crappy records. If we can keep up the spirit of the lyrics and the attitude in the record, then it'll always sound like us, no matter who we have behind us. The idea is to keep up the attitude of the records, keep them sounding young and fresh and fun."

Their sparkling crystallisation of that vital, optimistic attitude has to be central to their sudden success.

"I think people definitely identified us on *TOTP*," says George, "that's why the sales shot up. On 'Wham Rap' we were playing and singing in terms kids could relate to. It's not manipulated, it's just that we're trying to relate to as many people as we can, because there don't seem to be many people doing it."

Especially at a time when the people making pop music seem increasingly divorced from its audience.

"It's drifted back off again into all the big producers like your ABC jobs, your Dollars and Bucks Fizz," George agrees. "And although some of those records are brilliant, they're across the boards. There's nothing really directing itself at the youngsters. Madness are the closest thing that so many people relate to, and even they, I think, are beginning to get a bit bored with what they're doing. The music's not as fun as it was."

THE BIGGEST future problem Wham! will face is keeping that shiny bright sense of unspoilt ingenuity.

"It must be very, very difficult. That's one of the things we're going to have to fight for, trying to keep a fresh sound," George muses.

In the meantime they're about to add a whole new meaning to their hallowed maxim of enjoying what you do.

"We're just about to have to work hard for the first time in our lives I think," admits George with the rueful reluctance of a truly dedicated hedonist. "We've managed to avoid it so far, but if we want to get further than this, we've got to work hard. This is just the beginning," he sighs.

"We're aiming at youth, saying enjoy what time you've got, because it's the best time of your life."

"So far, anyway," adds Andrew.

THE JAM

BEAT SURRENDER

MOVE ON UP
STONED OUT OF MY MIND
SHOPPING
BEAT SURRENDER
WAR

DOUBLE PACK SINGLE
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LPs

SONGS FOR AGEING CHILDREN

JONI MITCHELL

Wild Things Run Fast (Geffen)

Joni Mitchell *Pic: Norman Seeff*

A YEAR before her 40th birthday, the great romantic of rock music undoes her locket once more. Three years have passed since 'Mingus' and the world has moved fitfully on: but in Mitchell's universe the identical concerns have to be invoked and picked over, obsessively, again and again. I've partnered in this waltz so many times I'd like this to be a valedictory look — except 'Wild Things Run Fast' seems such a melancholy dance, so lacking in what Mitchell can be so good at, that I'll have to leave with a heavy heart, not a cleansed one.

I could sum it all up immediately as an extraordinary record from someone who has pursued the extraordinary and frequently come near it. It could, of course, simply be a low point in a continuing body of work, but Mitchell's records are not supposed to be commonplace artefacts of the rock game; and they haven't been, from 'Court And Spark' to 'Mingus'. 'Wild Things Run Fast' seems such a palpable retreat from the vantage point she'd grafted towards for so long that its appearance is a severe anti-climax in a progression that should have dispensed with highs and lows. There seems nothing of consequence to remark on.

The most immediately disappointing element is its sound. I seem to recall a declaration of a final estrangement from the rock system around the time of 'Mingus', a decision to plant a flag on jazz's dark moon — but this is a record of rock music, pure and distressingly simple.

There is the patented weightless feel with which Mitchell and her master recordist Henry Lewey always leaven her banks of strings and rhythm, and Wayne Shorter pipes a few sublime soprano borders on three songs. But that is a rich woman's indulgence. There are oafish guitars, big swarthy backing singers, rock'n'roll drums. Her inclusion of a snobbish remake of '(You're So Square) Baby I Don't Care' sounds embarrassing, a reach back into the gauche innocence of her first music which her own writing can no longer accommodate.

There are familiar pleasures, perhaps too familiar: the urbane gesture, a certain dizziness, a frequent gossamer delicacy. Her voice is unimpaired — it was never a jazz voice anyway, more that of a volatile chanteuse prone to the ruling of the unbidden heart. Sensuality was not Mitchell's strongest suit. She would rather dance among the daffodils than lay down in them. And there were always her diaries to look through, over and over.

Time catches up with everybody, and the central weakness of 'Wild Things Run Fast' is that it isn't in time with anything. Where once Mitchell's confessional sincerity seemed as permissive as this strain of genteel, literate sophistication was going to get, rock has abandoned its timorous fidelity for good and all. Rickie Lee Jones has already accomplished all that Mitchell reached after, and beside a record as suggestive and rich in resonance as 'Pirates', 'Wild Things Run Fast' begins to look very callow and grey indeed. Linda Ronstadt's 'Easy For You To Say' is as affecting a breakdown of the amorous burden as anything here.

For all her investigations of the heart's inner sanctum, Mitchell has progressed little from her first muddled gush of romance if this writing is a true barometer. In maybe half the songs here she seems to want to return to that era: at least, there is a surrender of her sharpest faculties in 'Solid Love', 'Ladies Man', 'Man To Man' and 'Underneath The Streetlight' that seems an absurd waste. If she chooses to shut out the observatory eye that brought about brilliances like 'Edith And The Kingpin' and 'Otis And Marlena' then she does down her greatest skills.

Because she does not have the gift of writing great dumb pop music. That's the only thing that would carry a trifle like 'Wild Things Run Fast' itself. There is a persistent suggestion that she's slumming in the cheapest throes of dime-novel romance, and it's ludicrous that the progenitor of the scorched skyline of the 'Hejira' set should want to settle for something so facile. This is a simplification, not a paring away.

Inevitably, there are some things to salvage: throwaway words, a brief tingle on the line. The beginning, 'Chinese Cafe', is a portrait of regret between friends that touches a little more deeply; and the close, which she has chosen to call 'Love', might as well be the last song she writes. *"Even if I understood all the mysteries — if I didn't have love I'd be nothing."* She refers to II Corinthians: 13, which is Paul's farewell to that people; but I looked at I Corinthians: 11 — *"Judge in yourselves — is it comely that a woman pray to God uncovered?"* Indeed.

Richard Cook

A SHORT STORY

THE MEKONS

The Mekons Story (CNT)

IT'S A story of love and a story of music — a story of art with a capital F. A story of an art student crowd inspired equally by a musical revolution and a newly acquired drinking problem. Those who couldn't play tried to learn and those who could tried to forget — The Mekons came out of chaos and seemed surprised as anyone as they stumbled on a sound of haphazard pop perfection. The first album showed a monkey typing Shakespeare and contained sounds of equally improbable genius.

Unable to maintain the freshness, The Mekons collapsed in a crisis of conscience into a different kind of chaos. The inspiration and spontaneity gone, The Mekons mucking about ceased to be loveable.

That's The Mekons story — this album is simply a bizarre document, a non-chronological (what else?) chart of their decline from speed pop to electronic obscurity. The vintage sparks of 'Dance And Drink The Mekons' and 'Fight The Cuts' brings a nostalgic burst of colour to what, I'm afraid, is otherwise a fairly drizzly collection.

I really would like to be nice to this legacy but the quality of mercy is, in this case, proving distinctly strnnnen.

Don Dare

Virgin Prunes *Pic: Hugo McGuinness*

NOSTALGIE DE LA PRUNE

VIRGIN PRUNES

. . .if I die, I die (Rough Trade)

'PRIMITIVISM' is usually the recourse of the Western sophisticate in need of inspirational refreshment. The Virgin Prunes have built a whole career out of it. Or at least its trappings. But peer through the primeval foliage and all is revealed. The Virgin Prunes operate comfortably within current modern rock conventions, and this, their first LP, is an occasionally interesting but largely unremarkable affair.

The whole *Quest for Fire* trip is reiterated in the lushly attractive packaging — the name of the game is roots. And I'd guess that the fountain-head of their inspiration is to be located many, many eons ago. Roundabout 1969 and the release of Pink Floyd's 'Ummagumma'. Hardly a record played a lot recently, but the Virgin Prunes bring it to mind instantly — pastoral pipes, gnomic vocals and every so often a sweet little tune.

More recent mind-expanding outfits are recalled. On 'Caucasian Walk' it's Siouxsie's pounding sneer. The other Dublin band, U2, are evoked in a ringing anthem, the appropriately biblical 'Walls Of Jericho'. The prettily opiated 'Ballad Of The Man' reeks of The Only Ones and The Clash in tender mood. And perhaps Gavin, Guggi and Dave-Id want to suggest the plaintive (and modishly exotic) cry of a muezzin on 'Sweethome Under White Cloud', but all my mind's eye sees is the ludicrous figure of Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson. And so on.

Maybe the Prunes have never heard of these people. But it sounds as if they have. And for me that is where this album's enjoyment, such as it is, lies — it recalls more original, provocative talents. All The Virgin Prunes contribute is a veneer of mannered primal angst and the portentous mystique of *nostalgie de la boue.*

Mat Snow

HARDLY HABIT FORMING

THE ADICTS

Sound Of Music (Razor)

THE SLICKEST punk package yet hits the streets with only four weeks of heads down no nonsense mindless shopping to turkey sandwich time, and The Adicts are already rubbing anticipatory hands all the way to the bank. After all, they're probably reasoning, no one can fout up with such seasonally adjusted trivia as this.

From the striking band motif — a garish, hysterical joker mask — up to their bowler-hatted, clean white boy white dresses, through the gamut of obligatory song topics and infectious watery punk hooklines and right down to the front cover illustration — a jolly merry-go-round scam — and even through to the title itself, 'Sound Of Music' stinks of as much premeditation and cold blooded pecuniary forethought as anything perpetrated by the likes of Shitti Scritti. These tin can Indies are all the same; let's go for the big one this time boys, sod everyone else. Hopefully divine retribution will lend a hand and The Adicts will suffer the humble Shitti way.

Persistently pretending to the rather dubious accolade of 'jokers in the punky pack', The Adicts' debut album eases them without a bump into the vacant slot somewhere between stablemates and dashing Idol punkos Chron Gen and stale mates and crasser sexists Spiodge.

Not nearly as good looking as the Chronics and not as blatantly stupid as Splodge, The Adicts compromise on the one hand by gleaning the cheapo sicko ticket with songs like 'My Baby Got Run Over By A Steamroller' and on the other by banal posturing.

Hedging their bets solidly on an initially infectious but rapidly tiresome pattern of quirky intros heralding crunchy riffing and choirs of laughing gas intoxicated voices, all shrink-wrapped in clean, crystal clear and overtly wimpish production, The Adicts fall short of addictive prowess as early as the third track, 'Chinese Takeaway' — a spry, crisp'n'dry jangle of guitars dying before a whooping cough of a chant.

After this the chords occasionally hop a fret or two but the backing drone remains essentially the same and less digestible every second. By the time they wrap their coy little tongues around 'Lullaby', I'm already asleep and having nightmares about killer turkey sandwiches and an epidemic of Shakatak albums.

Amrik Rai

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UP CHIC CREEK...

CHIC

Tongue In Chic (Atlantic)

BEFORE PUNK was cold in its ripped and torn safety - pinned shroud I was shut up in my room with my Magic Fly records and my regret, heartsick that I had been taken for a ride by white rock for the second time already, and me not even voting age. In my sorrow I hatched a horrible monster — the critical theory of disco, disco-listening as respectable intellectual past-time!

It really was a precocious, pretentious thesis — genuine enthusiasm, with irony, sarcasm and snideness laid on with a trowel, much haranguing of the artiste if he/she dared credit their coiffeur, couturier or shrink and much reference to feeling "cold"; you know, the kind of coldness later brought into (over)play by old Gaz Numan, the kind of coldness that cannot be remedied by turning the thermostat up — but boy, was it popular with rock profs who had had one rude awakening too many and liked disco because it never promised you anything, you never fell in love, it never broke your heart. Indeed, disco was seen as a tart with a heart of gold. People who had spent the early '70s, the REAL golden age of black dance music, burrowing deeper into Barclay James Harvest, while we at the local Locarno were hugging the Hues Corporation, suddenly disco-vered the dancefloor, and they felt like Columbus, they felt as young as us.

A lot of water has gone under the bridge, a lot of love has been taken to the bank and a lot of feet have limped to the chiropodist since I decided that brains are in the sole, not the skull. Models and Mick Jagger aped it; *Rolling Stone* approved of it; Roxy Music used it; Studio 54 sniffed it; everybody's doing it! The Day the Disco Died . . .

Because like *Dallas,* disco became dulled when it began thinking about itself, when it became aware that quill - drivers were sweating over hot typewriters thinking up theories about it. Lots of disco became ABOUT disco, which really was a massive perversion (remember 'It's A Disco Night (Rock Freak)' by THE ISLEY BROTHERS, my God, my favourite band of all time!) seeing as how the music had always undulated unannounced into the heart. Nowadays the best black dance bands, Odyssey and Shalamar, have reverted to the old early '70s servant-of-the-people soundtrack status, music to fall in love to across a crowded dancefloor, but for a while their disco was really rank.

Now I always had my suspicions about Chic; and when it came out that live-in Svengalis Edwards and Rodgers had spent the '60s in orthodox clenched-fist rock bands, I barely blinked. EVERYTHING ADDED UP, because right from the start Chic were yowling 'Everybody Dance' and 'Dance, Dance, Dance' (the latter so annoying that my main ambition of that year was to catch hold of the creep who screeched *"Yowsah, yowsah, yowsah!"* and have him garrotted) and later on, when they were supposedly fully-formed and at the peak of their glorious genius, they were still coming out with stuff like 'Le Freak' and 'Good Times' — little lectures, like some bore at a party trying to make you dance when you wanted to drink, all but pushing you onto the dancefloor with an electric cattle prod. Do you see what I mean? If you need to TELL people to dance, your music isn't SPEAKING to them, so to speak.

I hate to say I told you so, but I TOLD YOU SO, DIDN'T I? Chic's career has been *very* patchy since then, so patchy and pitted with craters of failure that it makes Martin Fry's complexion look like chiffon velvet! Admittedly they breathed a bit of life into Sister Sledge, helping them do reasonable imitations of third-rate talents for a season or so, and admittedly 'Spacer' was the best thing ever to come out of any girl's mouth — but LOOK what happened to poor Debbie (The Men Who K'Oed Harry's Comet is an unenviable label to bear) when they tried to "help" her — with stepping stones like that who needs banana skins? And on the home front there has been little but a chaingang of footsore singles, conspicuous by their chart absence. The outlook for Chic is decidedly blic.

'Tongue In Chic' has its moments — about three in all. 'I Feel Your Love Coming On' has a nice little hook, hearing it for the first time is like reading a good old dog-eared book. The glossy gospel at the end of 'If You Love Someone' is nothing less than gorgeous. 'Hey Fool' is obviously the only song here with any chance of chart action.

On the other hand 'Sharing Love' is slapdash slop. 'Hangin' ' and 'City Lights' show Chic as pastmasters for sad dancers; adults trying to recapture the thrill of after dark adolescence, when nightclubs were new and the sauce was illegal. 'Everybody Say Chic' is an awful pseudo-live rant, *very* rock, in which the band are introduced by name and the band's worldview *("Everybody say Chic! Chic! Chic! C.H.I.C. — say Chic!"* — no thank you) enlarged upon.

Music to drink vermouth by; it's the bright one, the trite one, it's Chic. You know, all we pretentious discophiles agreed that disco had no soul — but it was writ large that Donna Summer was the sex and Chic were the brains. Well, Donna Summer has publicly disengaged herself from sex — and on the evidence of this record it sure seems like Chic have done likewise with their particular liquid asset.

Julie Burchill

Phil Collins *Pic: LFI*

OLD GROUCHO

PHIL COLLINS

Hello, I Must Be Going (Virgin)

DESPITE ITS pop pretensions and pally, goofy grin snapshot gatefold, 'Hello, I Must Be Going' is a record glutinously stymied by the treacley self-pity of its maker. Despite exclaiming that he *"doesn't care anymore"* and that it *"doesn't matter to me"* Collins winges on and on and on about how bloody hard done by he is, groaning in unlovely metaphor at the Devil Women who constantly leave him high and dry. Collins is forever either wagging a reproachful finger or sobbing into his sodden hanky — he plays the rôle of the little boy lost in the big man's shirt with the resigned boredom of a seasoned moaner — taking a quick glance through the mist of his crocodile tears to make sure everyone's watching.

The unappetising lyrical dish is hardly made more palatable by the music Collins serves up, hopefully attempting to disguise his obvious songwriting deficiencies in a pot pourri of blatant textbook commercialities. The trademarks are the same: several tracks are merely re-writes in the 'Something In The Air Tonight' mould — a tiresome, asthmatic synth undercurrent, climactic drum clattering, and tunes as dull as last week's washing-up water.

Collins' quandary is apparent. Largely responsible for the Genesis transformation from mega-tedium merchants to regular pop chart fodder, his attitude to 'Pop' is still ambivalent. Scared to go the whole hog, he toys with the medium and by resorting to pretension and piddly tunes skirts the issue with an obvious fearfulness of pop's inherent triviality. This record resoundly collapses between the two stools of 'meaningful rock' and disposable pop. wallowing in all the worst aspects of both with none of the saving graces.

Graham K Smith

SPANDEX OPERA

PAT BENATAR

Get Nervous (Chrysalis)

THE FORMER Pat Andrezejewski's upper arms would defy the scrutiny of even Jane Fonda — and whatever she says when interviewed, that's the nicest thing you could say to any girl willing to put her married name on an LP like 'Get Nervous'.

Like all Pat's vinyl outings (including the now-platinum 'Crimes of Passion'), this album indicates a high level of indecision about what the hell being a woman means. A particular dilemma perhaps for one who dropped out of opera training to support her childhood sweetheart as a bank teller, then felt compelled to transform herself first into a singing waitress, then a screaming songstress dressed like an accessory to the J Geils Band.

This ain't exactly *demanding* material at best, of course; young Pat obviously ditched real opera for the soap variety just like Dennis Benatar ditched her when she chose to bestride the stage in Spandex and stilettoes.

But not to get personal. None of this would matter — it doesn't anyway — if the music measured up to anything other than the sort made by every slick do-not-fold-or-mutilate-me centrefold with money on tap and HM blinkervision about

Les femmes tres Chic

Pic: Anton Corbijn

what constitutes 'rock and roll'.

Benatar has never been certain of even the latter — she's covered The Raiders' 'Just Like Me', she's co-written material like 'Hell Is For Children', and she serves here as unblinking accomplice-frontwoman for her husband's bathetic vignettes *("I stayed with you because you made me believe/I couldn't make it on my own"* from 'I Want Out') — all with equally monotonous determination.

The most awful bits are Geraldo's terrible string-thang solos (Fight It Out' beats 'Shadows Of The Night' for worst featured doodlings), though when Pat really gets down and growls those crystal tones can turn downright ugly. All the LP's faults can, however, be handily summed up in a few earfuls of its version of D L Byron's 'Shadows Of The Night'. Potentially a great cornball anthem, as Rick Chertoff's production of it for Rachel Sweet demonstrated, Ms B is presumably already so nervous about the cliche quotient in her repertoire, she conspires with drummer Myron Grombacher to write new and *more* meaningless lyrics! The result? A thin, uncompelling little track.

"Running through the shadows of the night" at least made grammatical sense, whatever one's aesthetic reservations; *running with the shadows of the night"* proves a Crime of Passion beyond conviction for Patty. *"What about the things we never mention?"* warbles Top 40 AM's supposed tigress on the LP's closer.

What indeedy.

Cynthia Rose

Pat Benatar

TINY TOT'S TIME

TOT TAYLOR

Playtime (Easy Listeners)

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES

They Could Have Been Bigger Than The Beatles (Whaam!)

MEMORY LANE having been so busy these past few years, I wonder if the record industry hasn't constructed a six-lane motorway there, to replace the peaceful rustic track of yore. Let's add two more to the traffic, and turn off at junction 1965.

Tot Taylor — whom we ritually introduce as "the mastermind behind Mari Wilson and the Compact Organisation" or some such — presents a collection of 16 songs, self-sung and written, performed with his Orchestra. It looks like all concerned had a whale of a time with the record sleeve, which is a meticulous and tongue-in-cheek homage to period chic. The music inside, I'd guess, is a similar labour of love; but sadly, it's the labour which comes across, rather than the love.

We instantly picture Mr Taylor, at the piano of an upmarket cocktail club, delivering love lorn ballads in the would be classic mode of the time. For sure, there's lyrical cleverness and care in abundance, But if you're set on reviving the glories of "the Song", it's as well to equip yourself with that other asset, "the Voice". And he hasn't, really. My suspicion is that Tot is one of nature's behind-the-sceners, and might most profitably remain there. Or else he could star in the film of some struggling provincial musical, maybe hauling Mari in to supply the happy ending.

The TV Personalitiies, meanwhile, are less dickie-bow, more paisley cravats. The group do keep claiming they've split up, so 'They Could Have Been Bigger Than The Beatles' may serve as a tragic epitaph to their career. (This is their third LP.) A few of the 16 titles might convey the flavour: 'Psychedelic Holiday', 'David Hockney's Diary', 'In A Perfumed Garden'.

The TVPs erect their gently nostalgic pop songs on a fragile base of whimsy and wishing away those horrid 1970s. It works in spurts, and wears you down over two sides. The '60s were always better for singles, anyhow.

Paul Du Noyer

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

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IL EST NÉ LE DIVIN ENFANT

MELT

THE SOFTEST PUNCHLINE

KILLING JOKE

"HA" (EG)

SHAME THE Joke fizzled away so rapidly following the curtain call on the Iceland routine isn't it? Since the demise of the riveting weekly instalments of soap opera tundra style, their measly achievements amass to nothing more staggering than, firstly, the overtly plagiaristic and singularly joyless dirge of the 'Birds Of A Feather' single — a pathetic piece of plastic that can best be dismissed as a two-bob Adam clutching at thin straws in an instrumental glut — and, now, an overly morose ten inch thing called, ironically enough, "HA".

Recorded live in the mysteriously named Larry's Hideaway in Toronto, during a mammoth two month trek of North America this summer called, incidentally, 'The Gathering', "HA" represents the supposedly intrepid Joke's safest bet yet with three of the six tracks here occupied by reworkings of the old Joke's finest moments.

One of these, 'Pssyche', begins the show to the tune of Jaz gesticulating with all the fake malevolence that he can muster these days across a clearer-than-live sound of pumping drum rhythms and caged, fuzz guitar whine. The new bassist, one ostentatiously certifiable Joker called Mister Raven, lies low, growling at the deeper end of the mix until the characteristic free-for -all chorus congestion where he proceeds to riff it up with the loudest of them.

Every time I've seen them, Joke have managed, for one reason or another, to thoroughly immerse themselves in an indiscriminate wham bam of mindless boogie but the sound of music (HA!) has obviously been analytically doctored by loyal Joke practitioner Connie Plank. Thankfully, for small mercies at least, Plank's decisive dissection successively separates and emphasises the individual Joke components and diverts the attention from the slothful impotence of the corporate whole. Jaz keeps body and soul, keyboards and voice, yards away from Geordie's warped guitar scratchings and Big Paul and Raven reach excess only occasionally.

The insidious synth creep and tart aggression of an altogether more sinister rendition of 'The Pandys Are Coming' from the 'Revelations' album and a careering hectic surge of anthemic dirge in 'Wardance' complete the big three of "HA": which should, by rights, be ample to satisfy the majority (ie the less discerning) of Joke enthusiasts.

Of the remainder, 'Unspeakable' scrapes the lowest with its messy mesh of axe abstraction trying in vain to disguise a half-baked idea as a whole song. In any case, a hazy ramble from the 'What's This For' album hardly warrants inclusion on a 'six of the best' type thing that this undoubtedly is. Conversely the showcasing of the slower psychedelic jangle of 'Take Take Take' and the return to pace in 'Sun Goes Down' — complete with hard-handed bass thud and domineering drum force — serve their purpose illustrating that K. Joke's aspirations lie not in the form of radical upheaval but in continually imploding into their (by now) stylised machinations in an attempt to tap the old dog for what it's worth and a lot more besides.

Although a live record is scant testimony either way, I'd venture to suggest that the current Joke situation is still decidedly unhealthy and, barring any sudden unprecedented innovatory movement, the internal fireworks may burn the whole thing down yet. Personally I'm already rooting for the return of the spaced-out, surrogate Eskimo stalking snowy trails in search of the long-lost psychic ley-line. HA!

Amrik Rai

A Joke *Pic: David Corio*

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FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO DIRT?

THE NIGHTINGALES

Pigs On Purpose (Cherry Red)

ARTICULATE grumblers wading gamely through the cesspool society haven't scored too many points of late. Decent exponents of the art currently seem more scarce than home goals at Highbury. Direct aggravation in our popular songs has become smothered by the weight of its own impotence and sheer clogging predictability. Yet suddenly here are Birmingham's grubby Nightingales quintet providing the most invigorating, unimpressed and pungent catalogue of incredulous gripes and burbling displeasure I've heard in what seems like centuries.

Not that The Nightingales are mere polemical parrots. Far from it. There's no dogma here. But there's plenty of doggedness, a considerable quota of blunt annoyance and some rousing absurdist humour. The Nightingales love a good moan, and in the course of these 13 splendidly ill-manicured songs they complain colourfully about mass and individual foibles and foolishness in all kinds of contexts, yet remain gloriously unconvinced by any pat solution.

A Nightingales song cranks and clatters cantankerously, rattles like a rusty dust cart, and lobs lyrics about like grenades. Their noise is a product of the punky school of inspired ineptitude (remember?) but has developed first into a trademark, and now a distinctive style.

Paul Apperley's drums thud irritably; Nick Beale's and Andy Lloyd's guitars scratch and scrap, and Steve Hawkins' bass blunders beautifully underneath. An attractive row.

And then there's Robert Lloyd, a singer and lyricist with a sturdy grasp of the world's dreadful daftness. The opening track, 'Blood For Dirt', serves to illustrate many of Lloyd's and the group's special gifts. To a shambling, swinging backbeat which seems bound to fall apart, Lloyd unleashes a disbelieving burst of bile, caressing each word with narked delight. *"Hadn't realised that I wanted a war"*, he serenades comically, *"give everybody the right to dirt!"*

As both first and third person, he scrambles these jottings into epigrams, jokes and throwaway remarks to create startling collages of currupted conventional wisdoms and put-downs. Their formal sense requires unravelling but the general picture needs no translation, and there's a fundamental moral sanity which is refreshingly cast-iron. Lloyd turns plain talk inside out, spicing it with the barbed hilarity of hopelessness. His basic niceness and the band's complete lack of glamour will cause the facile to regard them as, at best, lovable oafs. But it's that very mix of self-effacement and loud disgust which makes them smarter than the average bellyache. A wonderfully *humane* record.

Dave Hill

The Reddings

THE REDDINGS

Steamin' Hot (Epic)

WELL, LUKEWARM actually . . . as the offspring of the greatest singer in the history of soul, the Reddings — Dexter, Mark and Otis Jnr — have a lot to live up to; that they don't quite manage it should come as no surprise, although 'Steamin' Hot', their second long player, does have its moments.

The punchy title track is one and the bristling 'You Bring

A TRANCE IN TATTERS

CAN
Delay 1968 (Spoon)

HOLGER CZUKAY
Canaxis (Spoon)

IRMIN SCHMIDT
Filmmusik Vol 2 (Spoon)

NEU!
Black Forest Gateau (Cherry Red)

THE UNIQUE character of this blend of German music, with its sleepless drift, its freezing beauty, its motionless erosion of convention, its rehabilitation of folklore, its respectful bow to art, its ignorance of starting and stopping, its passageway into dream, its unconscious passion and its indifference to simple spirituality, makes it — kind of intimidating.

In the Can nexus, the cloddish bumpkin quality of rock music was fused with intensely purposeful and inquiring minds to bring out a barbarism which the simple sots of psychedelia had never dreamt of. That it lined up beside a similar interest in rhapsody sweetened Can's records and led finally to the fantastical state of 'Soon Over Babaluma', where the differences between machine and expression were dissolved. The second side of that record is like a soundtrack for the stars going out.

In 1968, when the retrospective 'Delay' was recorded, Can had not yet exorcised the bumpkin. Liebezeit's drums were not attuned to the skittering oval course surrounding unnatural group structures and were instead stuck to a tin pan clatter; Schmidt had still to discover the bleeding electronic void; Karoli's guitars stammered between rockabilly and a jazzier twitch; Czukay was too quiet. Worst, Malcolm Mooney sang.

The germ is still there. 'Butterfly' is a trance in tatters but manages a crude jolt, and 'Thief' is a ragged prototype of the supernatural requia Can were to conjure in 'Gomorrha' and 'Quantum Physics'. Smudgy and creased though the tracks are, the desolate malevolence of the first Can registers with a certain smack even now. It must have sounded like purgatory back then.

Holger made 'Canaxis' about the same time. Although there are similar fascinations — the captured radio voice, overlaid currents of noise, recurrent chord-bank echoes — it has little to do with the delighted sweep and bounce of his recent music. 'Boat-Woman Song' and 'Canaxis' are like a single second stretched out and on and on and on until the shape and colours spread and buckle and the sound is without any earthing sentiment or root. These spectra of orchestras and voices and tiny twangs of melody aren't eerie or fearsome: they are expressionless, beyond translation. They are whatever you want.

Irmin has made another of his 'Filmmusik' collections. He is the most obviously classical in his sympathies, and the frosty encapsulation of time and space is tied to a more orthodox discipline. 'Man On Fire' is an extended variation on a string-driven waltz idea that stalks a forgotten ballroom like the shade of Webern. The shorter pieces on the reverse have the imprint of music-box motifs, miniatures that circle solemnly around their still centre, faces downcast and flushed with electricity. It is a lonely music, adrift in the memories of old Europe that mesmerise Schmidt's composing. An enchantment, nevertheless.

Neu! seem poor relations to Can, and their backward compilation suggests that their embers are best left undisturbed. They seemed content to let too many of the faults of their time — the lust for artistic sensitivity and a mordant and sluggish seriousness — dictate their progress. The two tracks from 'Neu!' imply nothing more than a modestly adept potting shed duo, and those from 'Neu! 75', while rather more engaging, either stay pointlessly still or rush into failed displays of temper. 'Isi' has a humorous spread of melody, but that is all. Beside Can they are pale people. If you want a difference, hear the Spoon records.

Richard Cook

Can — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

Me Joy' another, both smartly driven along by some fingerpopping elastic bass and a couple of those clipped, urgent rhythm guitar lines that only begin to make real sense out on the dancefloor.

The rest is a disappointment. The remaining dance tracks are no more than pleasant and the obligatory ballads are as mushy and slushy as obligatory ballads can be. The most mawkish moment, though, is Dexter's ill-advised stab at 'The Dock Of The Bay', the song garishly dressed up with strings and t'ings but totally bereft of the simple, yearning sadness of pa's original.

According to the lyric sheet, all the songs 'vamp out' at the end, 'vamp' obviously being the latest in the Stateside soul hipspeak for an ad-libbing fade out. All this really means is that one can confidently expect the likes of Beggar and Light Of The World to be 'vamping' their way through a series of discomixes sometime in the new year. Betcha can't wait, can ya?

Adrian 'Vamp' Thrills

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Lizzy's heavy winter

THIN LIZZY this week announce their first UK tour in over a year (though Phil Lynott has played a few solo dates between times), starting in early February and continuing to the latter part of March, taking in two dozen concerts along the way. It's their first outing to feature their permanent new guitarist John Sykes (ex-Tygers Of Pan Tang), and it will coincide with the release of a new album tentatively titled 'Thunder And Lightning'. Mother's Boys will be the support act on all dates, which are:

Scarborough Futurist Theatre (February 9), Leeds Queens Hall (10), Manchester Apollo (12), Liverpool Royal Court (13), Sheffield City Hall (14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (17), Derby Assembly Rooms (18), Coventry Apollo (19), Birmingham Odeon (21), Ipswich Gaumont (24), Brighton Centre (25), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Oxford Apollo (27), Southampton Gaumont (March 2), Gloucester Leisure Centre (4), Poole Arts Centre (6), London Hammersmith Odeon (9 and 10), Preston Guildhall (14), Carlisle Market Hall (15), Aberdeen Capitol (17), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Glasgow Apollo (19) and Newcastle City Hall (20).

Tickets will be available from box-offices and usual venues priced £5, £4.50 and £4 — except at Leeds, Liverpool and Carlisle, where they are all at the one price of £5.

NEW GUITARIST JOHN SYKES

Left: PHIL LYNOTT

News tours

SKY FLYING HIGH THROUGHOUT UK

SKY are undertaking a major tour in February, consisting of 18 concerts and climaxing in three London shows. As a prelude to the outing, Ariola will release their live double album 'Sky 5 Live' in January — recorded during their Australian tour, it's an amalgam of newly composed pieces and some of their better known material. Their shedule, which includes a charity concert in Edinburgh on behalf of cancer research, takes in:

Middlesbrough Town Hall (February 1), **Newcastle** City Hall (2), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (3), **Aberdeen** Capitol (4), **Manchester** Palace (6), **Blackpool** Winter Gardens (7), **Sheffield** City Hall (8), **Hanley** Victoria Hall (9), **Birmingham** Odeon (11), **Nottingham** Royal Concert Hall (12), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (13), **Bristol** Colston Hall (14), **Swansea** Brangwyn Hall (15), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (16), **Brighton** Dome (17) and **London Hammersmith** Odeon (18-20).

● **Tickets are on sale now from box-offices and usual agencies. Prices are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (Edinburgh and Hammersmith); £8, £7 and £6 (Middlesbrough); £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Sheffield); £6, £5 and £4 (Newcastle, Aberdeen, Blackpool and Swansea); and £7, £6 and £5 (all other venues).**

HACKETT, TZUKE DOING BENEFIT FOR POLAND

STEVE HACKETT, JUDIE TZUKE and SCARLET PARTY are to stage a benefit concert at London Victoria The Venue on Monday, December 13, in aid of the Medical Aid For Poland fund. It's been organised by Jan Sikorski, who holds positions on several Polish relief committees, as well as the Presidency of the Polish Students and Graduates Association. Tickets are £7.50 and £6.50, available from the Venue box-office and London's Virgin Megastore, or by post from The Venue, 160-162 Victoria Street, London S.W.1 — Postal Orders only and enclose SAE. Donations are also invited, with cheques made payable to "Medical Aid For Poland", care of the same address.

Kids, Jam, Bow Wow additions

THE KIDS FROM FAME, who make their world debut concert appearances in Britain immediately after Christmas, sold out all their shows — announced last week — within 24 hours of box-offices opening. As a result, they've now slotted in two more performances at Brighton Dome at 4 and 8pm on Boxing Day, December 27 — and they've added a matinee at 3.30pm on January 1 at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre. Tickets at both those venues are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 available from the box-offices and the alternative outlets listed last week. It's likely that the troupe will also be slotting in a third day at London Royal Albert Hall on December 29, though this was still subject to confirmation at press-time.

THE JAM are finding no let-up in the ticket demand for their farewell tour, and have now added a fifth consecutive night at London Wembley Arena on Sunday, December 5 — though this will definitely be their last at the arena, as their provincial dates resume the next day. They have also slotted in a new Scottish date at Glasgow Apollo tonight (Thursday), which now becomes the opening night of the tour. Support act on most of the provincial dates and the first two at Wembley is Apocalypse, whose re-recorded version of 'Teddy' — produced by Paul Weller — is released as a 12-incher on the Jamming label next Monday (29). Big Country are also guesting on all five Wembley dates.

BOW WOW WOW have now confirmed a London date as the highlight of their revised UK tour schedule, which opened earlier this week. It's at the Ace Cinema in Brixton on Monday, December 13, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3.50. A support act has still to be named.

● THE KINKS have added three more dates to their previously reported UK tour next month, including a major London show at the Lyceum Ballroom on Wednesday, December 22 — for which tickets priced £4 are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents. The other additions are at Aylesbury Friars (December 10) and Guildford Civic Hall (20). The band will be featuring their new Arista single 'Come Dancing' on Channel 4's ***The Tube*** (tomorrow, Friday).

● TOYAH has added Lancaster University (December 10, tickets £4) and Salford University (11, tickets £3.50) to her pre-Christmas tour, reported last week. And her gig at Cardiff St David's Hall moves forward one day from December 9 to 8.

Shakatak resume the attack

SHAKATAK, who've already played 33 dates as the first leg of their UK autumn tour, return from a series of gigs in Europe to start the second leg of their British outing — this comprises a further 16 dates so, by the time they finish, they'll have played almost 50 shows. The first leg included a concert at London Hammersmith Odeon earlier this month, and now they've added a further two dates in the capital, including a special 'Christmas Ball' at Hammersmith Palais (all tickets £5). Newly confirmed gigs, coinciding with the release this week of their third Polydor album 'Invitations', are:

Reading University (November 30), Coventry Warwick University (December 1), Norwich East Anglia University (4), Dublin Stadium (6 and 7), Bradford University (8), Hatfield The Forum (9 and 10), Tunbridge Wells Angel Centre (11), Hanley Victoria Hall (13), Derby Assembly Rooms (14), Margate Winter Gardens (16), London Wembley Conference Centre (17), London Hammersmith Palais (19), Chippenham Goldiggers (20) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (21).

CLANNAD, the Irish folk group currently providing the *NME* Chart with its first-ever Gaelic-sung entry 'Theme From Harry's Game', are to headline two London concerts shortly before Christmas. They are at Her Majesty's Theatre on Monday and Tuesday, December 13 and 14 — and tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS are the latest act lined up for London Brixton Ace Cinema, to be filmed as part of Channel 4's *Whatever You Want* series. They play there on Thursday, December 9, and special guests are The Passions.

THE CIMARONS are in concert with Danny Ray & Shirley James and Roy Alton (among others) in what's billed as "Caribbean Christmas Special' at Harrow Leisure Centre on Friday, December 17 (8pm - 3am).

MEN AT WORK, the Australian five-piece who've been likened to The Police, fly into London to play a one-off at Victoria The Venue tonight (Thursday), on their way home from a US tour with Fleetwood Mac. They've taken off in a big way in the States, where both their single 'Who Can It Be Now?' and album 'Business As Usual' have topped the charts.

ALEXEI SAYLE, currently engaged in an extensive tour promoting his new Island album 'Cak!', has now confirmed a major London show as the climax of his outing. It's at the Cambridge Theatre on Sunday, December 12 — tickets are all at the one price of £4, available from the box-office, London Theatre Bookings, Premier and Keith Prowse.

JOHN WILLIAMS, the renowned guitarist of Sky fame, is to give three concerts to raise funds for the campaign against Sizewell B — the controversial American atomic reactor. Proceeds will be shared between Friends Of The Earth and the East Anglian Alliance Against Nuclear Power. The shows are at Aldeburgh Snape Maltings (this Sunday, tickets £6 and £5), Norwich East Anglia University (November 30, all tickets £3) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (December 5, tickets £6 and £5).

SECOND IMAGE are back on the road, having just completed work on their new single 'Is It Me?', for imminent Polydor release. So far set are Farnborough Recreation Centre (this Saturday), Hitchin The Regal (December 2), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms (3), Isle of Sheppey Leysdown Stage 3 (4), Romford Redbridge Technical College (6) and Croydon College (10). They start recording their first album in January, to be followed by a major UK tour.

SOLDIER, the Midlands hard rock band currently touring to promote their upcoming debut album 'Infantrycide', have confirmed gigs at Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple (tonight, Thursday), London Shepherds Bush Wellington (Friday), Neath Talk Of The Abbey (December 5), Thatcham Silks (6), Hereford Market Tavern (10), Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel (12), Manchester Gallery (15), Northampton Five Bells (21), Gt. Malvern Nags Head (January 8), Birmingham Mermaid (9) and Dunstable Wheatsheaf (24). A Scottish tour in February includes Glasgow Hardrock Cafe (11).

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA, who'll be appearing in BBC-2's *Riverside* next Monday (29), have added more dates to their current schedule. They support Pigbag at London Brixton Ace Cinema, in one of the shows being filmed for Channel Four — and they're at London Kensington Imperial College (December 10) and Totnes Civic Hall (17). Further West Country dates are being added and will be announced shortly.

HERE & NOW are playing three shows which they say are in the nature of Christmas extravaganzas — at Southampton University (this Saturday), Bolton Westhoughton Sports Hall (December 4) and Liverpool Warehouse (8). They'll feature the best of the support acts they've played with during the past year. A major London concert is being arranged.

THE FALL re-emerge next weekend to play four dates — at Sheffield Leadmill (December 2), Liverpool Warehouse (3), Manchester University (4), and Leeds University (7). Support act is Laughing Clowns, the Australian group who've now taken up UK residency — they'll be promoting their debut UK album, featuring material licensed from Australia's Prince Melon Records and released by Red Flame next Monday (29).

PENTANGLE, who re-formed in the summer especially for the Cambridge Folk Festival, play a special one-off Christmas show in London at the Barbican Centre on Thursday, December 16 (tickets £6, £5, £4 and £3). They retain their original line-up of Bert Jansch, Jacqui McShee, John Renbourn, Danny Thomson and Terry Cox.

ROY HARPER is touring in support of his new album 'Work Of Heart' on Public Recordings — at Birmingham Town Hall (November 29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Hitchin Regal (December 3), Huddersfield Polytechnic (4), Sheffield Leadmill (5), Manchester Free Trade Hall (6 and 9), London Victoria The Venue (7) and Exeter St George's Hall (8). He has a new four-piece backing group — plus, at certain venues, Ruby Turner, Mo Birch and Jackie Ormsby on backing vocals. More dates are being finalised.

EURYTHMICS, featuring Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart, are playing a few live dates before Christmas aiding promotion of their current RCA single 'Love Is A Stranger' — and these will be the first shows on which they have used a drummer, the musician in question being Robert Crash. Dates so far confirmed are London Camden Palace (tonight, Thursday), Bristol University (December 3), Cardiff Nero's (4), Reading Hexagon (9) and London Mile End Queen Mary College (10). More are being added, and a full UK tour follows in the New Year to coincide with the release of their second album.

BLANCMANGE play a one-off Christmas special at London Hammersmith Palais on Monday, December 20, promoted by Outlaw and Harvey Goldsmith. Tickets are on sale now, all at the one price of £3.50.

DILLINGER has added two more dates to his current UK itinerary — at London City Polytechnic on December 2 (NUS cardholders and guests only) and Kingston Polytechnic on December 7 (open to the general public).

Record News

ELVIS COSTELLO's new single, for December 3 release, is 'Party Party' — the title song from the upcoming film of the same name, reported last week. It marks a temporary label switch to A&M Records, because that's the company who are putting out the movie's soundtrack album. The song was written and produced by Costello.

ELKIE BROOKS, whose latest album 'Pearls II' has already gone platinum, now releases a single culled from the LP — titled 'Will You Write Me A Song', it's available this weekend on A&M.

TYGERS OF PAN TANG, who this year have registered hits with their single 'Love Potion No. 9' and album 'The Cage', now issue a remixed version of one of that LP's tracks as their new single. Titled 'Making Tracks', it's coupled with the previously unreleased 'What You Sayin', and it also comes in extended 12-inch form.

THE BEAT's new single, released on their own Go-Feet label this weekend, is 'I Confess' from their current album 'Special Beat Service', and it's coupled with the Tamla-inspired 'Sole Salvation'. For a limited run, the special picture bag also contains a free three-track live single recorded in October at the Hammersmith Palais. There's also a 12-incher featuring a remix of the seven-inch A-side, plus the live version and another live track called 'Spar Wid Me'.

MICHAEL JACKSON's new 'Thriller' album, details of which have already been exclusively revealed by *NME*, is released by Epic this week. Jackson is also working on the storybook album of the film *E.T.*, which he narrates as well as performing the new song 'Someone In The Dark', and the LP is being produced by Quincy Jones — this is due in the New Year.

GREG LAKE reissues his former hit 'I Believe In Father Christmas', which reached No. 2 seven years ago, on the Manticore label (through WEA) this weekend. Another seasonal re-release is 'Run With The Fox' by ex-Yes members Chris Squire and Alan White, which appears on the Atlantic label on December 3.

FRANK SINATRA is back again, this time with 'To Love A Child', issued by Reprise on December 3. Despite the title, it isn't specifically a Christmas song — in fact, it's dedicated to Mrs Nancy Reagan, to honour her interest in the American Foster Grandparents' Program.

FOREIGNER have a compilation album titled 'Records' issued by Atlantic on December 4, featuring the pick of the tracks from their previous four albums from the label. The sleeve comes in the shape of a juke-box, an idea evidently inspired by the track 'Juke Box Hero' on their '4' album.

THE SCORPIONS have their early album 'Lonesome Crow', recorded in 1972 and previously unavailable in this country, finally released here this week on the Worldwide Records label (distributed by Polygram). It features the German band's original line-up, including a 16-year-old Michael Schenker.

MATCHBOX release their first new album for over a year on Magnet Records this week. Titled 'Crossed Line', it's the first to feature their new line-up, and it includes a guest appearance by Kirsty MacColl. It was produced by the band's new bassist Brian Hodgson.

BARRY MANILOW has a new album out this week — so that's Mum's Christmas present taken care of, right? Bearing the same title as his hit single 'I Wanna Do It With You', it's on the Arista label, and there's also a cassette version containing two extra tracks.

DAVID ESSEX had his new single specially written for him by Tim Rice and Mike Batt, the latter being best-known as creator of The Wombles records and writer of Art Garfunkel's No. 1 hit 'Bright Eyes'. Titled 'A Winter's Tale', it features the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and it's released by Mercury this week.

CONTINUES OVER

NEW ON WXYZ RECORDS
THE DEFECTS
DEBUT ALBUM
DEFECTIVE BREAKDOWN
LMNOP 2

CLASSIC RE-ISSUE ON BURNING SOUNDS
GREGORY ISAACS
SLUM DUB (BS 1051)
WITH PRINCE JAMMY AT THE CONTROLS!
NEWLY COMPILED DISCO MIXES FROM:
BARRINGTON LEVY
HUNTER MAN (BS 1050)
48 MINUTES OF MUSIC PRODUCED BY HENRY 'JUNJO' LAWES
DISTRIBUTION: SPARTAN/JETSTAR CSA RECORDS

TBA International and Derek Block Concert Promotions present
TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
+ Support
WEMBLEY ARENA
Tuesday 7th December at 8pm
Tickets £7.00 £6.00 £5.00 (Restricted view)
MANCHESTER APOLLO
Wednesday 8th December at 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
Thursday 9th December at 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00
COVENTRY APOLLO
Friday 10th December at 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 £4.00 £3.00
BRIGHTON CONFERENCE CENTRE
Sunday 12th December at 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50
Available for Wembley by post from Wembley Box Office, Wembley, Middx enclosing SAE and cheque/postal order made payable to Wembley Stadium Ltd or by personal application from Wembley Box Office 01-902 1234 (10am-9pm Monday to Saturday), all branches of Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier and Albermarle. Tickets for all other shows available from the Box Offices: Manchester 061 273 1112, Edinburgh 031 557 2692, Coventry 0203 23141 and Brighton 0273 202881

record NEWS

● 'Phone Home' by **Ashes & Stars** is obviously inspired by the success of the film *E.T.*, because it tells of a space creature stranded in a disco on the wrong planet and unable to get home. The single is released by Satril this week in both 7" and 12".
● Soul lady **Freda Payne** has her single 'In Motion' out this weekend on the Buddah label in both 7" and 12"; cult heavy rock band **U.S.A.** release their single 'I Love You' and their self-named album on the Philly World label tomorrow (Friday); and on the same day, Jamaican-born **Denroy Morgan** has his single 'Happy Feeling' issued by Beckett Records. All these are licensed through PRT who, on their own PRT Records label, also release the debut single by **State Of Grace** titled 'That's When (We'll Be Free)'.
● **Mikey Dread** releases an eight-track instrumental album (not dub) on his own Dread At The Controls label, through Rough Trade, titled 'Jungle Signal'. It features his own D.A.T.C. Orchestra, who'll be accompanying him when he undertakes a full European tour early next year. From the same stable comes a single by George Hunter, lead singer with Jamaican group **The Ovations** — it features 'Boasting' and 'Just As Guilty' on the A-side, with dub versions of both on the flip.
● **Dagaband** have been given permission to feature the organ of the famous Chesterfield Crooked Spire Church on their new single, a re-working of The Who's 'I Can See For Miles'. The German organ is being played by Greg Boynton as the introduction to the routine. The single is due out on the band's own label within a couple of weeks.
● America's Rhino Records release **'The Box Tops Greatest Hits', 'Freddy Cannon's** 14 Booming Hits' and 'Monkee Business', the latter being **The Monkees'** first-ever picture disc and including many rarities originally recorded during their peak years. Also out is 'Wonder Women', featuring **The Shangri-las, The Chiffons** and **The Dixie Cups,** among other acts. All are now available in the UK on import.
● Cloud 9 is a newly formed label and publishing company in Falmouth, Cornwall, and they've gone well away from home to sign their first two acts — **Ed Banger** (from Manchester) and **Fish** (Andover).

Malaria outbreak

MALARIA, the Berlin-based all-female group, have their 12-inch three-track EP 'New York Passage' issued this week on Jungle Records (distributed by Jungle and The Cartel). The A-side 'Your Turn To Run' is sung in English, and it's backed with 'Zarah' and 'Duchen'. The EP has previously only been available here on import. The girls are planning to visit the UK to play a series of gigs in the New Year.

● **Chris De Burgh** pops up with a new single this weekend on the A&M label titled 'The Getaway', which is also the title track from his current album.
● One of the leading bands on the South-West circuit, **Chapter 29,** issue their 12-track cassette album 'Playing In The Rooms Of Twilight'. The self-penned set is available from Rough Trade, priced £2.25 — or from P. A. Andrews, 16 Merton Road, Southsea PO5 2AG.
● Irish five-piece band **Rosetta Stone,** who've been going strong since 1977, have now signed to Sire Records. Their debut single for the label is 'Straight From The Heart' / 'Too Bad (You Won't Be Back)', out this week.
● New Wolverhampton company The Sticky Label debuts with three singles by West Midlands bands — 'Forever In Darkness' by **Another Dream,** 'Terror In My Home' by **Active Restraint** and 'Aurora Borealis' by **Underground World.** Distribution is by Pinnacle.

Lee's Buckley

C. P. LEE this week releases 'The Legendary Lord Buckley — Live In Concert' in cassette form only, coinciding with two performances of his stage extravaganza *M'Lords And Ladies . . . Lord Buckley* at Luton Theatre 33 this Friday and Saturday. Including such well-loved monologues as 'The Nazz' and 'God's Own Drunk', it's available at £3.99 from usual outlets — or direct from Paranoid Plastics, 1st Floor, 26 Brown Street, Manchester M2 1DN.

● **Messengers,** the Midge Ure protegees who are currently supporing Ultavox on tour, have their debut single 'I Turn In (To You)' / 'The Semi-Professionals' issued by Chrysalis this weekend. The band was formed by Daniel Mitchell (who wrote the tracks) and Colin King, when their last venture Modern Man split up. It was produced by Ure.
● A new RCA single 'I'm Alright' is by **Young Steve & The Afternoon Boys,** the Steve in question being top disc-jocky Steve Wright — and the record title being a catch phrase he uses regularly on his afternoon show. All royalties are being donated to music therapy charities and the Variety Club.
● More seasonal goo, this time in the shape of 'Life Itself Will Let You Know' by actor **Anthony Quinn** together with a youngster named **Charlie,** aided and abetted by the St. Paul's Cathedral Choir. It's released by WEA on December 3, and the B-side is 'All My Life' by Toots Thielemans.
● **Elaine Paige,** former star of the musicals *Evita* and *Cats,* has recorded 'Ave Maria' with the London Philharmonic Orchestra for release by WEA on December 3. When asked which version of 'Ave Maria' it was, a WEA spokesman replied: "Oh, is there more than one?"
● **Konk** are a seven-piece horn and percussion outfit from New York, launched by former Lounge Lizards member Dana Vlcek, and they have a four-track EP titled 'Konk Party' issued this week on Rough Trade Records. Currently undertaking a European tour, they're likely to visit the UK before Christmas.
● **Shockabilly** is an American group centred around vocalist and guitarist Eugene Cradbourne, who has previously worked with several New York underground outfits. Their first release on Rough Trade, out this week, is a five-track EP called 'The Dawn Of The Shockabilly'.

Adrian Hopkins presents
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OZZY OSBOURNE
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Friday 10th December Tickets £5.00
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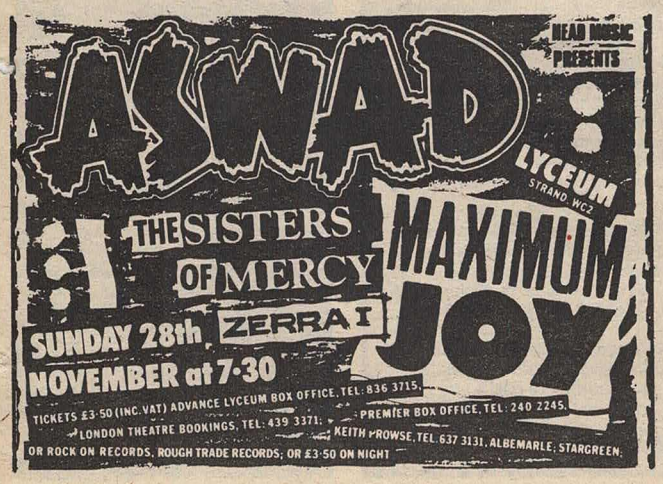
QUEENS HALL LEEDS
Thursday 16th December Tickets £5.00
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SOLD OUT
Saturday 18th December
GLASGOW APOLLO
Sunday 19th December
Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00
ROYAL COURT THEATRE LIVERPOOL
Monday 20th December Tickets £5.00
Available for ST. AUSTELL from the Box Office and usual agents: BIRMINGHAM by post from the NEC Box Office Birmingham B40 1NT enclosing SAE and cheque/postal order made payable to NEC (Ozzy Osbourne). Credit card bookings 021780 2016. By personal application from Cyclops Sounds and Birmingham Arts (Subject to booking fee). Mike Lloyd Music Shops Stoke, Newcastle under Lyme and Hanley. Selectadisc Nottingham, Virgin Bristol and Picadilly Records Manchester (Some subject to booking fee): WEMBLEY from the Box Office 01-902 1234, all branches of Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier and usual agents (Subject to booking fee): LEEDS from the Box Office, Barkers, Wide Awake Garforth, Len Lion Records. St. Georges Hall Bradford. Virgin Records, The Lyceum and Cavendish Travel Sheffield. The Record Bar and JAT Records Wakefield. Gough & Davey Hull. Bradleys Halifax. GLASGOW from the Box Office and usual agents and The Playhouse Theatre Box Office Edinburgh: LIVERPOOL from the Box Office and usual agents.

HEAD MUSIC PRESENTS
THE fall
THE DANSE SOCIETY
ETON CROP
FELT
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 12th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT)
ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 836 3715.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371;
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
KEITH PROWSE, TEL. 637 3131, ALBEMARLE, STARGREEN.
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS; OR £3·50 ON NIGHT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LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
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SUNDAY 28th NOVEMBER at 7·30
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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245.
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OR ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS; OR £3·50 ON NIGHT

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with special guest
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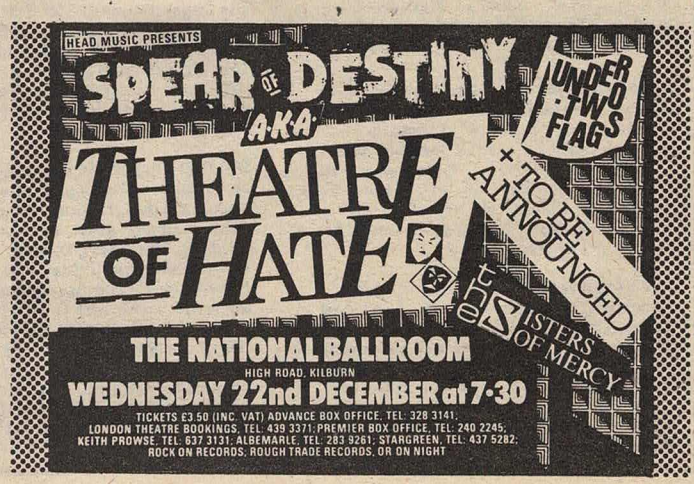
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
OR ON NIGHT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SPEAR OF DESTINY
AKA
THEATRE OF HATE
UNDER TWO FLAGS
+ TO BE ANNOUNCED
the SISTERS OF MERCY
THE NATIONAL BALLROOM
HIGH ROAD, KILBURN
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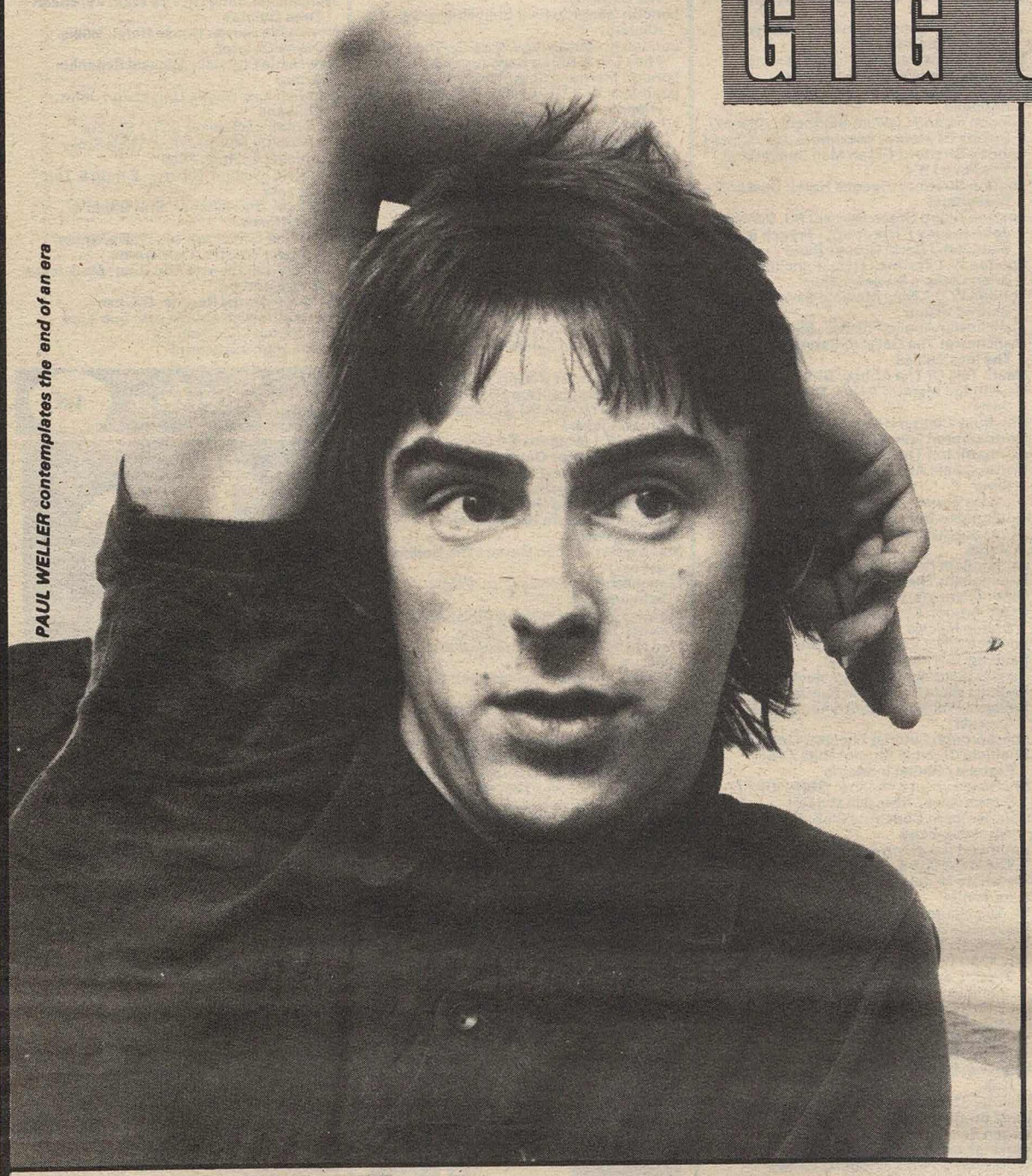
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 637 3131; ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261; STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282;
ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR ON NIGHT

The Jam's final fling



PAUL WELLER contemplates the end of an era

AN IMPORTANT week on the circuit but, at the same time, a sad one — because it sees THE JAM setting out on the road for the very last time. Their farewell tour gets under way at Glasgow Apollo (this Thursday), Poole (Saturday), St Austell (Sunday) and Port Talbot (Monday), followed by the first of four nights at London Wembley Arena on Wednesday. From the individual viewpoint, we shall obviously be hearing much more of the three guys next year — more especially Paul Weller — but the group's disbandment marks a milestone in the history of rock, and it's no wonder that the tour is a complete sell-out.

Another band who can always be assured of playing to capacity houses are DIRE STRAITS and, at this late stage, you'd be lucky to find a single ticket for their December schedule which opens in Sheffield on Wednesday. The same night up in Glasgow, U2 begin a series of selected pre-Christmas concerts.

There aren't so many major tours beginning this week, mainly because the bulk of the big-name autumn outings are either currently in progress or already finished. But it's still another heavy week for the aggregate number of gigs, again approaching the 700 mark — though we're likely to find that total dropping from here on in, as the colleges close down for the holidays and many acts take a seasonal breather.

Even so, several other attractions join the gig bonanza this week — including THE MOBILES, THE METEORS, QUEEN IDA & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band and DILLINGER — and SANDII & THE SUNSETZ, fresh from the Japan tour, are now headlining their own one-nighters.

The two major one-off events of the week are both in London. At Hammersmith Odeon PHIL COLLINS takes leave of Genesis for a short while in order to play four solo shows (Sunday to Wednesday). And at the Young Vic Theatre, the annual POETRY OLYMPICS are taking place on Saturday and Monday — see under Saturday's listings for details.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 25th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Dr. Hook / Dean Friedman**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **The Church**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Sisters Of Mercy / Little Brother / From Eden**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Tony McPhee Band**
Birmingham Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The New Venue: **Echo Base**
Bletchley Gladiators: **Tobruk**
Bletchely Leisure Centre: **The Chieftains**
Bolton Gaiety Bar: **Capsule Electric**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Guy Jackson / Catch 22**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Dome: **The Nolans**
Brighton New Regent: **The Room / Rhythm Fringe**
Cheltenham Haydon Court Hotel: **Dave Berry**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **Lindisfarne**
Coventry General Wolfe: **John Otway**
Coventry The Belgrade Venue: **The Prototypes / Batclass Of 82 / Mummy Calls**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Bow Wow Wow**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Deal Swan Hotel: **First Offence**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Gary Moore**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Santrax**
Exmouth Pavilion: **Larry Miller Band**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **The Jam**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Durutti Column**
Glossop The Globe: **Silly Wizard**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Gillan / Spider**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Soldier**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Chinatown**
Hailsham Bowship: **The Mobiles**
Hartlepool Nursery Inn: **Passion Trade**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Killer**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Nashville Teens**
Hitchin The Regal: **Aswad**
Hull New Theatre: **George Melly & the Feetwarmers**
Ilkeston South-East Derbyshire College: **Mr Moonlight / Charmina**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Sphinx**
Liverpool Left Bank: **Unoccupied Europe**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Blue Vein**
London Adlib at The Kensington; **Grubstreet / Geddes Axe**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicles**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Fear Of The Dark / Vitale Voice**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **The Birthday Party /The Virgin Prunes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Prince Far I**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Misfits/Pop Art**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Ches Haynes**
London E.14 The White Swan: **The Gymslips**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers/Workshop**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **The March Violets/Ritual/Brigandage**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **ABC**
London Hoochie Coochie Club: **The Beatroots**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Aquila/Praxis**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **William Blake & The Eternals**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Hermine/Music For All**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Norma Winstone/John Taylor (until Saturday)**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Pinkees**
London Marquee Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Dale Hargreaves & The Flamingos**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Skrewdriver/The Accused**
London Putney Half Moon: **Geraint Watkins/Laverne Brown Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **John Hegley/The Joeys/French & Saunders/Carol Grimes Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Fugitive**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jimmy Giuffre Quartet** (until Saturday)
London Stockwell The Plough: **A Minute Passed**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **The Beatroots/Sammy Mitchell**
London Vauxhall Spot Club Podium: **Trinity/Al Campbell/Billy Boyo**
London Victoria The Venue: **Men At Work**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Escorts/One The Juggler**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Promises**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Patti Paladin**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **The Banned From Uncle**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Southside Blues Band**
Lowestoft Pier Pavilion: **UK Subs**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Breakfast Band**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Orange Juice**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Newcastle Bierkellar: **Sensible Pencils**
Newcastle Bierkeller (upstairs): **The Hostages/Hic/The Ground**
Northampton The Silver Horse: **The Taxx**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Dead Kennedys**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **A Conversation/Track 2**
Nottingham Bramcote Leisure Centre: **Rumours**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthings: **Twelfth Night**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Kissing The Pink**
Peterborough The Postillion: **Precious Little Idols**
Plymouth Plymstock School: **The Works**
Poole Sloop Hotel: **Crossfire**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Preston Charter Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **The Pulsators**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Lazerazor**
Scarborough Taboo: **Rock Goddess**
Sheffield City Hall: **Ultravox**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Marillion**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Shalamar**
Sheffield The Hannover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Stockport Smugglers: **One Way System**
Whitehaven The Whitehouse: **Saracen**
Wokingham Angie's: **Howard Jones**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 26th

Aberdeen University: **Nico**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Push Me Pull You/M3/Pain Relief/Theory No. 2**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Humphrey Lyttelton**
Bath Moles: **The Adicts**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **John Otway**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **As One/Friday Society**
Birmingham Junction Inn: **Sphinx**
Birmingham Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Birmingham University: **The Truth**
Blackpool Opera House: **Ultravox**
Bolton (Westhoughton) Red Lion: **Roaring Jelly**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Beatroots**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Dr Feelgood**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Elaine Louden**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Tour**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Rhabstallion/Vancouver/Vengeance**
Brighton New Regent: **Trade Secret**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Thin Air**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gillan/Spider**
Bristol University: **Wah!**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Hot Quisine**
Carlisle Kreeps Club: **Saracen**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Twelfth Night/The Flying Heart Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry The Belgrade Venue: **The Hollow/A Set Movement/Okko Sirocco**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Croydon (East) United Reformed Church: **Direction**
Derby RAOB Club: **R. Cajun**
Dublin TV Club: **Dillinger**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Membranes**
Dunfermline Chimes: **Doppelganger**
Edinburgh (Carlops) Allan Ramsey Hotel: **The Black Bros.**
Feltham Football Club: **The Meteors**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Torpedos**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Genes**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Raincoats**
Glasgow The Venue: **Mad Avenue**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **The Four Stanleys**
Hanley The Vine: **And Also The Trees**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hatfield The Forum: **The Three Degrees**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Dawn Trader**
Leicester Croft Club: **The D.T.'s**
Liverpool Left Bank: **No Exit/The Stallions**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Alexei Sayle**
Liverpool University: **Orange Juice**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Section 25**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Nik Malham**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **NoGoodnics**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **John Hegley/The Joeys/French & Saunders/Carol Grimes Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Milkshakes/The Corvettes**
London Camberwell School of Arts & Crafts: **This Issue**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Danny Adler Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Red Beans & Rice R&B Revue**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Clippety Clock/Tick Tock/Precision Machines**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Dead Kennedys**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Masked Orchestra**
London Covent Garden School of African Studies: **Thin Men**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Pink Umbrellas**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bob Wilber & The Bechet Legacy**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Guest Stars**
London East Ham Town Hall: **Five A Side**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Rio & The Robots/Red Banner**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **24 Hours/Fear Of Falling**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Dana Gillespie**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **English Rogues**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Geraint Watkins**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Heretic/Sacrilege**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Michael Schenker Group**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Eye Witness**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Dynamite Band**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **The Mobiles**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Mel Hague & Spellbound**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **London Jazz Big Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The 45's**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Soldier**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Icarus**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Micky Jupp Band/Roulette Band**
London University Union: **The Higsons/The High Five Group/The Corporation**
London Victoria The Venue: **Marillion**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Promises**
London Wimbledon Olde Leather Bottle: **The London Apaches**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Decorators**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Sad Lovers & Giants**
Loughborough University: **Lindisfarne**
Luton Theatre 33: **C.P. Lee with *M'Lords And Ladies* (also Saturday)**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Steeleye Span**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tropical Heatwave**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Manchester University: **Aswad**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Rock Goddess**
Milton Keynes (Apsley Guise) Holt Hotel: **Martial Law**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Gary Moore Band**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Belle Stars**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Farmers Boys**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Vetos**
Peterborough The Cresset: **Level 42**
Pontypool The Forge Club: **The Dynamoes**
Reading ICL: **Great Mistakes**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Reading Top Rank: **Bow Wow Wow**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Breakers**
Retford Porterhouse: **Demon/Terraplane**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **Crossfire**
Salisbury College of Technology: **Animal Nightlife**
Sandwich Market Garden: **T.S.B. Band**
Sheffield City Hall: **Dr. Hook/Dean Friedman**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Silsoe Agricultural College: **Dave Kelly Band**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Nolans**
St. Albans City Hall: **The Chieftains**
St. Annes Lyons: **Mr. Moonlight/Charmina**
Stevenage Times Club: **Dave Berry**
St. Ives (Cambs) Liberal Hall: **Derek Brimstone**
Thirsk Topcliffe Mill: **Passion Trade**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Kissing The Pink**
Wellingborough The Calendar: **The Taxx**
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: **Silly Wizard**
Weymouth Dorset College: **The Room**
Wokingham Angie's: **Laslo & The Leopards**
Worcester College: **Sub Zero**
Worksop Carousel Club: **Dagaband**

saturday 27th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Tim Bat / Martin Simpon / Belinda Blanchard**
Alnwick Squash Club: **Twisted Nerve**
Bangor University College: **Dillinger**
Batley Club 20: **Music For Pleasure**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Membranes / Step Forward**
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club: **The Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham (Kings Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Silly Wizard**
Birmingham Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Birmingham Pelican Hotel: **Sphinx**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Randy Edelman**
Bradford University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Brighton New Regent: **Kissing The Pink / Carved To A Noise**
Brighton Rhythm Club: **The Beatroots**
Bristol Granary: **Larry Miller Band**
Bristol The Crown: **The Works**
Bristol University: **Andy Pandemonium**
Bungay King's Head: **Emergency Exit**

CONTINUES OVER

Burton Latimer The Wine Inn: **The Taxx**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Clacton Osborne Hotel: **Johnny 7 Combo / Carnal Jigsaw**
Colchester Essex University: **Tony McPhee Band**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Pink Umbrellas**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Revillos**
Coventry The Belgrade Venue: **The Ramrods / The D.T.'s**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **ABC**

MICHAEL SCHENKER (London)

Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Decorators**
Eastbourne Kings Country Club: **Showaddywaddy**
Farnham West Surrey College: **John Otway**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **GBH / Destructors / Abrasive Wheels**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Pallas**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Play For Today**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Dagaband**
Hull Middleton Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Lancaster University: **Orange Juice**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dale Hargreaves & The Flamingos**
Leeds University: **Simple Minds**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Level 42**
Leicester University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Liverpool Left Bank: **Bamboo Fringe / Love Club**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Balcony**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **A Bigger Splash**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Cobras / The Sines**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Sade From Pride / Doctor Sax**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Little Bob Story / The Bottles**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Ricky Cool-Dana Gillespie Jamboree**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Universal Indians / Spit Like Paint / The Starfighters**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Dead Kennedys**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **Icarus**
London Clapham 101 Club: **King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Milkshakes / Reg Presley Experience**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bob Wilber & The Bechet Legacy**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Electric Bluebirds / The Realists / The Watusi Bros**
London Earls Court Finborough Arms: **Wild Willi Beckett / Joolz / Slade The Leveller**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mattandan / Steve Boyce Band**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Dumb Waiters**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Diz & The Doormen/Louis & The Boogiemen**
London (Hackney (London Fields) Bus Garage: **Red Ice**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Only After Dark/Xena Zerox**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Michael Schenker Group**
London Harrow Rd The College Park: **Mr Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Laverne Brown Brown**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Alien Sex Fiend/The Marionette/The Funeral Directors**
London Kings Cross Tonbridge Club: **Youth-In-Asia/Snorkmaiden**
London Leicester Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Eddie Prevost with Larry Stabb/Marcio Mattos**
London Marquee Club: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London NW2 The Cricklewood: **John Hegley / The Joeys / French & Saunders / Carol Grimes Band**
London Palmers Green Roosters Club: **Geddes Axe**
London Putney Half Moon : **Crannog**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Cosmotheka**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Johnny B Barnes/New Era Band**
London School of Economics: **Palais Schaumburg / Amazulu**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Steve Franklin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Tom Allen Arts Centre: **J J & The Flyers/Scream Test**
London Victoria The Venue: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Poetry Olympics with Alvaro / Michael Smith / Kevin Coyne / Roger McGough / Fran Landesman / Heathcote Williams etc (also Monday).**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Vaguely Divine / Jump Squad / The Czechs**
London W1 (Conway St) Adamas Arms: **Seething Wells / Little Dave / Anne Clark / Kevin Hewick**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W10 Acklam Hall (afternoon): **Barefootin'/The Speed Queens/Suicide**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dave Kelly Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Tracey Septet**
Manchester Poytechnic: **Sex Gang Children/ Catwax Axe Co**
Manchester The Gallery : **Syncopation**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **UK Subs**
Newark Palace Theatee: **Boys of the Lough**
Newcastle University: **Dr Feelgood**
Northampton Black Lon: **Absolute Heroes/Suppose I Laugh/Georgi Markov's Empire**
Northampton Post Office Club: **Dave Berry**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Elton John**
Nottingham Whispers: **Ivory Coasters**
Oxford Pennyfathing: **Racing Cars**
Peterlee White House Community Centre: **Rubber Soul/Sensible Shoes/Unclassical Noise**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **The Three Degrees**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Jam**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Curate's Egg / Gentleman Soldier / Arthur Wakefield / Flash Company**
Preston Warehouse: **Section 25**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee / Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Sleaford University: **The Belle Stars**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Weapon of Peace**
Sheffield Lyceum Theater: **Gary Moore Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield University: **Lindisfarne**
St Albans City Hall: **Budgie**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Gillan/Spider**
St Helens Theatre Royal: **The Chieftains**
Stroud Cotswold Playhouse: **Pendragon**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Jimmy Martin Band**
Washinton Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Mick Doonan & Tony Wilson**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Pinkees / The Mobiles**

sunday 28th

JOHN OTWAY (Oxford)

Aldeburgh Snape Maltings: **John Williams**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Ken Wood & The Mixers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Britsol Colston Hall: **The Nolans**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **Mal De Mer**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Schellshock**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Spinners**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tangier**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Rock Goddess**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Dillinger**
Harold Hill Red House Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Hayes Beck Theatre: **Billy Fury**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Wolsey Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Irvine Amanda's Disco (afternoon): **The Dolphins**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Dock Green: **Saracen**
Leeds Queens Hall: **ABC**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Ultravox**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Gary Moore Band**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Art Themen / Tony Lee Trio**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime) / Liam O'Flynn & Andy Irvine** (evening)
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck** (lunchtime) **& Rodeo** (evening)
London Camden Communication Club: **TV Personalities / Direct Hits / Formica Top / Fixed Grin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Barry Diamond / The Greatest Show On Legs**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hershey & The 12 Bars** (lunchtime) **/ The Zodiacs** (evening)
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Marble Staircase / Futile Hurling**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Limehouse**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Next Step Band**
London East Dulwich Cherry Tree: **The London Apaches**
London Finchley Torrington: **Dave Kelly Band**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulhan Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulhan Kings Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Esmond Selwyn Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Jazz Sviners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Fear Of The Dark / The Survivors**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Phil Collins**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London Mermaid Theatre: **Silly Wizard**
London Mile End Half Moon Theatre: **The Cruisers**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Feelers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tony Douglas All Star Session Big Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Dennis Field Hot Jazz**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Aswad / Sisters Of Mercy / Maximum Joy / Zerra I**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **John Hegley / The Joeys / French & Saunders / Carol Grimes Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Brian Leake's Sweet & Sour**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Ric Lee's Blurred Vision**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Simple Minds**
Manchester The Gallery: **Catwax Axe Co / The Inca Babies**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Shiva**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Five Bells: **Tobruk**
Northampton The Silver Horse: **Martial Law**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Bow Bow Wow**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **The Chieftains**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Dagaband**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Elton John**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Alexei Sayle**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **John Otway**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Stereo Insoles**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Mike Elliott /Abalon**
Reading Top Rank: **Level 42**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Steeleye Span**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Beatroots**
Saltburn Philmore Cpuntry Club: **Rules Of Croquet**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Lindisfarne**
Sheffield Crucible Studio: **Hula / The Process / Phone Industria**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **GBH / Blitz / Destructors / Abrasive Wheels**
Southampton Concorde Club: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
Southend (Leigh-on—Sea) Grand Hotel: **The West City 5**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: ***Ipi Tombi***
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Jam**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Poison Girls / Rubella Ballet / Riot Clone**
Stockport (Woodford) Deanwater Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Swansea Coppermans Arms: **Andy Pandemonium**
Tillecoutrie Ochill Hills Rock Club: **Pallas**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Kissing The Pink**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Isengard**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Sub Zero**
Wigan Riverside Club: **Sphinx**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**
Worthing Assembly Rooms: **Randy Edelman**

monday 29th

ORANGE JUICE (Edinburgh)

Aberdeen Students Union: **The Midnite Dynamoes**
Aberdeen The Venue: **Dillinger**
Aldershot Princess Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Alternative Route**
Batley Frontier Club: **Shalamar**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Saracen**
Birmingham Odeon: **Ultravox**
Birmingham The Junction: **Pictures In A Dark Room/Nuages 9**
Blackburn Saxon Inn: **Mr Moonlight/Charmina**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **The Millhouse Boys**
Bristol Yesterdays Club: **Silly Wizard**
Cardiff University: **Budgie/Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Orange Juice**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Steeleye Span**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tysondog/Prophet**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **New Model Army**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Red I**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Duran Duran**
Leeds University: **The Membranes**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Leicester Holy Cross Priory Hall: **Roaring Jelly**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Simple Minds**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Geoff Castle Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Heroes/Gaz & Alister & Mates/Decca**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Tooting Frooties**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bobby McFerrin (for a week)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Queen Ida & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Disorder/Amebix/Ad Nauseum**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Fugitive**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Run Run/Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Freehand/Double Agent**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Phil Collins**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Tony Lee & Bill Le Sage (until Saturday).**
London Marquee Club: **Thomas Dolby**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Putney Half Moon: **Joe & Antoinette McKenna**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fire Escape with Lyn Dobson**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby'n'The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakers**
London Strand King's College: **The Clockhouse**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Nolans**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sandii & The Sunsetz**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Poetry Oympics** *(see Saturday)*
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Normil Hawaiians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Patrik Fitzgerald/Kevin Hewick/John Hollingsworth**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Hollies (for a week)**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Palais Schaumberg**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Gillan/Spider**
Newcastle Bierkeller: **UK Subs**
Newcastle City Hall: **Michael Schekner Group**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Nottingham Palais: **Gregory Isaacs/Michael Smith**
Portsmouth Granny's: **Cold Structure**
Port Talbot Afan Lido: **The Jam**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Orchestre Jazira**
Slough Studio One: **Thin Men**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
Wellingborough Raffles: **The Taxx**
West Bromwich The Galaxy: **Sub Zero**

tuesday 30th

PHIL COLLINS (London)

Batley Frontier Club: **Shalamar**
Birmingham Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **New Dixie Syncopators/Doris Henderson**
Bradford Caesar's: **Gary Moore Band**
Brighton Centre: **Ultravox**
Brighton New Regent: **Sex Gang Children**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Alexei Sayle**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Simple Minds**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Wah!**
Croydon Sinatra's Club: **Dave Berry**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Dillinger**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Randy Edelman**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Orange Juice**
Glasgow Night Moves: **UK Subs**
Harrogate Centre: **Dale Hargreaves & The Flamingos**
Hartlepool North Estern Hotel: **Louis Moholo's Viva La Black**
Kingston The Grey Horse: **The Trudy**
Lancaster Sugar House: **Steeleye Span**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Bow Wow Wow**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Gregory Isaacs/Michael Smith**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Aswad**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Pete King/Mike Carr Trio**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Will Killeen**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Warriors**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Slim Sam Band**
London Camden Palace: **The Grand Trash Ball**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Stranger Comforts/The Co-Stars**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Room Service**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Phil Collins**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **Dr. Feelgood**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **Dance Class**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Limehouse**
London Putney Half Moon: **Queen Ida & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Harfoot Brothers**
London S.E.5 Longfield Hall: **Sir Jules & The Knights Of The Lab Table**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Nolans**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dramatis**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Exposure**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **Richard Strange & Rene Eyre/Richard Jobson/Roger McGough/Heathcote Williams/A Popular History Of Signs**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Mantilla Delux**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **European Tuba Quintet**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Newcastle City Hall: **Michael Schenker Group**
Norwich East Anglia University: **John Williams**
Plymouth Castaways 2001: **Sphinx**
Portsmouth Milton Arms: **Their Story**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Nico**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Gillan/Spider**
Southport Theatre: **Lindisfarne**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **OK Jive**
West Bromwich Four Ways: **Sub Zero**
Whitchurch Civic Hall: **Mr Moonlight/Charmina**

wednesday 1st

DIRE STRAITS (Sheffield)

Aberdare Boot Hotel: **Sphinx**
Bangor University: **Silly Wizard**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Lindisfarne**
Bradford University Union: **Talisman**
Brighton New Regent: **The Defectors/The Varukers**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **The Three Degrees (for a week)**
Cardiff University: **Aswad**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **The Meteors**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Wah!**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **Room 101**
Durham University College: **The Blues Band**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Randy Edelman**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Michael Schenker Group**
Exeter University: **Simple Minds**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **U2**
Glossop The Trap: **Minotour**
Heanor Rock Club: **Schellshock**
Lampeter St. David's University: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Orange Juice**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Wah!**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams Combo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Bad Detective**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Pigbag**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dillinger**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Poorboys**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Innocents**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Phil Collins**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Tony Maude**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Hanoi Rocks**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Loose Talk**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Five-A-Side**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London S.W.8 Patmore Youth Club: **Talkover**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Peter Skellern**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Queen Ida & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Wembley Arena: **The Jam**
London W.1 (Dean St) The Gold Dust Club (Gossips): **Steel & Skin**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
Manchester Drifters: **UK Subs**
New Romney Seahorse: **Gary & The Maroon Dogs**
Nottingham El Vino's: **Louis Moholo's Viva La Black**
Nottingham Rock City: **Gary Moore Band**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Reading Top Rank: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Sheffield City Hall: **Dire Straits**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Spirit Level**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Bow Wow Wow**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Southport Theatre: **Shalamar**
Southampton University: **The Dead Kennedys**
Southport Theatre: **Shalamar**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts. Country Club: **Dr. Feelgood**
Treforest Social Club: **Knock-Up**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00pm to 11.00pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS,
SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 25th November (adm £2.00)
HANOI ROCKS
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Friday 26th & Saturday 27th November (Adm £2.50)
WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 28th November (Adm £2.50)
THE TRUTH
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 29th November (Adm £2.50)
THOMAS DOLBY
Plus guests & Martin Ball

Tuesday 30th November (Adm £2.00)
From America
WALL OF VOODOO
Plus Idle Flowers & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 1st December (Adm £2.00)
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Plus Infidel & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 2nd & Friday 3rd December (Adm £2.50)
U.K. SUBS
Plus Gymslips & Jerry Floyd

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

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MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS
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LATE BAR TILL 12.00

£2.00
MARCH VIOLETS
RITUAL
BRIGANDAGE
THURSDAY 25th NOVEMBER 8.00

£2.00
Ohe the Juggler
plus
Special Guest
+
JO BOXERS
THURSDAY 2nd DECEMBER 8.00

Le Beat Route

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM
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MONDAY
A SPECIAL GUEST IN OUR LIVING ROOM

TUESDAY
60's SOUL NIGHT
Entrance £3
Members £2
Plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

THURSDAY 25TH NOVEMBER
LIVE MUSIC from
THE BANNED FROM UNCLE
Thursday 2nd December
ROOM 13

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
EVERY SATURDAY IS NEW YEAR'S EVE AT LE BEAT ROUTE.
All drinks 50p All Night.
Live Cabaret. Entrance £4.50

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

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THURSDAY 25
FROM JAMAICA, FAREWELL SHOW
PRINCE FAR I
PLUS SUPPORT £4
FRIDAY 26
DANNY ADLER BAND £3.50
SATURDAY 27 FROM FRANCE
LITTLE BOB STORY

SUNDAY 28
COMEDY & FUN NIGHT (7–11.30pm)
FROM LOS ANGELES COMEDY STORE
BARRY DIAMOND & THE GREATEST SHOW ON LEGS
FEATURING THE FAMOUS O.T.T. BALLOON DANCE
& ANDY DE LA TOUR
£4.50 INCLUDES A MEAL

MONDAY 29
THE HEROES
GAZ & ALLISTER & MATES DECCA
TUESDAY 30
JAZZ FUNKSTERS NIGHT
THE WARRIORS
PLUS SUPPORT £2.50
WEDNESDAY 1
DILLINGER
SUPPORTED BY AMBERTONE £4
THURSDAY 2
DOLL BY DOLL
SUPPORTED BY HIGH ZIERRA £2.75
COMING SOON
SUN 5
BILLY CONNOLLY
TUES 7 & WED 8 – FROM U.S.A.
ETTA JAMES
TUES 14 FROM U.S.A.
LINK WRAY
WEDNESDAY 15 FROM U.S.A.
DR JOHN THE NIGHTRIPPER

EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE

24 HRS

Live

GREYHOUND
Fulham Palace Rd.
Friday 26th Nov.

XCLUSIV
Margaret Street W1
Monday 29th Nov.

MOONLIGHT

100 WEST END LANE
(West Hampstead Tube)
Sundays 7.30-10.30

Wednesday 24th November £1.50
SYCO
+ The New Yorkers

Thursday 25th November £1.50
SPLUDGE
+ Room 13

Friday 26th November £1.50
PROMISE
+ Strange Days

Saturday 27th November £1.50
SKANK ORCHESTRA
+ Room 13

Sunday 28th November £1.50
STATIC BLUE
+ Support

Monday 29th November £1.50
MINOR TO MAJOR
+ Support

Tuesday 30th November £1.50
SACRILEGE
+ The Pope

Wednesday 1st December £1.50
E GOSSIP
+ Support

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

OUTLAW and HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS present

BLANCMANGE
+ supporting attractions
MONDAY 20th DECEMBER
ooooo 7.30pm ooooo
ALL TICKETS £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, CENTRE TICKETS and PRICE BUSTERS (Hammersmith)

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 25th November £1.25
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
+ Workshop

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24 HOURS + Fear Of Falling

Saturday 27th November £1.50
MATTANDAN + The Steve Boyce Band

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60's & NORTHERN SOUL DISCO

Monday 29th November £1.25
RUN RUN + Outboys

Tuesday 30th November £1.25
STRANGER COMFORTS + The Co-Stars

Wednesday 1st December £2.50
MORRISEY MULLEN BAND

ACE BRIXTON

A CONCERT FOR T.V.
ALL THURSDAY GIGS ARE RECORDED FOR CH 4 PROGRAM "WHATEVER YOU WANT" MON. 10.00pm.

TEL: 274 4663
We are 100 yds left from Brixton
(NEXT DOOR TO THE TOWN HALL)

THURSDAY 2.5th £2.50
BIRTHDAY PARTY + VIRGIN PRUNES

THUR 2ND DEC	DEAD KENNEDYS + THE RED SKINS	£2.50
THUR 9th Dec	STIFF LITTLE FINGERS + THE PASSIONS + JANES PLANE	£2.50
MON 13th DEC	BOW WOW WOW	£3.50
THUR 16th Dec	A SPECIAL GIG To Be Announced. — OR call club FOR Details	?

Tickets ON SALE NOW. } FROM THE ACE + Premier Box office + London theatre Bookings and Rough trade Records.
ALL CONCERTS · DOORS 8.00 SHOW 8:30 (Except S.L.F. DOORS 7.30.)

MCP presents SLADE

EXTRA SHOW 18th DEC.
Plus Guests
ODEON THEATRE HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 17th/18th DEC 8.00 p.m. Tickets £4.00 £3.50
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HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
Shakatak
CHRISTMAS BALL
PLUS GUESTS & DJ STEVE WALSH
SUNDAY 19-DECEMBER 7.30PM
Tickets £5.00 from box office & usual agents.

Lindisfarne

The Concert
"SLEEPLESS NIGHTS" ON THE ROAD

Nov. 19th	York – University Central Hall	Dec. 5th	Dunstable – Queensway Hall
Nov. 20th	Liverpool – University Mountford Hall	Dec. 6th	Nottingham – Royal Concert Hall
Nov. 22nd	Swansea – Brangwyn Hall	Dec. 7th	Glasgow Apollo
Nov. 23rd	Cardiff University – The Great Hall	Dec. 8th	Edinburgh Playhouse
Nov. 24th	Slough – Fukrum Theatre	Dec. 9th	Aberdeen Capital
Nov. 25th	Cleethorpes Winter Gardens	Dec. 10th	Dundee – Caird Hall
Nov. 26th	Loughborough University	Dec. 11th	Sunderland Poly.
Nov. 27th	Sheffield University	Dec. 12th	Middlesbrough Town Hall
Nov. 29th	Leicester – De Montfort Hall	Dec. 13th	Sheffield City Hall
Nov. 30th	Southport Theatre	Dec. 14th	Leeds – Queens Hall
Dec. 1st	Bournemouth – Winter Gdns.	Dec. 15th	Carlisle – Market Assembly Hall
Dec. 2nd	London – Dominion Theatre	Dec. 16th	Manchester Apollo
Dec. 3rd	Oxford – Apollo Theatre	Dec. 17th	Newton Aycliffe – Recreation Centre

Sole Representation, The Agency - Ian Sales 01-278-3331.

December 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.
The Legendary Lindisfarne Newcastle Christmas Shows
Newcastle City Hall
Tickets for 19th, 20th and 21st available only from City Hall Box Office.
Tickets for all other shows by mail order only – £5.00, £4.00 and £3.50, to: Lindisfarne Christmas Show, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle NE99 1LT.
Crossed cheques and P.O.'s should be payable to L.M.P. Ltd.
Please enclose S.A.E. and allow 14 days for delivery.

Lindisfarne

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'SLEEPLESS NIGHTS'
LMP/PRT RECORDS GET 1 A (ALBUM) 2c GET 1 (CASSETTE)
AVAILABLE NOW FROM ALL GOOD RECORD DEALERS

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THURS. 25th NOV. BASEMENT CLOSED
THE PINK UMBRELLAS
FRI. 26. So danceable – reckon the red inyns must have heard 'em before they invented the rain dance. – features a clarinet player who will make you want to take up liquorice stick swallowing.
THE MILKSHAKES
SAT. 27. "Art it ain't... but it's all the Milkshakes own-all those Kink's riffs and Beatles bits, all those wandering vocals, and withering guitars." NME + END PRESLEY EXPERIENCE
PHONE FOR SUN, MON & TUES INFO.
THE RHYTHM MEN
WED. DEC. 1st. New Orleans Jazz, rockabilly and Delta blues reproduced with authenticity and wit by this quartet from London's Deep South – Croydon

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
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KINGS HEAD

4 Fulham High St: 736 1413

Thursday 25th November £1.50
THE JAZZ SLUTS

Friday 26th November £1.50
DIANA GILLESPIE

Saturday 27th November £1.50
SAM MITCHELL BLUES BAND

Sunday 28th November £1.50
LAVERNE BROWN BAND

Monday 29th November £1.00
LASLO & THE LEOPARDS

Tuesday 30th November £1.00
ROOM SERVICE

Wednesday 1st December £1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 25th November £1.00
BARNEY'S 50's DISCO

Friday 26th November £1.50
HERETIC + Sacrilage

Saturday 27th November £1.50
ONLY AFTER DARK
+ Xena Zerox

Sunday 28th November £1.00
FEAR OF THE DARK
+ The Survivors

Monday 29th November £1.00
FREEHAND + Double Agent

Tuesday 30th December 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY

Real Ale Served 7.30 - 11.00 pm

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 25th November £3.50
MEN AT WORK

Friday 26th November £3.00
MARILLION

Saturday 27th November £4.00
MARTHA REEVES

Monday 29th November £2.50
SANDII & THE SUNSETZ

Tuesday 30th November
Ring for details

Wednesday 1st December £3.50
QUEEN IDA & HER ZYDECO BAND

Thursday 2nd December £3.00
THE CHURCH

COMING SOON

Friday 3rd December £3.00
OK JIVE

Saturday 4th December & Sunday 5th December £5.00 Advance £5.50 On Door
GRANDMASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE

Monday 6th December £2.50
WASTED YOUTH

Tuesday 7th December £3.00
ROY HARPER

Wednesday 8th December £2.50
The Higsons + The Appolinaires + Out Bar Squeak

Thursday 9th December £2.50
Cold Chisel

Friday 10th December £3.00
FUNKAPOLITAN

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE

OUTLAW & PLP present

A LITTLE BLACK EVENING WITH

Marc and the Mambas

FEATURING
MARC ALMOND
MATT JOHNSON
ANNIE HOGAN

SUNDAY 5th DECEMBER 7.30pm

TICKETS 5.00 & 4.50 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL **AYLESBURY**

THURSDAY DECEMBER 2ND 7.30 pm
THIS COULD BE THE LAST TIME

GILLAN

+ SPIDER
+ SOLSTICE

Tickets 4.00 from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpian High Wycombe, Strings 'N' Things Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Record City Luton, DJ Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi - Vu Electronics Buckingham, Happy Days Banbury. Music Market Oxford or £4.00 on door on night. Life membership 25p
RESERVATIONS Phone Aylesbury 84568 or 88948
DRIVING US WILD

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY Sports Centre

Saturday 4th December
8.00pm. Tickets £3.00 adv
£3.50 door

Christmas Concert
THE BOOMTOWN RATS
+ Support

Nearest tube, Uxbridge. M40 2 miles.
Tickets from Students Union Kingston Lane. UX 39125
Also from Premier Box Office
Bar available to club members

ITB presents

ABC

DEESIDE LEISURE CENTRE Sat 27th Nov at 8pm
All tickets £4.50. Box Office 0244 812311

Available from: **Liverpool:** T.L.C.A. Royal Court Theatre, Penny Lane. **Ellesmere Port:** Rox. **Crosby:** Crown. **Birkenhead:** Skeleton, Rox. **Formby:** Quirks. **Chester:** Waasp. **Manchester:** Piccadilly. **Hanley & Newcastle under Lyme:** Mike Lloyd Records. **Stafford:** Lotus. **Rhyl:** Tavern Records. **Porthmadoc & Bangor:** Cob Records, or by post from Deeside Leisure Centre, Queensferry, Deeside, Clwyd.

LEEDS QUEENS HALL Sun 28th Nov at 7.30pm
All tickets £4.50. Box Office 0532 431961/460646

Available from: **Leeds:** Barkers, Cavendish. **York:** Sound Effect. **Wakefield:** Record Bar, J.A.T. **Hull:** Gough & Davey. **Halifax:** Bradleys. **Bradford:** H.M.V. **Grimsby:** Solid Ents, Pride. **Sheffield:** Lyceum, Virgin, Cavendish. **Middlesbrough:** Hamiltons, Cavendish. **Manchester:** Piccadilly. **Doncaster:** Ashley Adams. **Lincoln:** The Box Office. **Scunthorpe:** Record Village. **Louth:** Music Centre, or by post from Queens Hall, Sovereign Street, Leeds 1.

Check with above outlets for details on coaches and other transportation.

The LYCEUM
The Strand, London WC2

Derek Block presents

ORANGE JUICE
THE FARMERS BOYS
STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE

THURSDAY 2nd DECEMBER
7.30pm

ALL TICKETS 3.50
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LSE ENTS presents **PALAIS SCHAUMBERG + AMAZULU**

Sat 27th Nov. Doors open 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.00 adv £2.50 door

Available from LSE Students Union, Houghton St. London WC2 Holborn/Temple Tube
Enquiries 405 8594

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Finsbury Park Tube

Fri Nov. 19
CANNIBALS + STINGRAYS + RHYTHMIC ITCH
Sat Nov. 20
TIME DANCE + W. Kitchen Staff Int.
Sun Nov. 21
GUILT EDGE + Raving Jekyll
Mon Nov 22
DISORDER + Amebics
Tues Nov. 23
PASSING STRANGERS + Support

PRESTON WAREHOUSE
St John's Place 0772 53216

Saturday 27th November
SECTION XXV
+ Support

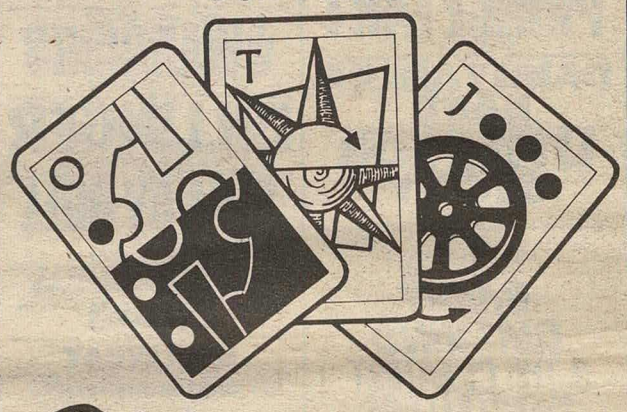
Thursday 2nd December
THE METEORS

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Thursday 25th November
ORANGE JUICE
Friday 26th November
SANDII & THE SUNSETZ
Monday 29th November
PALAIS SCHAUMBERG
Monday 6th December
DILLINGER
Friday 10th December
GRANDMASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE
Friday 17th December
BLANCMANGE

11-13 Whitworth St. West, Manchester
061-236 5051

DON'T MISS



One the Juggler

THURS. 2nd DECEMBER
Klub Foot CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St., Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Tuesday 30th November
BOW WOW WOW
Wednesday 1st December
ORANGE JUICE
Wednesday 8th December
JAH WOBBLE
Late Bar 9-2 am

DOMINION THEATRE Tott'ham Crt. Rd.

ATF HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS ATF

AFTER THE FIRE
Christmas Show
PLUS THE PINKEES.
FRIDAY 3rd DECEMBER 8·00PM
From £3.50 available from box office or usual agents.

MCP presents

MSG
THE MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP
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VANDENBERG

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRI/SAT 26th/27th NOVEMBER 8.00 p.m. Tickets £5.00, £4.50, £4.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 LTB, Keith Prowse, Premier and Albemarle

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD

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PLUS
UNTAMED YOUTH
STARRING MAMIE VAN DOOREN
THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT
STARRING JANE MANSFIELD
GLEN OR GLENDA
THE BRITISH PREMIER OF
TEST TUBE BABIES
PLUS, IN THE COFFEE BAR, PALACE VIDEO PRESENTS
THE JOHN WATERS VIDEOS
ALL NIGHT FRIDAY DECEMBER 3RD
DOORS OPEN 11-15PM
ADVANCE TICKETS £5.00 FROM THE VIDEO PALACE, KENSINGTON & THE SCALA, KINGS CROSS 278 8052

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Talbot Street, Nottingham
Tel: 0602 412544
Open 8pm - 2pm

Wednesday 1st December £3.00 Adv
GARY MOORE
Wednesday 8th December £3.00 adv
BOW WOW WOW
Tuesday 14th December £3.00 adv
BLANCMANGE
Tuesday 21st December £3.00 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

CHRISTMAS EVE and NEW YEAR'S EVE FUTURIST PARTIES TICKETS NOW ON SALE
Must be over 18 years of age

Tickets from Rock City Box Office, Selecta Disc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — Re-Cords, Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office, Lincoln — or by post from Rock City enclosing S.A.E.

NEW CLUB

opening in **LOUGHTON, ESSEX**

BANDS — If you are interested, auditions now taking place.

Please contact **June Steele**
on 0277 823130
Phone between **9.00-12.00am and 4.00-8.00pm**

MCP presents

Toyah

plus special guests
LYCEUM BALLROOM
MON 6th DECEMBER
8.00 P.M.
Ticket £4.00 (inc VAT)
Available from Lyceum Box Office Albemarle Keith Prowse, Premier and LTB.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

NOVEMBER
25 The Birthday Party
25 The March Violets
27 Palais Schaumberg
28 Aswad
28, 29, 30 Phil Collins
29, 30 The Nolans

DECEMBER
1 Peter Skellern
1 Phil Collins
1 Pigbag
2 Orange Juice
2 Dead Kennedies
2 Lindisfarne
2 One The Juggler
2, 5 Ultravox
3 After The Fire
3 Misty
4 Doctor Feelgood
5 Jam
5 Marc & The Mambas
6 Shalamar
6 Toyah
6 U2
6 Steelye Span
6 Gang Of Four
7 Tom Petty
7 Budgie
7, 8 Simple Minds
9 The Addicts
9 Stiff Little Fingers
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
12 Fall
13 Adam Ant
13 Bow Wow Wow
13, 14 Clannad
14 Dire Straits
14 Ozzie Osbourne
16 G.B.H.
17 Gillan
17, 18 Slade
19 Shakatak
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
20 Blancmange
22 Spear Of Destiny
22 The Kinks
23 Anti-Nowhere League
23, 30 UK Decay
24, 27 Elvis Costello
26 Imagination
27, 28, 31 Haircut 100
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees
30, 31 Kids From Fame

JANUARY
3, 4, 5 Whitesnake
8 The Gladiators & Michael Prophet
15 Gary Moore
24 Echo & The Bunnymen
29 John Cooper Clarke

FEBRUARY
15, 16 Stranglers

APRIL
7, 8, 9, 10 Leo Sayer

MAY
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis

Football England v Luxembourg Dec. 15

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SAT 4th DECEMBER SOLD OUT

EXTRA SHOW

SUN 5th DECEMBER

TICKETS £6 AND £5

Tickets available from Wembley Arena Box Office (01-902 1234), Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier and Albemarle.

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Thursday 25th November £1.00
GLASSHOUSE
+ Rebel Youth

Friday 26th November £1.00
XERO
+ English Rogues

Saturday 27th November £1.50
MUGSHOTS
+ Dumb Waiters + Kathy Easton

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WIMBLEDON THEATRE
The Broadway, Wimbledon, SW19

The greatest Folk Rock Band of all time 2nd annual/Christmas reunion

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Featuring DAVE SWARBRICK, Dave Pegg (by kind permission of Jethro Tull), Simon Nicol, Dave Mattocks

Special Guests VIN GARBUTT & EAVESDROPPER

Tickets £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50
available from Box Office 946 5211/2
Access/Barclaycard welcome

Barry Dickins & Rod Macsween for ITB present

Whitesnake

DEESIDE LEISURE CENTRE Fri 17th Dec at 8pm
All tickets £5.00. Box Office 0244 812311

Available from: Liverpool: T.L.C.A. Royal Court Theatre, Penny Lane; Ellesmere Port: Rox; Crosby: Crown; Birkenhead: Skeleton, Rox; Formby: Quirks; Chester: Waasp; Manchester: Piccadilly; Hanley & Newcastle under Lyme: Mike Lloyd Records; Stafford: Lotus; or by post from Deeside Leisure Centre, Queensferry, Deeside, Clwyd.

LEEDS QUEENS HALL Sat 18th Dec at 8 pm
All tickets £5.00. Box Office 0532 431961/460646

Available from: Leeds: Barkers, Cavendish; York: Sound Effect; Wakefield: Record Bar, J.A.T.; Hull: Gough & Davey; Halifax: Bradleys; Bradford: H.M.V.; Grimsby: Solid Ents, Pride; Sheffield: Lyceum, Virgin, Cavendish; Middlesbrough: Hamiltons, Cavendish; Manchester: Piccadilly; Doncaster: Ashley Adams; Lincoln: The Box Office; Scunthorpe: Record Village; Louth: Music Centre, or by post from Queens Hall, Sovereign Street, Leeds 1.

Check with above outlets for details on coaches and other transportation.

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE S.U.
The Great Hall, Mile End Road

THE MOBILES

+ ZENA ZEROX

Friday 26th November 7.30pm
Tickets £2.00 Adv, £2.25 door.

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road
Putney, SW15; 01-788 2387

Thursday 25th November
GERAINT WATKINS BAND & LAVERNE BROWN BAND

Friday 26th November
THE 45's

Saturday 27th November
CRANNOG

Sunday 28th November
MICKEY JUPP BAND

Monday 29th November
JOE & ANTOINETTE McKENNA

Tuesday 30th November
QUEEN IDA

Wednesday 1st December
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND

Thursday 2nd December
THE BREAKFAST BAND

Saturday 4th December
GEORGE MELLY IN CONCERT

The LYCEUM The Strand, London WC2

Derek Block presents

SIMPLE MINDS

PLUS CHINA CRISIS

TUES-WED 7th-8th DECEMBER 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS £4.25

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U.L.U. PRESENTS

THE HIGSONS

+ First London appearance of MICHAEL SMITH (Dub Poet)
+ THE HIGH FIVE GROUP
Supported by THE CORPORATION
Friday 26th November 7.30pm
Tickets £2.50 adv. £3.00 door

THE ONLY LONDON APPEARANCE OF

WAH!

+ IT'S IMMATERIAL
+ BLACK
Friday 3rd December 7.30pm
Tickets £2.75 adv. £3.25 door

SECTION 25

Supported by EYELESS IN GAZA
Friday 10th December 7.30pm
Tickets £2.00 adv. £2.50 door

U.L.U., MALET STREET, LONDON WC1
Tubes: Goodge St, Euston Square & Russell Square

Live Ads. in NME are read by more people than those in any other music weekly

SOURCE ABC JAN./JUNE 1982

PRINT MUSIC PRESENTS

PROMISES

Thursday 25th November — THE EMBASSY, W1
Friday 26th November — THE MOONLIGHT, West Hampstead
Monday 29th November — THE ROCK GARDEN, Covent Garden
Friday 3rd December — RUMOURS, Hastings

Opening Night Of A New Club
The Pullman Venue (AT THE RAILWAY) OLDFIELD LANE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX
(Greenford Tube. 100 Yards) Friday 10th December

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT

BLUE ZOO

PLUS GUESTS
AMAZULU
AND
U.V. POP

10PM · MONDAY · DECEMBER 6TH

Heaven

THE ARCHES VILLIERS ST WC2 OVER 18'S ONLY
TICKETS £3.00 FROM PREMIER BOX OFFICE & LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

THE ACE · BRIXTON
TOWN HALL PARADE
BRIXTON HILL
LONDON SW2
TEL: 274 4[illegible]

ALTERNATIVE CONCERTS PROMOTIONS PRESENTS:

WED 1ST DEC 8:00
PIGBAG
SUPPORT:
ORCHESTRE JAZIRA +
"DREAD BROADCASTING" [DBC]

ACE BRIXTON

OBSERVER PRESENTS:
FRI 3RD DEC 7:30
MISTY IN ROOTS
SUPPORT:
ABACUS +
[DBC]

TICKETS: £3.50 AVAILABLE FROM KEITH PROWSE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, ROUGH TRADE & HONKY TONK RECORDS

Wednesday 15th December

RIP RIG & PANIC
— Support —
INCANTATION

Tickets £3.00 available as above

Record News

Small labels thinking big

ARMAGEDDON RECORDS, the label which went against the rising tide by actually reducing its prices this year, now comes up with a Christmas bumper bundle offer — ten albums from the company's archives (including *Pylon, Blurt, The Soft Boys,* and many more) for £9.99 plus £2.50 p&p. Available for the month of December only from Armageddon, 452 Fulham Road, London S.W.6 — after which 90 per cent of their catalogue will then be deleted.

SURVIVAL RECORDS (through Pinnacle) offer a set of six seven-inch singles, all in original picture sleeves and packaged in clear perspex. They include releases from *Tik & Tok, The Limit, Richard Bone* and *Analysis,* plus two by *Drinking Electricity*. The set is in a limited edition of 2000, and is available now.

RECOMMENDED Records have released seven new singles and an album. The singles feature *Art Zoyd,* who recently issued their double album 'Phaze IV', with the 12-minute live track 'Menage'; 'Triomphe Des Mouches' by *Univers Zero,* whose fourth album will follow shortly; *The Art Bears* re-emerging with a live version of 'Coda To Man And Boy'; newcomer *Sara* making her debut with the double-pack single 'Sara Goes Pop'; 'Extracts One & Four' by *Faust,* comprising highlights from their unissued album 'Faust Five'; an eight-track seven-incher called 'Heat Heart' by Japanese group *Equal;* and 'In Search Of The Perfect Baby' by *The Homosexuals*. The album is 'Desperate Straights', the original recording by *Slapp Happy* with *Henry Cow,* featuring *Dagmar Krause* — which means that all Slapp Happy recordings are now available.

DAGMAR

● Former Soft Boys leader **Robyn Hitchcock** has a new single out on the Midnight Music label next Monday (29) titled 'Eaten By Her Own Dinner', with two home recordings — 'Listening To The Higsons' and 'Dr. Sticky' on the flip. From the same source comes the single 'Lost In A Moment' / 'The Tightrope Touch' by **Sad Lovers & Giants,** whose mini-LP 'Epic Garden Music' recently figured in the *NME* indie charts.

● The third single from **Silverwing** is a double A-sider comprising 'That's Entertainment' and 'Flashbomb Fever', out this week on their own Mayhem Records label (through Pinnacle).

● **The Straps** release their LP 'The Straps Album' this week on Cyclops Records (distributed by Jungle). Following drummer Jim Walker's departure from the band, various session drummers helped to complete the album.

● With the 12-inch version of 'A.M.' by **First Light** already hot on the club scene, Oval Records (through Pinnacle) are now making available an edited seven-inch version.

ANNETTE PEACOCK

● Aura Records release the **Annette Peacock** LP 'The Collection', featuring ten of the best tracks from her previous albums, plus two new songs. From the same label comes 'Live In London' by **Alex Chilton,** recorded during his one and only UK visit in 1980.

THE RAINCOATS have just finished recording their new single 'Animal Rap(Sody)', for Rough Trade release early in the New Year. It's their first to feature new band members Richard Dudanski and Derek Goddard (both on drums and percussion), and it will be followed soon afterwards by a new album.

OZZY OSBOURNE releases a new single on December 10, the same day as the opening of his UK tour. The A-side is titled 'Symptom Of The Universe', and it comes in two formats — there's a limited edition picture disc with 'N.I.B.' as the flip, and a 12-inch version with 'Iron Man' and 'Children Of The Grave' on the B-side.

JERRY LEE LEWIS is the subject of a definitive boxed set currently being compiled, with release planned for February by Charly Records. It will include no less than 12 albums, with an expected retail price of around £40. Lewis is likely to fly in for a promotional visit to coincide with its release, and there's a tour being lined up for him in March.

● Jamaican-born **Keith Robinson** was a founder member of South London multi-racial funk-rock group Majority, and now he's recorded an album titled 'The World Needs Love' under the banner of Keith Robinson & Some Mates. It's on Waiting In Vain Records (through Jet Star and Rough Tarade).

● **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts** have reverted to their original name of Dusty's Rusty Nuts, and it's under this banner that their new single 'Box Hill Or Bust' now appears on Cool King Records.

● Heavy Metal Records UK (distributed by PRT) release the debut album by Bristol three-piece **Shiva**. Titled 'Firedance', it's out this week, and the group are lining up live dates for December and January.

MCP presents

Toyah

plus special guests

READING
TOP RANK SUITE
SUN 5th DECEMBER
7.30 p.m.

Ticket £4.00 (inc VAT)

Available from Top Rank, Pop Records Reading, Davids Bracknell, Opus One Maidenhead and Kens Records Aldershot.

POLY OF CENTRAL LONDON S.U.

Presents

THE DEAD KENNEDYS

+ MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS
+ SERIOUS DRINKING

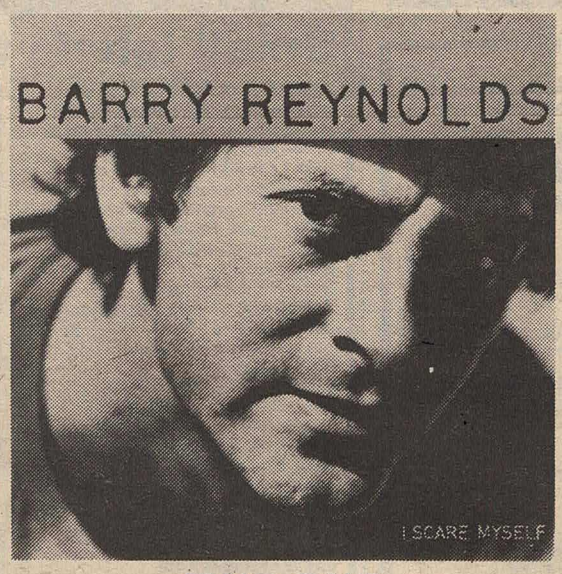
Friday 26th & Saturday 27th November

Doors open 7.30pm. Tickets £3.00

Advance tickets 104-108 Bolsover St, London W1 (SU Office)

Tubes: WARREN STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, GREAT PORTLAND STREET

WHO IS BARRY REYNOLDS?



FIND OUT BETWEEN 1 P.M. AND 2 P.M. ON FRIDAY NOVEMBER 26TH AT THE FOLLOWING SHOPS...

LONDON AREA

RAVEN RECORDS · FULHAM ROAD · SW6
VIRGIN RECORDS · MARBLE ARCH · W.1.
CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE · KENTISH TOWN
SOUNDS TO GO · HOLLOWAY
TUDOR RECORDS · MUSWELL HILL
HARUM RECORDS · BARNET
BEGGARS BANQUET · EALING · LONDON W.5.

SOUTHERN ENGLAND

SUBWAY RECORDS · SOUTHAMPTON
H.M.V. RECORDS · SOUTHAMPTON
VIRGIN RECORDS · PORTSMOUTH
H.M.V. RECORDS · BRIGHTON
VIRGIN RECORDS · BRIGHTON
MAX RECORDS · EASTBOURNE
RECORD SCENE · SUNBURY-ON-THAMES
UPTOWN RECORDS · BOURNEMOUTH
H & R CLOAKE RECORDS · CROYDON
H.M.V. RECORDS · SUTTON
RICHARDS RECORDS · CANTERBURY
PLANTATION RECORDS · DOVER
LONGPLAYER RECORDS · MAIDSTONE

MIDLANDS

VIRGIN RECORDS · BIRMINGHAM
H.M.V. RECORDS · BIRMINGHAM
INFERNO RECORDS · BIRMINGHAM
INFERNO RECORDS · COVENTRY
H.M.V. RECORDS · COVENTRY
GRADUATE RECORDS · DUDLEY
H.M.V. RECORDS · WOLVERHAMPTON
BACKS RECORDS · NORWICH
ANDY'S RECORDS · CAMBRIDGE
PRIDES RECORDS · LINCOLN
PRIDES RECORDS · GRIMSBY
PRIDES RECORDS · NEWARK
MIKE LLOYD MUSIC · NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME
SUNDOWN RECORDS · WALSALL
ST. MARTINS RECORDS · LEICESTER
REVOLVER RECORDS · LEICESTER
REVOLVER RECORDS · NOTTINGHAM
FOX'S RECORDS · NOTTINGHAM
SELECTADISC RECORDS · NOTTINGHAM

NORTHERN ENGLAND

H.M.V. RECORDS · BRADFORD
EAR ERE RECORDS · LANCASTER
RED RHINO RECORDS · YORK
SOUND OF MUSIC · HARROGATE
JUMBO RECORDS · LEEDS
VIRGIN RECORDS · NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE
J. G. WINDOWS RECORDS · NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE
H.M.V. · NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE
CALLERS RECORDS DEPT. · NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE
VOLUME RECORDS · NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE
H.M.V. RECORDS · SUNDERLAND
H.M.V. RECORDS · STOCKTON-ON-TEES
W. H. SMITH · MIDDLESBROUGH
VIRGIN RECORDS · SHEFFIELD

EASTERN ENGLAND

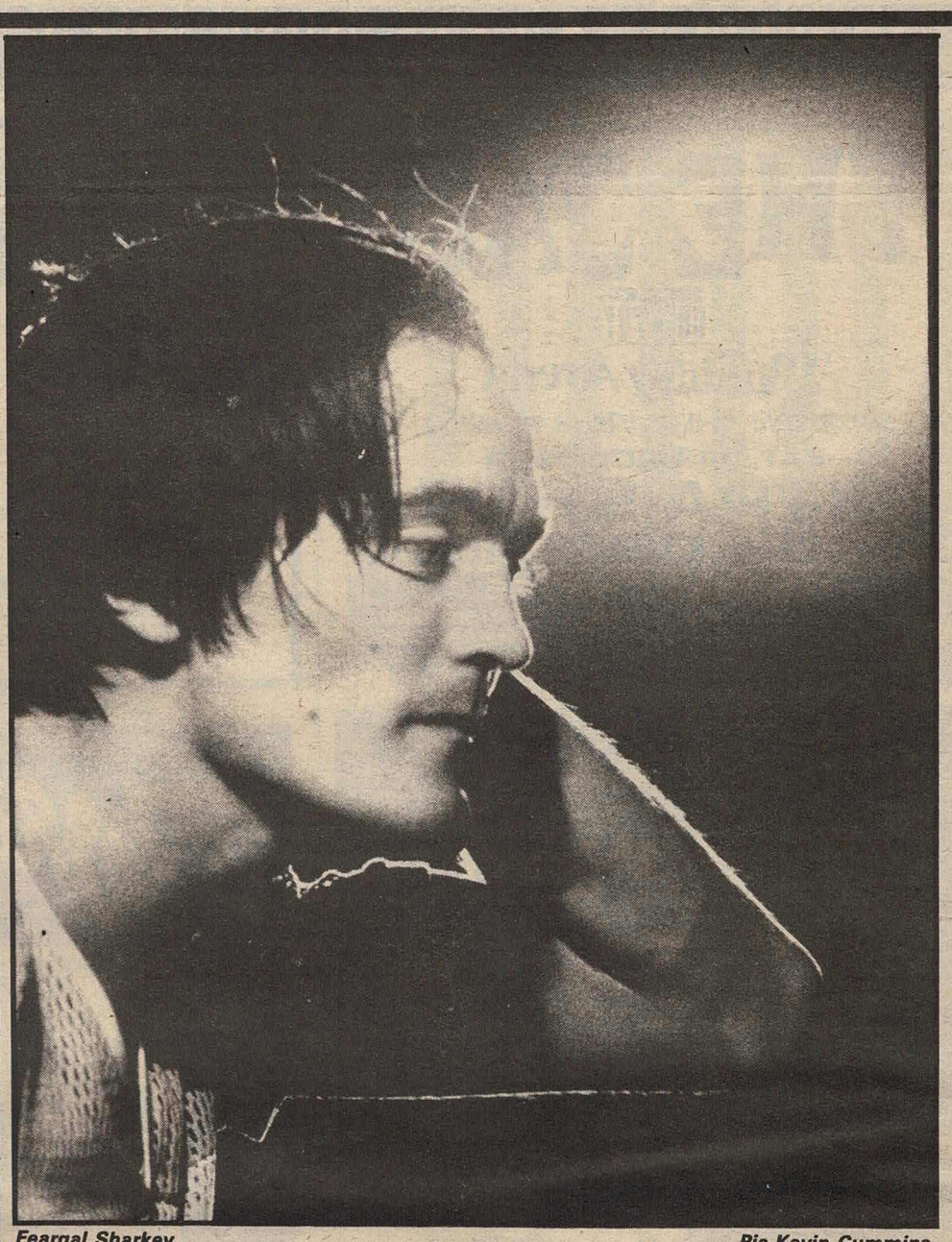
LION RECORDS · COLCHESTER
FIVES RECORDS · RAYLEIGH
DISCO SYSTEM · RAYLEIGH
GOLDEN DISC · SOUTHEND
GODFREYS RECORDS · BASILDON

WESTERN ENGLAND/WALES

RIVAL RECORDS · BATH
RIVAL RECORDS · BRISTOL
REVOLVER RECORDS · BRISTOL
SPILLERS RECORDS · CARDIFF
TRACKS RECORDS · CWMBRAN
PITTS RECORDS · EXETER
MUSIC MAN · TROWBRIDGE
P. R. SOUNDS · DEVIZES

SCOTLAND

VIRGIN RECORDS · EDINBURGH
H.M.V. RECORDS · EDINBURGH
PHOENIX RECORDS · EDINBURGH
RIPPING RECORDS · EDINBURGH
THE OTHER RECORD SHOP · EDINBURGH
EZY RIDER · EDINBURGH
G.I. RECORDS · EDINBURGH
LISTEN RECORDS · GLASGOW
H.M.V. · GLASGOW
VIRGIN RECORDS · GLASGOW



Feargal Sharkey. *Pic Kevin Cummins*

TRASH 'N' FLASH

UNDERTONES WEEKEND

Ace Cinema, Brixton

HERE IN the TV studio that is the Ace, we have two slightly off-centre pop consciousness bands playing for a slightly off-centre TV channel. "Four . . ." and we duck our heads as cameras pan round to a stage where an obvious television authority figure dutifully shouts, "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome . . ."

From Weekend's crudely, kiddie style, painted backdrop of a couple out strolling in the park with a prancing dog in the green foreground, to sweet, demure vocalist Alison onto the sparse musical backing, it's clear that simplicity is their key. Theirs is truly a Sunday sound;

LIVE!

sonorous and hazy with subtle, submerged rhythmns and dozy harmonies.

After a while it becomes slightly insidious as their pop takes on a more tense, nervous-lullaby quality without which there would be a danger of tedium setting in. As it is, their sweetly shaded melancholia, with an odd rock-a-cha number thrown in, is a fine sound track to dream the night away with.

But, from the balmy to the barmy as that well known actor Feargal Sharkey, and his merry men take to the stage. Young Feargal starts as he means to go on — he jestingly cajoles both the band and the crowd, he drinks some beer, he shakes some hands and from then on, with this football mob of an audience, The Undertones can do no wrong.

It's not altogether surprising as their forte is being "the perfect pop band" with chords, choruses, guitar-runs and harmonies (ooh-aah) all placed in exactly the right position to obtain maximum thrill mileage.

It may all be a bit calculated but their good humoured raucousness is enough to carry the day.

The set is quite eclectic these days with sources drawn from early rock'n'roll, Beach Boys, Beatles, garage and punk — all dressed up in the usual Undertones lurcharma. And part of the spectacle are, of course, the old 'hits' most of which are played tonight, including the obligatory 'Teenage Kicks' and the gritty 'You've Got My Number'. It's these songs that the crowd are here for and their response to them is suitably abandoned.

The new material is received in a more restrained manner, although I'm sure these songs will grow. In these days of the slick and glossy chart the Undertones have come up with some smoother, and in the long run, stronger stuff that may take, ooh. . .at least one and a half listens before the catchiness hits home.

The new single 'Love Parade' is a quirky, sixties plastic psychedelia organ drenched number that should rise and rise — it's a good card to pull out of the sleeve after the recent failures.

'My Crisis' shouts Feargal almost in response, but its OK 'cause as everyone knowns, the worst thing that could happen in The Undertones' world is the appearance of a big zit on the night of a heavy date.

Yes, the 'Tones are still here singing about boys and girls — still trash but with, if I may say so, a lot more flash.

Richard North

ICY ANONYMITY

TALK TALK

London Dominion

TALK TALK'S 'prestige' London showcase at a thinly populated Dominion Theatre marked another nondescript crossroad on the path toward aural anonymity that recent chartpop is travelling.

They performed in a calculatedly icy fashion, relying on the swish and thump of synthetically tarted up drums, and mountainous slabs of keyboard drone to cover up the dubious approximations of melody straining for some sort of lifeless prominence.

Musically, their formulist approach to developing a Talk Talk 'sound' is religiously adhered to — resulting in a samey morass of modernist whine whenever the tunes are too weak to carry the song (which is more often than not).

Visually, too, they fail in an attempted ploy of casual modernity — their contrasting dress sense and passive stage mannerisms producing a disarmingly fractured whole.

The lead singer is the worst offender, abdicating his role of frontman, spokesman and visual focus in what may appear a humble desire for complete group recognition, but materialises as an embarrassing excuse of duty. His manner is that of a nervous accountant, who by chance just happens to have stumbled onto the hallowed ground of the rock stage.

His gait is clumsy and his audience communication non-existent.

Talk Talk's whole tired approach smacks of a market-corner-filling sub-Roxy Music conceit. They have the formula right, save for a couple of vital aspects — a clutch of subtle, memorable tunes, and Ferry's class.

Graham K Smith

WAH FALL DOWN

WAH

New York — Danceteria

WAH carry a history of brave talk with them. So for their return to the stage I was hoping for something exciting, or at least on the shambolic side of neat and orderly routine.

Shaking the rigid order of rock ritual requires more than good intentions and hearts in the right place. Wah know well enough what the job is, and they are falling down on it.

Beyond Washington's excellent bass sound, the first part of Wah's set offered nothing at all. Everything was obvious, expected, lacking any element of surprise. Pete Wylie was comfortable, friendly, straightforward, and about as exciting as watching your slightly eccentric uncle doing parlour tricks after the family dinner.

Towards the end things got a little better. 'Remember' woke up the band and the audience with a surge of enthusiasm. The two keyboard plus Wylie, Washington and drummer format finally found its stride here, the sound for the first time coalescing into a physical presence.

A new song called 'Hope' followed, a soul-filled ballad with some very pretty parts for the bass, piano and organ. A neat piece of songwriting, but the problem was, Wylie's voice couldn't manage it. He almost admitted as much at the end of the song, saying: "Someday I'll sing that in tune and I'll be okay." But the problem is that Wylie just doesn't have the voice of a soul singer. The writing is excellent, but he's overreaching.

By the time they hit 'Seven Minutes To Midnight', with its very timely dedication to "the ghost of Brezhnev, Wah's energy and insistence hadn't quite won me over but at least had got me interested. It brought me a little more deeply into the content and thought they layer into their music.

Wylie's intentions are obviously admirable. Unfortunately the devices he's using are just plain obvious.

Richard Grabel

LIVE!

YAZOO . . . in search of a bum note. Pics David Corio

BEDROOM MUSIC

YAZOO

Dominion, London

WHAT YOU make of a band like Yazoo onstage depends on what you expect from a live show.

If you are looking for the dazzle of a theatrical spectacular or the dirt of a rock 'n' roll gig, then you are bound to be disappointed.

But if you allow them to assault your senses on their own terms, Yazoo offer an awkward but intriguing evening's entertainment.

Vince Clarke and Alison Moyet have elevated their lack of popwise glamour and flash into something approaching a virtue. When Alf cries *"I'm tired of fighting in your fashion war"* during 'Goodbye Seventies', she is striking the essence of the duo's appeal; musical values take total precedence over considerations of image and style.

On stage they present themselves with a practical, almost prosaic flatness, Vince half-hidden by his Roland synthesiser and Alf refreshingly unselfconscious in her lack of conventional stagecraft.

Behind them, some geometric slides are projected onto a set of screens to distract the audience from the lack of visual excitement. The slideshow is a shade predictable and pretentious, but it emphasises their determination to be seen not as a disposable pop commodity, but as serious musicians.

The set is short, but still covers almost everything they have recorded to date. They include all of the 'Upstairs At Eric's, LP with the exception of the awful 'I Before E', plus the new 'Other Side Of Love' single and B-sides like 'Ode To Boy' and 'The Situation' — the single that almost broke them in America.

Clarke's crisp, acute synth doodles provide a smart foil to Moyet's deep, swelling vocals, although the feeling persists that Alf might occasionally be better off with a more weighty musical accompaniment, so strong is her singing.

But for all her vocal power and nervously, good-humoured song introductions, there is a lack of spontaneity on stage and a lack of atmosphere out in the stalls.

The problem is that they are not really a live band, certainly not in the sense that, say, The Clash or Kid Creole are live bands. Despite Alf's pain and passion and Vince's inventive melodies, there is a limit to what two people can do onstage.

With so much of the music on computer tape, Yazoo achieve a sound that could have come straight from Daniel Miller's studio. But if that were the sole aim of a live show, one could just as easily listen to records in the bedroom. This isn't to say the show was a failure just that something was missing.

In Vince Clarke's Yazoo posses a solid musical brain and a vivid, sometimes macabre, songwriting imagination. In Alf, they have charisma, sexuality and a great voice. It was the latter qualities that saved this opening Dominion show from being no more than a soul-less recital of the recorded works . . . but only just.

If Vince had been able to play the odd bum note, maybe it wouldn't have been such a close run thing.

Adrian Thrills

Gregory Isaacs *Pic David Corio*

OLD KING COOL

GREGORY ISAACS

The Venue, London

EVEN the scenes of violence prior to the show failed to mar the 'cool ruler's' return to our shores.

Indeed, it would have taken a lot more than an ugly brawl to have disrupted the cool, easy air that drifted through the audience. Young lovers rocked throughout the house, while smiles were passed as often as spliffs and the only clouds on the horizon were heavily scented with a heady fragrance.

Everybody came together under one roof with one love for a man called Gregory Isaacs.

Isaacs has now completely consolidated his position as the 'lonely lover'. Perched way above the competition he strolls on stage, shoulders high, eyelids drawn low like blinds and his voice . . . ah, his voice.

When he rolls a word it flows like raw silk; when he growls a love song it grids in your heart. His leisurely rambles through village ghetto life as recounted with a passionate grace. Posed loose and cool you can only weep for his heartache and grin at his success.

His mellifluous intonations smoothed on 'Substitute', seduced on 'I Like It Like That' and bewitched on 'What A Feeling'. Occasionally his grinding hips spoke for themselves. The string of girls in the wings showed that he gets plenty of practice in 'body language'.

Sometimes the croons were too smooth, sometimes even limp but never for long. The heartache of relationships' is the core of his success and despair, Jah Rastafari his conquering lion. Merged they become the key to his commercial glory, separated they would beach him with his schmaltz loving lessers.

Recent releases, such as 'Night Nurse' and 'Pacemaker' showed that the Isaacs machine is as slick as ever but questioned how low key he can get. With the loss of his rocking militancy and the ever improving quality of JA lovers, his sacred mount may well be scaled.

Indeed it may be necessary for him to regain some of the fire and aggression that roots poet Michael Smith has burning in his heart and wailing in his soul. Then again, maybe Selassie — I and one love are strong enough on their own. But don't ask me, ask a Lover.

David Dorrell

LIVE!

LE BOOT ROUTE

4 SKINS

100 Club, London

"SKINHEAD night tonight mate," the boot and braces doorman politely informed me. First time I have ever been warned about entering a gig, because I didn't have the *right* uniform.

Inside I was surprised to find the club steaming full with a motley crowd of skins, punks and 'erbets.

As the 4 Skins took the stage they were greeted with feeble Seig Heils. The group announced "We dont want no fightin' — just get pissed and have a larf".

The 4 Skins sound is a mixture of heavy metal and Menace — the ultimate Roxy club rejects. It's difficult for the uninitiated to distinguish songs, but titles such as 'Psychopath' didn't exactly make me feel comfortable. 'Jealousy' was dedicated to X Moore and made me glad that I'm no low-life figurehead.

Near the end of their set the PA breakdowns provided the blockhead minority a chance to flex their vocal cords. Chants of 'England', and 'Seig Heil' lead to a minor scuffle, and my prompt exit.

The teenagers who get their kicks from Nazi flirtations probably know more about Fosters than fascism. Their violent behaviour gets the skinhead tribe a bad reputation. As the 4 Skins proclaim, 'Get pissed and have a larf'. Who am I to argue?

Alan Marke

HYPE! ELASTICA

HEY! ELASTICA
THE DANSE SOCIETY

Heaven, London

"IN HEAVEN everything is fine" squeals a blashemous Steve Rawlings; illuminated as ever by a flare red spotlight.

The set seems slightly starker with new tracks such as 'Hide' discarding the essential moodiness for a combined thrash of heavy bass and guitar. A well steeled approach that imbues the atmosphere with a new, Joke-like clarity of aggression.

Lyndon's wailing keyboards rend the air with a taunt, tales-from-the-crypt horror while Rawling's vocals exude all the tension of an exorcism.

Hype! Elastica stroke your back bone in a coldly familiar way. Unfortunately their 'originality' numbs the warmest heart.

In trying to merge token elements of past styles into so called 'dirty dance music' Hey! loose any basic coordination.

Yes, the girls, Giles and Jill, can sing and they do look very nice but asking for originality these days may be asking too much.

'Uncontrived' is definitely not a shirt that Hey! could pull on with any ease, in fact The Electric Guitars were toying with a similar funk-punk pigeon hole a long time ago.

David Dorrell

Hey! Elastica *Pic, Kevin Cummins*

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE

SYLVESTER

Leeds Warehouse

OH DEAR! Something seems to have gone wrong here. Whether it's poor publicity or poor memory I don't know, but the Warehouse disco is echoing round an empty dance floor and there's little of the excitement, let alone the curiosity, that you might anticipate before a rare British date of the American disco queen Sylvester.

You would have thought a single of the quicksilver sensuality of 'Mighty Real' might live long enough in anyone's memory. You may even suggest that in these Boy Georgian days the time would be right for Boy Sylvester's return to action. But no! Here we are with a naked dance floor — the odd leg shakes around the perimeter, but no one's going to make the first move.

No one's as embarrassed as Marc and Dave from Soft Cell, here to pay their respects to an influence and embarrassed by the lack of crowd in which to hide their faces. Well, when I say there's no one, that is apart from the poor lad himself. Watching him bound out after the "Ladies and Gentlemen all the way from. . . etc." introduction, to be greeted by a wet Sunday afternoon in off-season Blackpool response, I really felt sorry for him. As sorry, that is, as you can feel for someone who looks like an outsize refugee from Santa's grotto in the nearest department store.

A far more substantial fella than he was in the days of '78, he shifts his ample figure with admirable speed around the empty stage, clad in red glitter pixie top and. . . are those tights or trousers? Whatever they are they weren't made to contain that amount of human being.

Vocally still superb, he screams a tuneful proposition to the audience on 'Do You Want To Funk With Me', but they're reluctant to take up the offer.

The main problem is the sterility of this live singer/taped music format. Visually Sylvester has to struggle to compensate for the lack of a band's activity behind him and vocally he's sometimes strained in his frantic attempts to keep pace with the tape.

The final collapse comes with the encore of the fittingly titled 'Trying Too Hard To Win Your Love' as the tape is lost — leaving a very vulnerable and highly embarrassed Sylvester.

In the end there's a glimpse of humanity as he responds to the earlier requests to 'sing accapella', with a slow unaccompanied spiritual — revealing the true sweetness of his voice and cutting through the artificiality of the situation. This sudden exposure left the audience liking him a little more. But it couldn't conceal that the man is very much out of time.

Don Watson

THE TWINS ARE GROWING

THE COCTEAU TWINS

The Venue, Victoria

THE Cocteau Twins summoned quite a crowd to The Venue, for a Tuesday night. Not surprising really, they do have their moments of brilliance, namely 'Wax And Wane', 'Blind Dumb Deaf', and 'Garlands', taken from their album of the same name, and to a lesser extent 'It's All But An Ark Lark'.

Though leaning towards the noise-as-an-art-form school, the discordant thrashings of bassist Will Heggie and guitarist Robin Guthrie possess a quality that can be enjoyed.

But the sound is chronically bad, screechingly loud with a thick buzz all the way, only an indication of the method in their madness can seep through.

All is lifted well above the average by Elizabeth Frazer's remarkable voice. It floats along, warbling and modulating and is quite honestly — mesmerising!

It's hard to judge on one hearing, but I would imagine that The Cocteau Twins could grow on me very nicely thank you very much!

Regine Moylett

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LIVE!

WAY BACK WHEN

AZTEC CAMERA
DAINTEES
HURRAH

The Venue, Victoria

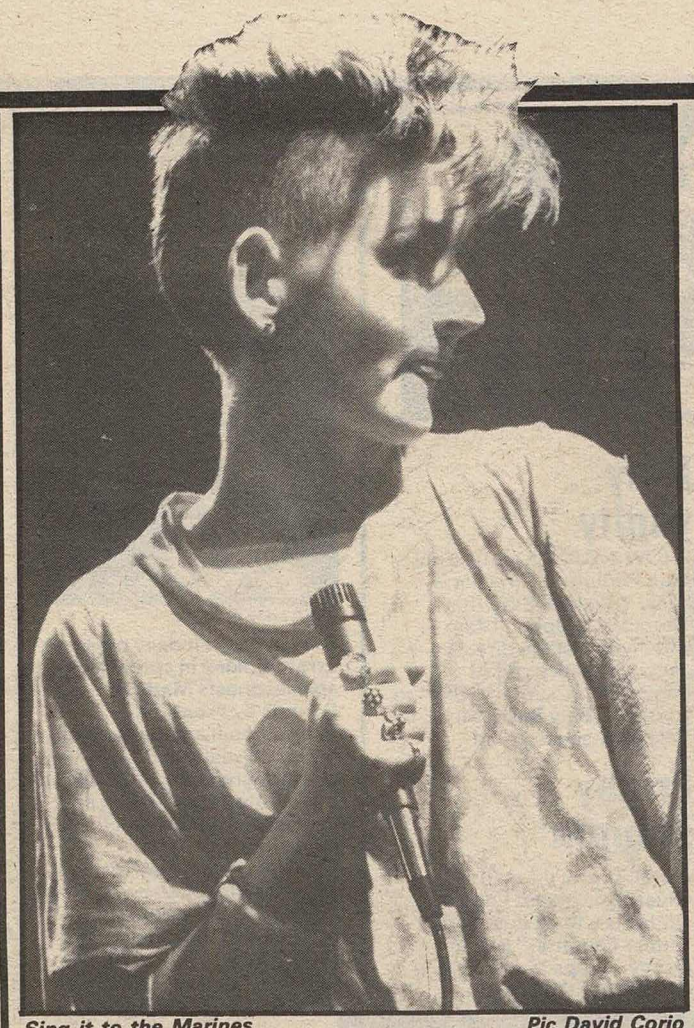
THE BYRDS beat revival arrived in London, attracting long tweed coats hung upon wimpy frames. Hurrah are a predictable cocktail of Orange Juice with a dash of Bluebell. The Daintees hail from Newcastle's Soul Cellar, home of the Postcard Appreciation Society.

With guitars held Haircut-high, this dinner-and-dance combo sang *we could be miles away* and they definitely are — nearly two decades away with memories of Roger McGuinn's country rock.

The Aztecs took the stage and played to a half-full cavern. The audience were expecting something more and Roddy Fray's boys provided it. They livened up the evening with powerful songs such as 'Boy Wonders'.

Although there is an emphasis on the snap crackle and pop in the Aztecs' numbers, they seem to lack the final punch to push a good song into the nation's consciousness.

Alan Marke



Sing it to the Marines *Pic David Corio*

PROMISES, PROMISES

THE MARINE GIRLS
THE GIST

University Of London

THE MARINE GIRLS are a peaceful, introspective pleasure, but perhaps more suited to very late nights in small clubs than to large halls on Friday evenings.

The demands which their material makes on an audience — whether complete absorption or soundtrack — are not compatible with most pop venues.

Nevertheless, there was still pleasure to be taken in the sparse melodics of bass and guitar, and in the slightly cold distance put between song and singer. As usual with such matters, what we hear today is more promise than delivery, and one can only hope that The Marine Girls will make further progress down their chosen path.

Given the nature of The Gist's music, most songs seemed to choke slightly under excess instrumentation. The two basses seemed especially superfluous, while the singing, limited as it was, simply vanished.

Perhaps there was meant to be an added delicacy or intricacy in the music. It was certainly lacking tonight.

Marcus Boon

UPON MY SOUL!

MAJOR LANCE

Hinckley Leisure Centre

THE FACT that Major Lance's first show in Britain for seven years should prove disappointing was, perhaps, inevitable. While classic cuts are timeless, the artist runs the risk of drifting from his roots, allowing complacency to replace commitment.

His track record: a dozen or more singles on the Okeh and Stax labels, punchy soul stompers ('Investigate', 'Ain't No Soul') and two-minute dance celebrations ('The Matador', 'Monkey Time'). These have been guaranteed floor-fillers wherever the torch still burns since the mid-'60s. The legend spoke loudly — *too* loudly, perhaps, to be fulfilled.

The faithful assembled and the dance floor was a swirling mass, ready and willing to wrap itself around Major Lance's finger. It should have been easy for him. Slight, slickly-suited and bespectacled, he was greeted by a rapturous welcome.

That he'd misjudged his audience quickly became apparent. That he was under-rehearsed was inexcusable. The seven-piece Nottingham band, augmented by Major's own guitarist, pumped ominously close to a funk line. And a medley of Tamla mod classics was pointless coming from a man with such an extensive personal back catalogue.

The enthusiasm of the audience stalled in disbelief, and repeated platitudes could never introduce passion to a soulless performance.

True, there was a dutiful clapping of hands whenever Major prompted, and 'Um Um Um' provided a suggestion of what could have been. But smiles and handshaking could not provide a spark and were no substitute for poor preparation.

It was an hour filled with nothing much at all, which was a pity. Maybe next time you're asked, Major, it would be better not to come. Leave the legend untainted because, on this showing, "there ain't no soul in these old shoes".

Martin Jones

HEARD THE ONE ABOUT . . .?

LENNY HENRY

The Tramshed, Woolwich

FINDING The Tramshed is like finding true happiness. It takes forever, and when you get there it's nearly too late! But it's well worth it in the end.

All the irritations of the journey vanished as soon as Lenny Henry bounced on stage wearing a pink suit and a Sony Walkman.

As if he was getting paid by the word, he's off and rapping. Walkmans and how people wearing them sing on buses, weight training to cope with giant portables, handshakes and roller skates; America and the differences between cities ("in New York the muggers are dead lazy"); Vegas ("slot machines on the backs of toilet doors"); LA ("Coke? Who wants fizzy snot?"); the Royal Wedding Night; Prince Charles' ears and kung fu on school day trips.

It's that everyday observation approach, a la Connolly/Carrot/Pryor, rather than just jokes, but Henry is able to take it further than most.

He has not yet reached the star style that divorces him from the things and people that he talks about, so it's uncontrived and stays sharp. And being outside the confines of the small screen affords a much better view of his elastic face and body that add visuals to the verbals.

Freedom from the TV's morality too is a blessing; it allows him to use earthier subject matter. Thankfully Henry has the good sense to keep it free from gratuitous sex and swearing, putting it across much in the manner people talk about things in pubs.

As his act builds, and he is well in step with his young hip audience, the Tiswas/OTT characterisations are becoming increasingly superfluous. Henry is too shrewd to drop them altogether, but he is fast realising that he is funniest simply as himself.

Lloyd Bradley

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Special Request

ACTOR cum singer Victor Romero Evans — whose 'At The Club' recording topped the UK reggae charts a couple of years ago — has a debut LP 'Premiere' released this week on the Special Request label.

Produced by John Collins the album is an eight track set featuring Nat Augustine on trombone, Frank Burke (trumpet), David Baptiste as Baps (tenor sax), Chris Tummings (alto sax), plus additional backing vocals from Barrington Levine and Paul Lawrence. All other instruments played by John Collis.

Though 'At The Club' is not included on the LP, both sides of his most recent single 'Slacks And Sovereigns' and 'Special Request' are featured.

Full track listing on 'Premiere' (LRLP 002) is side one: 'Slacks And Sovereigns', 'Get Ready', 'Gone (Come Back Girl)' and 'Nothing To Laugh About'; side two: 'Special Request', 'You Can't Be Roots In Football Boots', 'You're So Unreliable' and 'Just Go'.

Victor at the club

King of the ghetto

SENTIMENTAL Jamaican singer Jackie Edwards celebrates his 25th anniversay as a recording artist with issue on Starlight of Harlesden of three new LP titles.

Backed by The Agrovators on 'Tell It Like It Is' (SLDLP 905) he sings a number of love songs in a manner suggestive of Gregory Isaacs, rendering such as 'Memories Are Made Of This', 'Imagine', 'A Blossom Fell' and 'My Way'.

A more lush production in the old time style of such as Tim Chandell is the second set 'Nothing Takes The Place Of You' (SLDLP 906) backed by The Chalic Band and with Ossie Scott on horns for standards like Matt Monro's 'Portrait Of My Love', Bobby Goldsboro's 'Honey' and 'My Heart's Desire'.

Roots material is tackled on the third LP released on Starlight's subsidiary Black Music label and entitled 'King Of The Ghetto' (BNLP 801) and featuring his recent composition 'Carry On Henry'.

All albums produced by Bunny Lee.

REGGAE RUNNINGS

Holy trinity

SHOW & DANCE at the Spot Club Podium, 1 Nine Elms Lane, Vauxhall, SW8 this Thursday — 8pm till 2am — with live on stage direct from Jamaica **Trinity** and **Al Campbell** also up-and-coming young DJ **Billy Boyo.** Music by **TWJ** plus guest sound.

Friday steppin'

DIRECT from JA at the Riverdale concert hall on Friday is a toast duet with "super daughter" **Sister Nancy** + **Papa Madoo** live in concert 8pm to 2.30am.

Address is Renell Street, Lewisham, SE13 and tickets £4 in advance from record shops or telephone 01 459 2070.

On the same night at Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton,

Sis Nancy mike mc

SW9 Jimmy Lindsay presents **Errol Dunkley** in concert with special guests **Matic 16.** Sounds by **Frontline** international and **Sir Coxsone** outernational in aid of the I am backing Brixton rrib-bit. Doors open from 10pm to 6am and tickets are £4 in advance from record shops.

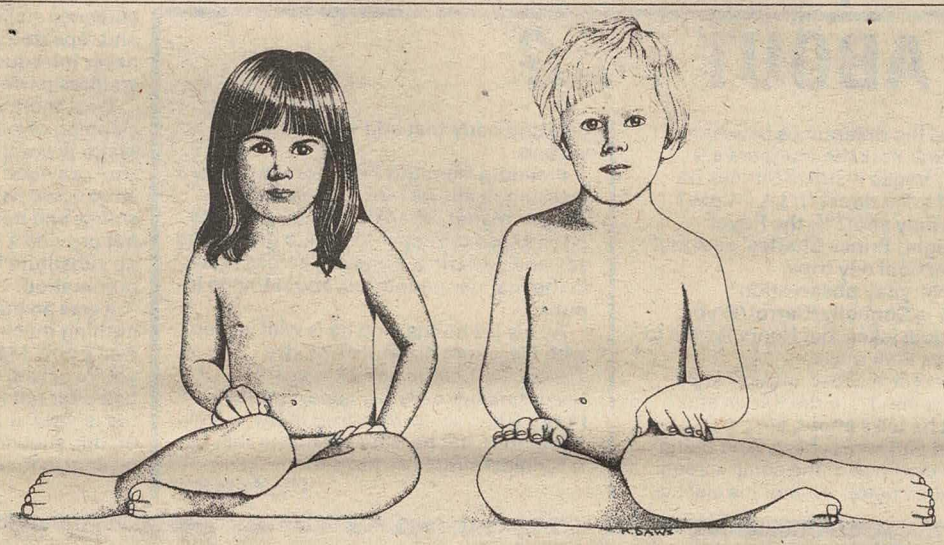
Further this Friday is a night of yard style entertainment at Studio 200 in Balham High Road, SW12 featuring direct from Jamaica dancehall DJs two the hardway: **Captain Sinbad** and **Nicodemus** chatting the great sounds of **Saxon International** SE champion with Lloyd at the controls rocking from dusk till dawn. Also passing through are Jah Thomas, Ranking Toyan and Ranking Trevor. The musical rate £3 at the door.

At the New Ambassador Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1 on Friday Alwyn & company present A Grand Nite Out with music by **Alex Andrews** and dancing by Java, Ernie and Shades Dancers. Special guests Peter Campbell and Rudy Grant plus a fashion show. Action starts 9pm.

Also on Friday and Saturday evenings is a two-day Cultural Show from 7 until 12 to be held at Braemar Buildings, Roslyn Road and Braemar Road, Tottenham, N15 with the **Ras Messengers** — drums; **Annum Iyapo** — poet; **Dwakes** — African drums; **Frederick Williams** — poet.

Every Friday night dancing to **Jah Whitey Hi-Fi** plus **Scorpio** at Green Lanes Methodist Church, Stoke Newington, N16. Come and play pool.

Late session this Friday with Ravers Night Out at the Peoples Club, 5a Praed Street, W2 with **Java** high power. Rocking from 10pm.



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STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing weekly from a semi-frequency — give me a golden pen . . . the Mighty Diamonds' present prolificity continues this week with issue on Mobiliser discomix of a new title commenting on 'Morgan The Pirate'. Producer Tapper Zukie accompanied by The Warriors toasts a version of the same 'Blackbeard The Pirate' (MM 66) on its flip . . . **and let me lean on heaped up flowers, in regions clear, and far** . . . a further Zukie production released this week on his new Mobiliser imprint is Cornel Campbell and Peter Metro with 'What Kind Of A World Are We Living In?' (MM 67) . . . **bring me a tablet whiter than a star, or hand of hymning angel** . . . on Jah Guidance import arrives a pair of new Henry Lawes discomix: Yellowman & Fathead, 'Rub A Dub A Play' c/w 'Hold On To Your Woman' (VPRD 104); and Michael Prophet, 'You Just Talking' c/w 'I Certify' (VPRD 106) . . . **when 'tis seen the silver strings of heavenly harp atween** . . . on his own Jah Shaka label the spiritual dub warrior beseeches 'Lion Youth', while Mad Professor goes 'Beyond The Realms' (JS 828) on its flip . . . **and let there glide by many a pearly car** . . . other new discomix include: Lee Van Cliff, 'Foreign A No Paradise' c/w 'Babylon' (D&H — DH 001) — produced by Derrick Lenroy & Harris; Junior English, 'Better Be On My Way' (Progressive — PRO 07) — produced by Jah Son; Ranking Ivan/Rass P, 'Fame' c/w Ranking Ivan, 'Hot She Hot' (Fire Tone — FT 001) . . . **pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar** . . . imminent on Ariwa is the debut LP from UK based lady toaster Ranking Ann entitled 'A Slice Of English Toast', a six track set which includes her 'Liberated Woman' title . . . **and half-discovered wings** . . . currently circulating are pre Treasure Isle repressings of two Techniques titles, 'Queen Majesty' and 'It's You I Love', plus Leroy Sibbles' 'Break Up To Make Up' . . . **and glances keen** . . . two Russians, a Mauritian and five Grenadians from Shepherds Bush constitute Icarus, who have their debut LP 'State Of Mind' (Ruro 03) released on Russian Roulette of Parliament Hill . . .

★ ★ ★

THE WHILE LET MUSIC WANDER ROUND MY EARS . . . hello ladies and gentlemen PNP Promotions invite you to A Night of the Round Table at the Dome Hotel, 51-53 Camberwell Church St, SE5 on Saturday — 7pm till 2am — dancing to the good vibrations of White's Nilux Downbeat Hi Fi. Licensed bar and refreshments. Tickets: £3 telephone 01 672 0856 . . . **and as it reaches each delicious ending** . . . every Sunday at Grooves, 243 Finchley Road, NW3 is jazz funk night — 9pm to 3am — with licensed bar till midnight. Entrance is £2.50 at the door and ladies free before 11pm . . . **let me write down a line of glorious tone** . . . L'Ouverture Theatre Company presents *Mack The Knife* — a Brixton reggae musical directed by Michael Armitage at Battersea Arts Centre (December 1, 2 and 3); Brixton Ace (5 and 6) and Nettlefold Hall (7 and 8). Tickets: £1 and £2 . . . **and full of many wonders of the spheres** . . . meanwhile the theatre company also presents dance and music groups three evenings a week plus daytime projects for over 16s and unemployed. Further information ring Milwyn Caules on 01 737 2472 or call at the Angell Centre, St John's Church, Angell Road, London SW9 . . . **for what a height my spirit is contending!** . . . Brixton's Art & Craft outlet have now opened a stall in Archway Collective indoor market on Holloway Road selling hats, scarves and accessories, plus a childrenswear stall One Heart . . . **'tis not content so soon to be alone** . . . the artists and craftsmen operate from 54 Atlantic Road with a display of arts, hats, caps, posters, belts, badges etc from 10 am to 6pm every weekday and Saturday . . . **One Love** . . .

Illustration: Lynn Hutcheson

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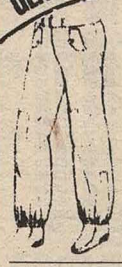

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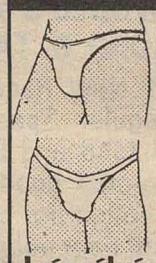

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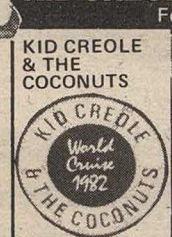

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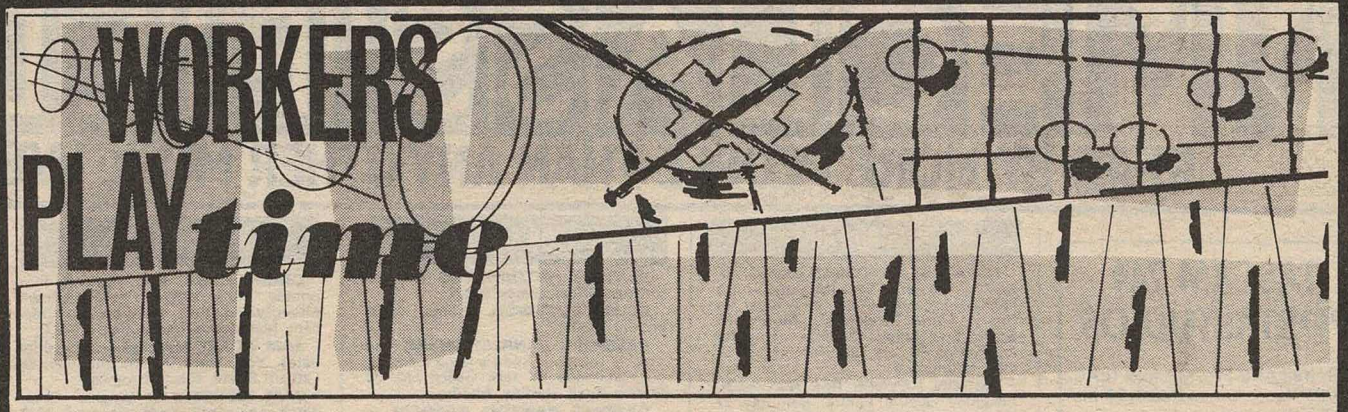

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES

Interview by TONY BACON

Yukihiro Takahashi, founder member of the Yellow Magic Orchestra, plays drums with the Orchestra and in solo guise, the percussion employed ranging from his traditional acoustic drum kit to a battery of electronic gadgetry. Here, he talks about his work.

Yukihiro Takahashi

IN YMO, we keep trying to simplify our equipment, and get it as simple as is possible.

Everybody seems to be going haywire, using Fairlights and very complicated equipment, but YMO are going in the opposite direction. We want to keep everything simple, and if possible to construct our own equipment.

It's not a question of not using things because everybody else is using them, it's more a question of getting bored with certain sounds.

We fiddled around with the Fairlight (computer-based synthesiser) a little bit — it's such a complicated piece of equipment that you have to have a fairly accomplished technician with you, otherwise it's going to take so long to master the various controls that you'll end up getting angry with it before you get the sounds you want.

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For live shows we need more compactness. Obviously if we felt we needed a Fairlight for studio work we'd get one. But rather than use something which is more or less perfect, we prefer slight imperfections. For example we use a prepared piano and treat the sound, or use human voice with tape loops.

Hideki Matsutake, who used to do all our programming, has built a machine which he calls the PCM. Basically it stores any sound digitally, and can be linked with the Roland MC4 or MC8 Microcomposers to reproduce and sequence that sound.

For example on 'Prologue/Epilogue' on 'Technodelic' our last LP released in the UK, the looped sound at the start is actually the sound of industrial machinery fed through the system. The combination of the cold industrial sound with the very romantic sort of melody is quite appealing.

The PCM was actually built for live work, but that was the first time we used it in the studio.

I use the drum kit a little bit now, but mainly I use the PCM machine, and I don't use my Syndrums much any more. With the PCM live, I sample the sounds before each gig, but its only possible to trigger one sound at a time.

You sample by taking in a tape of the drum sounds that have been previously recorded in the studio. It's a much more primitive instrument than, say, the Emulator, but you get a very exact replica of the sound that you put in.

For example on 'Taiso' on 'Technodelic', someone got a sweaty sound from the back of their knee, put it into the PCM machine, and then sequenced it on the MC4 for a percussive effect. There's all sorts of weird things on that record!

Compared to the Linn drum machine, for example, it has the advantage that you can put in any sound you like, as opposed to getting in touch with Linn in America and waiting weeks for them to make you a new chip, for which you pay the earth as well.

With the PCM machine in the studio, first of all you record on ¼" tape what you want to put on to it, and the longest sample you can do is two seconds. Then you get your levels right and you record from tape into the PCM machine.

It's very primitive, you count it in and press a button, but that's the all-important stage of the process, the sampling and the timing of the sound. Then, once you've got the sample, you can edit the beginning of the phrase and the end, so that you get your attack right on the very beginning.

On my current solo album, 'What Me Worry', I play about half and half acoustic drum kit and PCM, and there's a few songs with very ordinary Linn drum machine things on. I don't really get a kick out of playing real drums on my own records — I get that out of playing on other people's.

For the drum kit, I have a deal with Tama drums, and they build me all kinds of special things like a 3½" deep snare drum, 13" diameter, and a hexagonal snare drum. Tama have a Yukihiro kit on sale in Japan — the snare's 9" deep and all the drums are inordinately deep. But I'm getting a bit bored with that sound, so I'm going to the other extreme and getting them to build me a tiny kit. But I've hired kits — basically I'll do what I want, getting any old kit of drums in you should be able to get a good sound if you know what you're doing.

We've been researching the use of various ambient mics, and we've just recently discovered a way of recording the kit with just one ambient mic to get the whole sound of the kit.

I'm usually more or less in the middle of the studio, and the mic would be a little bit in front of me and way up above. I do actually record individual drums, dead, as well, to add to that.

Then on some songs I'll add harmoniser, compr-ssion, noise gate, or whatever.

My first solo LP, 'Neuromantic', used a predominantly natural sound; we did that at Air in London with Steve Nye. I like that sound, I think it's the sort of sound you don't get bored with, it keeps its freshness.

'Technodelic' was done mainly with the PCM machine, but not all, so it's rather a different sound. There was no putting my own identity into the sound there, it was more like taking good sounds and fitting them as effectively as possible into the structure of each song.

I like the Roland 808 rhythm box, it has a certain charm of its own. The only trouble it that when you put real drums on the top they tend to kill its sound, so if you are going to use it you've got to keep it fairly up in the mix and keep the real drums down the bottom.

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YMO have been basically using the 808 as a percussion effect really, to augment the drums — and its on every song on 'Neuromantic'. It's good for putting a snare sound on the on-beat and then tracking it with the real drums as well.

On 'What Me Worry' I play a lot of manual keyboards, and for the first time I played pretty well all the keyboards myself. I have no confidence in my keyboard technique at all (laughs), just in my ability to create weird sounds.

The approach to live work has changed a lot, because now we're using a lot of tape on stage. Previously we'd have Matsutake at the back of the stage with two MC8s. Now the main pulse is on a four-track cassette, and also some of the percussion sounds are on that — so I've got less to do!

On this four-track cassette we have the time-code on one track, then in stereo on two tracks we have sound effects and other percussion, and the fourth track is the guide rhythm box synced to the time code which only goes into the cans on stage for time-keeping. We have six-channel cue boxes, very much like one has in the studio, so that we can each set up our own balance on stage in the cans.

As I said before, everybody seems to be going into this high-technology area, but Harry (Hosono) and I are both re-evaluating the possibilities of our old Korg monophonic synths, re-examining those and the nice sounds you can get out of them.

We feel like we're almost starting to go back in the other direction again, away from all the technology, just to produce good sounds. ❞

The Yellow Magic Orchestra . . . "We try to simplify our equipment."

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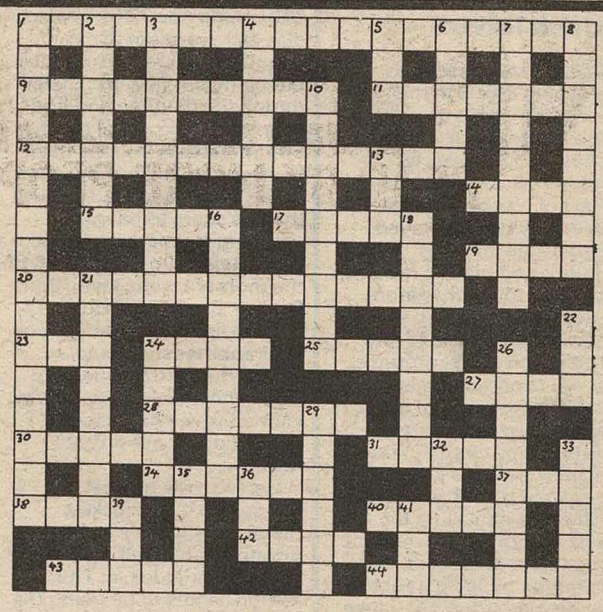
CLUES ACROSS

1 This Irish band wouldn't be quite the same if they'd called themselves Floppy Big Toes instead (5,6,7)
9 The Jam's ninth hit, but the first to reach the top ten (4,6)
11 + **26D** Beat single from 1980 (3,4,2,4,2)
12 Kate and Jeremy had their first hit under this name a few months ago (5,9)
14 *"Well, I'm not the world's most passionate guy,"* sang Mr Davies about this girl (4)
15 See 40A
17 See 33D
19 Gazzer Numan's first number one in his own right (4)
20 + **30A** Mr Creole trying to lose the kid (5,2,3,4,5)
23 Bowie album (3)
24 Diamond ——, another Bowie album (4)
25 The man at the head of the Test Tube Babies (5)
27 Mr Powell — but not Mr Sincerity from Radio One (4)
28 This band knew back in '77 that our Sheena was really a punk-rocker at heart (7)
30 See 20A
31 Something's going on — she's gone solo from Abba (5)
34 Human, Ivy or the Pure Prairie (6)
37 He used to dress up as a singing clown — and is still inside a trifle odd (3)
38 Mr Gallagher, to be sure, to be sure (4)
40 + **15A** Reggae band with a name too difficult to make an anagram of — I did try (5,5)
42 See 24D
43 See 3D
44 Big Four Seasons hit from 1964 (3,4)

CLUES DOWN

1 Vocalist with Cabaret Voltaire now embarking on solo work (7,9)
2 Split Enz biggie from 1980 (1,3,3)
3 + **3A** Some Red Noise coming from Bill Nelson's household concerts (9,5)
4 Steve Gibbons Band hit from 1977 (6)
5 Descriptive of Larry, Stan Ogden and also his chances with Sharon Gaskell in place of Brian Tilsley (3)
6 Whom John Foxx found driving and the Pistols found innocent (2,3)
7 Top 10 hit for ELO in 1976 (4,5)
8 One of the bands who brought the 'Coventry Sound' to our attention in 1979 (8)
10 Damned instructions for Chelsea nutters arriving at another away ground (5,2,2)
13 From 'Bookends', Simon and Garfunkel found it was *'all happening at the ——' (3)*
16 1969 Pink Floyd double album (9)
18 A memento to remember OMD by (8)
21 They've given way to 'Ceremony' and 'Temptation' (3,5)
22 See 32D
24 + **42A** One half of the US duo whose earlier album work included 'Abandoned Luncheonette' (5,4)
26 See 11A
29 Brothers Don and Phil (6)
32 + **22D** The Who proving their individual maturity in 1966 (2,1,3)
33 Punks who have discovered there are really No Russians in Aghanistan (5,5)
35 —— Faulkner of the Bay City Rollers (4)
36 Back to punk and 'City Babies Attacked By Rats' is their delightful album offering (1,1,1)
39 Their albums include 'Time And A Word' and 'Close To The Edge' (3)
41 Jim —— of Slade (3)

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

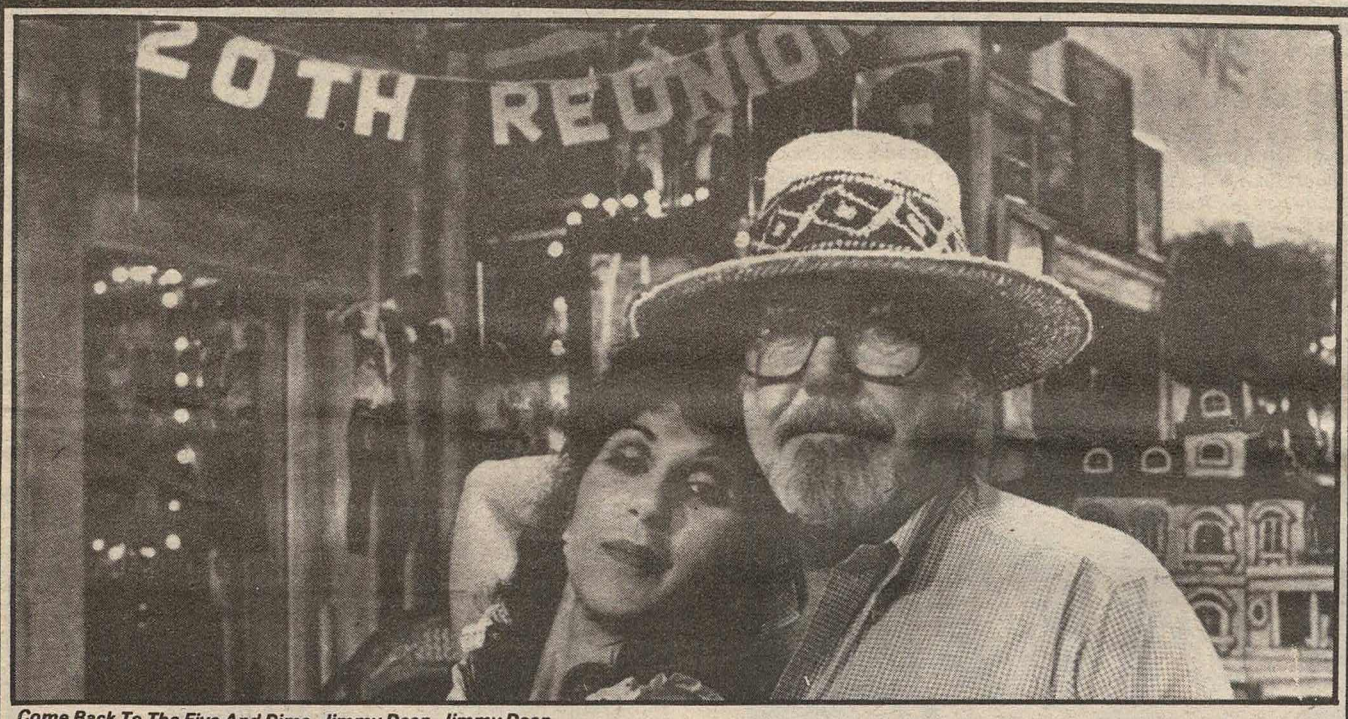


ACROSS

1 and 29A "Night Boat to Cairo"; 5 "D.O.A"; 7 Kamera; 8 Macho; 9 Abba; 10 "Dressed"; 12 "Ram"; 15 Ure; 16 "Uber"; 17 "Upstairs"; 18 "Natty"; 21 "Hustler"; 24 "East"; 28 Shirt; 29 See 1 Across; 30 "In"; 31 Hesse; 34 "U.N.C.L.E"; 36 Mu; 37 "Amigo"; 39 Final Academy.

DOWN

1 "Naked Lunch"; 2 "Heels"; 3 "Blade Runner"; 4 Asia; 5 Doc; 6 and 13D "Another Music"; 8 Martin; 11 Eyeless; 13 See 6 Down; 14 "States"; 19 Arthur C.; 20 "Ya"; 22 "This"; 23 Line; 25 "Scream"; 26 "Ta"; 27 Fridge; 32 E.M.I; 33 Sun; 35 C.O.D; 38 "My".



Come Back To The Five And Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean.

LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

FROM PAGE 22

Robert Altman's new film is, like Peter Bogdanovich's, a brilliant return to form. The director's transference of a play he directed on Broadway to film has been accomplished so intelligently that you scarcely notice that the action — a reunion of girls from a James Dean fan club, on the 20th anniversary of his death, in the five and dime store where they used to meet and work — is confined to such a tiny space. Altman melts the time passage between flashback and present with complete assurance and coaxes playing from his female ensemble of spectacular intensity, particularly in a breathtaking tragic portrayal by Sandy Dennis as the deluded, self-acclaimed mother of James Dean's son. A heartbreaking account of spoiled and wasted lives: a triumph.

Among new American directors, Nick Castle contributed the offbeat and entertaining **TAG The Assassination Game,** a flip but rather self-consciously small-time thriller about a campus contest that goes unpleasantly sour when real killing starts. Aaron Lipstadt, one of Roger Corman's New World stable, debuted with **Android,** a space spoof on robotics with Klaus Kinski underused as a vaguely nutty professor looking to build his perfect creation. Although the director invokes a startling *deja vu* with Lang's *Metropolis* at one point, the film seems a little too rushed, despite some fine sets all a-bleep with electric colours and a witty denouement.

Wayne Wang's **Chan Is Missing** seems to be getting a stack of good notices but as far as I could tell it has little merit. The idea of fitting a Chandleresque search story onto the closed quarters of a Californian Chinatown is novel — and that's about it. Two homely cab drivers search for a missing swindler, and after half an hour the naturalism, grainy and repetitive photography and eyeline on an unknown community aren't intriguingly downbeat, just tedious.

I felt similarly unenthusiastic about elements of Susan Seidelman's **Smithereens,** an odyssey by a selfish punky upstart (Susan Berman) into the new wave haunts of the Big Apple, hooking up with an unpleasant self-seeking slob of a local star (Richard Hell trying not to play himself) and finally getting ground down and almost out by everybody. But Seidelman's warm sympathy for her subject and a certain snappy verve keep the film alive — and as a record of its neighbourhood it seems truthful enough.

Quizzing Seidelman at a Festival reception, I found the diminutive and affable director quite willing to defend her characters. Why were they all so dislikeable?

"I think they're more interesting than dislikeable. Susan's character is very interesting even if you don't actually like her. I think you have to admire the energy about her.

"The picture cost $80,000. We were hoping to do it for $30,000 but we found we'd spent most of that in the first week of shooting. Richard's in it because I thought the girl would go for a Richard Hell-type of rock star to be around. So I thought of actually asking him and he agreed to do it."

Is it doing well?

"I was real nervous about it," she grinned, "but it opened in New York the other day and I heard it sold out the first three shows."

Good — I'd like to see Seidelman do more. Maybe a horror movie — there's a mocked-up clip from one in the film that amusingly suggests a talent for the ghastly. *Smithereens* has a score by The Feelies, and that segues neatly into a look at three 'music' films from this year's programme.

Maxim Ford's **Live A Life** intersperses live footage of The Beat, Black Slate, Tom Robinson and others with sequences of sadly rather over-familiar diatribes against system and injustice by (mostly) the young unemployed. Ford's approach has an agreeable hunger about it that manages to qualify some very obvious juxtapositions and the customary trail of unanswered questions is linked by The Beat on exuberantly hard form in their concert shots. C4 will be screening it soon.

The two jazz films would make excellent television choices too, especially as any future theatre screenings of **Jazz In Exile** and **Art Pepper: Notes From A Jazz Survivor** seem unlikely. Chuck France's film is an extended and recut study of the way so many American jazzmen migrated to more lucrative European pastures; and while the central message is put across inside five minutes — that we don't take jazz so much for granted on the old continent — a lot of fast talk from cats like Phil Woods and Steve Lacy is smartly mixed with some terrific music, notably Woods' gorgeous ballad alto on 'Last Night When We Were Young'.

Much more alto can be heard in Don McGlynn's film in tribute to Art Pepper. There is, of course, a special poignancy in the title in view of Pepper's recent death, and it's sad to hear him say "Every time I play, I play as if it's going to be the last time. When you get to my age . . ."

The camera follows him through his home town of San Pedro, into LA and Hollywood: it stares at that extraordinary face, tattered and weatherbeaten in repose but bursting with unspoken emotion when he plays. A remarkable document on a most harrowing art. When he's observed, proud and bashful, as he listens to the beautiful 'Our Song' on a late album it's almost unbearable to watch.

Another round-up next week — but meantime, if you're chasing return tickets for the last days, make a special effort for **Stepping Out, My Favorite Year, The Hounds Of Notre Dame** and above all — **They All Laughed.** Me too!

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POLICE & TEEVEES

READING AN incredibly depressing article in this week's *City Limits* on our future Police Force (*CL* had got hold of 17 essays by Hendon Police Cadets, on the subject of blacks and race relations, which displayed unbelievable levels of prejudice and blatant racism), it occurred to me that more hip youngsters should join the force. If we all refuse to join the police on moral grounds, they will continue to get their men from the ranks of the NF. If those many unemployed, no-future lads (with humane principles) were to join the force (good pay) then maybe the Bobbies patrolling the streets of tomorrow would be a more sympathetic lot, and community policing might become more than just a joke.

Of the 17 essays *C.L.* were sent, only one cadet expressed non-racist , sentiments.

You may not approve of the police, but they're never going to go away, so why not join them, and improve them?

On a lighter note: congratulations to Gavin Martin for his sane evaluation of the Puppet Master (Mc Sex Pistol) and to Paul Morley for his Psychic TV review (I'm not sure yet whether I like the album, but few critics would have had the courage to gamble their credibility on such a dodgy proposition).

Why are you being so nice about *The Tube?* I wasn't anything to do with the infamous auditions but, having seen the first two editions, I can't help feeling that it's a really disappointing, shitty programme. Channel 4 is (for the most part) great, but I expected much more from them popwise. The unknown groups are terrible (except for Set the Tone), the known groups are boring and showing drab groups like The Jam and The Go Gos for five songs in a row really grates. Can't anyone in the TV establishment get something more up to date and radical / exciting together?
Simon Witter, London, SW10.
George Orwell joined the police with such ideas as yours in mind and left six years later saying the job was corrupting *him*. So who's subverting who? Joseph Hill of Culture asked: "Is that the right way for a human, as a policeman?" in song.

Maybe our readers in the Force would like to reply.

The answer to your last question is "probably not" but I'd be happy to be proved wrong. — NS.

I don't find the *Whistle Test* staid. Bauhaus made me laugh. Orange Juice simply thrilled me. Robert Smith was super with his Banshees whilst Bow Wow Wow were just out of this world. Even Lords Of The New Church seemed good.

The Tube however is dull, trite, listless and full of people who don't interest me, a bit like *NME* at the moment.

I shall wait and probably gatecrash the studio when The Clash play *The Tube,* anything for a bit of meat in these days of ABC, League, Haircut, Duran hipness.
No Cover, Durham Vagrants.

May I be the first to, like, congratulate the guys at Channel 4 for, like, screening the film *Woodstock.* It really, like blew my cosmic mind, like conveying the whole spirit of peace in a, like, really vivid way, maannn. Sometimes we get like, really bad reception in the teepee, but this time we just managed to immerse ourselves in the whole vibrant scene. Thanks a lot maaaaaaaaannnnnnnnn.
Francis Cosmos, The Commune, Himalayas.

You forgot to tell us what you thought of the Psychic TV album — NS.

Isn't Radio One supposed to be for a young audience? Shouldn't it reflect what is happening now? The evening disc jockeys seem to be genuinely interested in music but being out of work, I listen during the daytime and find everyone to be out of touch. Simon Bates & Co may have been young and trendy when Radio One started but now all the DJs seem to have a yearning for the past. Dave Lee Travis' favourite record of the moment is the awful John Cougar single and you don't have to listen long before you hear another supposedly wonderful hit from the '50s. Notice how we've had Beatle soundalikes, the Pinkees shoved down our throats recently.

Listen to the newest, youngest (?) disc jockey, Steve Wright. He's so busy promoting himself, the music hardly gets a look in. The station seems to be going the same way as Capital Radio but it can afford to be braver as it doesn't get its income from advertising.

There seems to be this attitude that new acts have to start at the Peel Show and work their way through Jensen until they are heard by the daytime programmers. Surely younger disc jockeys who are more interested in current music could be given daytime slots. The old hippies currently on the air should make way for people who would provide more interesting and provocative programmes.

Why is new music labelled "alternative" and boxed into the arse-end of the schedule?

Please discuss.
J. Jones, Shepperton, Middlesex.
Who me? I'm with you JJ.—NS.

NHS STRIKE

My doctor advised me that I would have to come out of the closet some day if my health was not to be permanently impaired. I have to make a terrible confession and I'm sorry. Bag, but if you've got a delicate stomach you should read no further. I QUITE LIKE PAULA YATES. I long to do affectionate things like hoovering her hairdo or putting my ear up to her tummy to hear the splashings of her forming progeny.

Please help, I can't go on like this.
Don Kee, Otley.
Stop taking The Boomtown Rats singles immediately — Doctor Robert Getorf.

Dear Doctor Gassbagg, Can you help me? I am experiencing a recurring nightmare in which I am filling out the *NME* poll for 1982 and have to choose between Billy McKenzie and Marc Almond for best singer.

What shall I do?
Alan 5995, NYC.
A prescription of Doc Marvin Gaye's 'Sexual Healing' should cure the ailment I'd warrant. — NS.

THAT OLD BAG MAGIC

I must say that it was really great having Amrik Rai answer this week's letters.
"Really has got it spot on" — Peter Powell.
"Truly wonderful" — Bill.
"Sensational" — Jim.
"Pilchard" — Honest Jock.

Seriously, it's not really his fault, it's the letters. Since Samuel K B Ampong's disappearance there's been a yawning great big gap in *Gasbag.* Some people have tried their best to fill it John Connolly (God bless him) being most notable. In my opinion there's only one solution to the problem — that is to encourage more Scandinavian readers to write in. I just love their letters.
"Let's have more" — Sid.
"Must run out and buy one for my collection"—Peter Powell.
Ade, Tannadice.
This next one's for you Ade. — NS.

After great "Where is Beatles band" debate comes new scandal. Where is great David Bowie joke? For two weeks now I look in my *T-zers* every Thursday but Ah! It is nowhere to be seen! Please please tell it again. It is very good joke. I "split my sides" (is this correct English expression?) every time you tell me it. Also who is this man Binc Crosby who is on new Bowie single. He is very good.

Your friend always.
Anjirak Ranjatan, Leicester.

Dear Neil, Ian, Adrian, Christopher, Lynn & Gavin, Can I suggest that reasons for declining readership stem in the main from increasing quality of prose.
Andy Elgin, Wolves.
PS Can you print the crossword of the November 6 issue again — I quite enjoyed that one.
See, we can't even get a compliment without the knife going in. — NS.

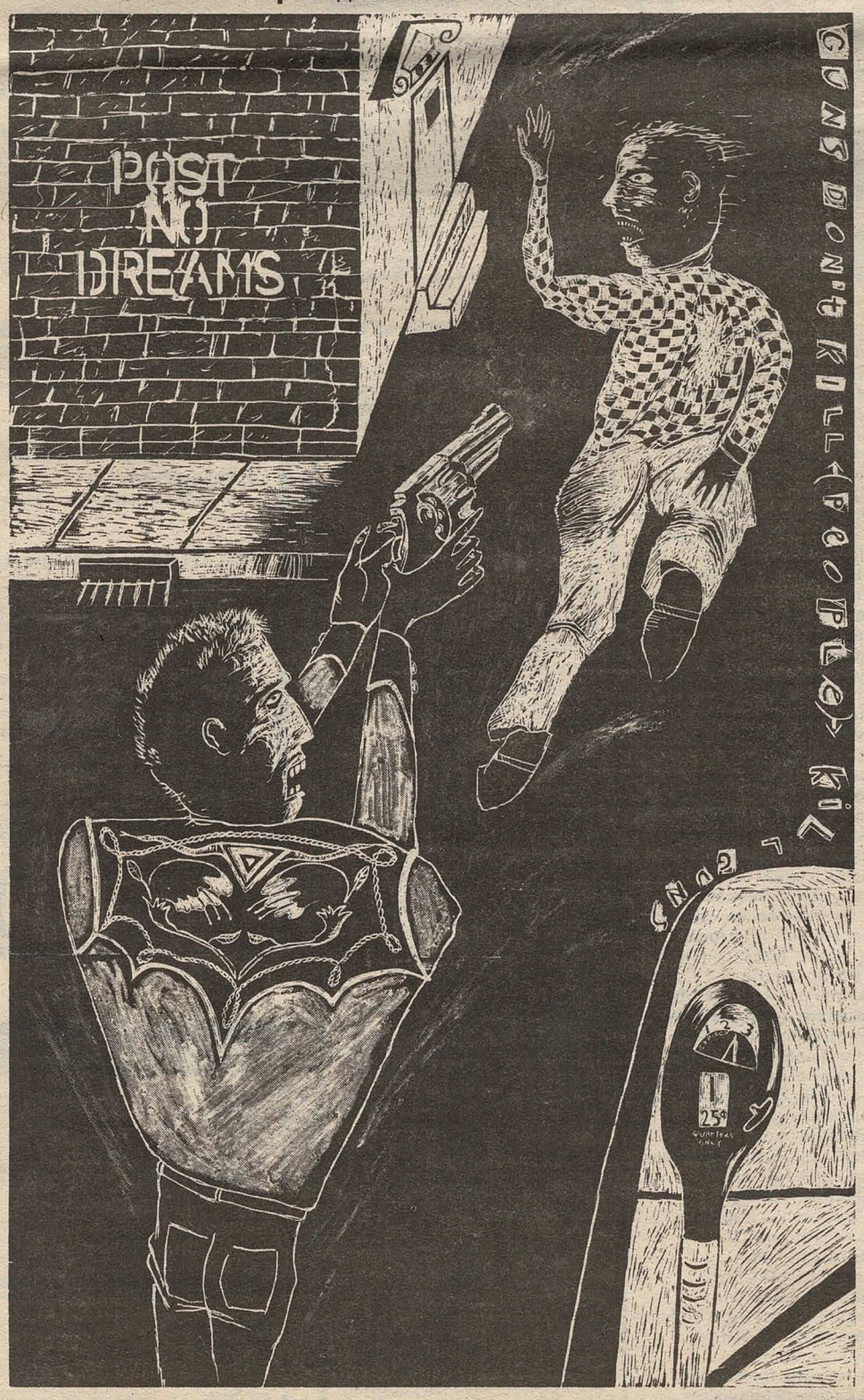

Illustration: Lea Eggleston.

Are *NME X-press Words* compiled by *Guardian* proof readers?
Greenie, Headingley, Leeds.
I'm sorry. Truly sorry. I've despatched another sub-ed to the tumbril — Ed.

What does 'androgynoum' mean? 'nihilism, 'cognizant'; are you puzzled, fellow reader? 'Cos I sure as hell am.
The Oxford English Dictionary only goes up to a certain level, 'eh fellas.
Not Quite Literate, Pimlico.
PS Don't print any letters that have, 'Re . . . .' in them. They're dead silly.
Funny, I'd never noticed that. — NS.

Re. Singles review, 13th November 1982 — if David Sylvian ran out of make-up I would gladly go and buy him some! The point is that you are supposed to be reviewing singles, not slagging people off. Obviously the staff at *NME* are of abnormal mentality and lack enough intelligence to understand decent music! And no more sarcastic comments about Bowie either!
The David Sylvian's LIPS (aren't they "kissable") Fan Club, Coventry.

A FEW comment on X Moore's substandard review of the WAH album in the November 13 issue.

Your review contained only a small paragraph or two on the 'Maverick Years' album. You couldn't be bothered to give a track list. The rest of the column was used to slag off the Teardrops, Echo and the Liverpool scene — what have they got to do with a piece of vinyl by WAH? If you want to put The Bunnymen down then wait till their album comes out, at least your comments would be relevant.

Not everybody thinks the Merseybeat era was the do all and end all of music, a city with groups like The Wild Swans, Send No Flowers, 3D, A Fish in Sea and China Crisis to mention a few new bands, plus producing bands like Echo and Teardrops is a healthy one — how can you call The Liverpool Scene "crummy"?

Wylie has a lot of pride about 'The Pool' and enjoys being a part of it and I'm sure he'd object to your slagging Liverpool off as much as I do.
Ian (MacNative) McLagan, Telford.
Wouldn't be a bit surprised myself. — NS.

ADVERT

It was Neil Spencer, editor of *NME,* who gave me my first publicity and who offered me the chance to write my first article, thus fulfilling an ambition I have had for ten years, and published that article. It was *NME* who first reviewed one of my gigs.

My quarrel has never been with *NME* as a whole, but with those writers (they know who they are) who spread the idea that in 1982 it's somehow unhip and unsubtle to concern oneself with the problems of the world, that music and writing can never change anything anyway and that cringeing and clubbing is the only way out. Dance as the rhythm of life, maybe, but dance as a WAY of life, an uncaring, machiavellian manifesto — no way. And to me, that's what the club scene is all about.

As for Tony Riley of Leeds — if your calvinistic, 'I-work-harder-than-you-do' attitude and ill-informed hysterics are typical of the Hacienda crowd then I'm glad I'm not part of it. I stand by every word I have said on record and in print.
Attila, Harlow.
PS Given that you now either refuse to write about punk or sneer as you do, how about a feature on Albanian football? PARTISANI TIRANA OK?
If you insist on seeing everyone who likes drinking and dancing after the government's 11 pm curfew as "uncaring and machiavellian" you're bound to get misunderstood. — NS.

The lack of any new 'movement(s)' in popular music recently, aside from ever more sophisticated knob-twiddling, has seen *NME* looking for its heroes in the far flung reaches of 'Pop' culture's frayed, but dignified tapestry.

It doesn't seem so long ago, that we downed a weekly dose of rock star rantings, very rarely going beyond the 'I lurve Rock n'Roll' or 'my next album is very Zen influenced', tunnel-vision type journalism, which most readers (myself included) probably thought was the best available.

Over the last five years we've seen film, television and politics face up to the same kind of eccentric and stimulating criticism that was previously reserved (and wasted) on albums, singles and endlessly similar concert reviews. Music has, of late, become far more interesting on paper, because of its enforced association in the *NME* and its fledgeling rivals. It has also enabled music to progress without becoming 'progressive'. The attitude has taken a step forward, widened out, but avoided, in most cases, the kind of outrageous excesses of that false prophet, 'progressive rock'.

So keep on featuring those heroes from the outer limits, Bleasedale, Pilger, Movie Brats, TV genius and dross, politics of left and right, and generally assault the expectations of anyone opening a 'rock' paper. *NME* costs 35p, at least 34p of that should be — SURPRISE!!!!!!!!!!
M. Ewins, St Ives, Huntingdon.
Please write in again. — NS.

REDS & GREENS

Julie Burchill should be put out of her constant misery in her feelings of contempt for the USA and all that it stands for.

I suggest she pack up her "wine and scent" and join her mourning comrades.

From her the only impression we get of America is the same: so blind and so stupid. But yes, our junky hippies are all rich (especially at Woodstock, they were very rich), we all own at LEAST two cars, swimming pools, acres of land, look like John Travolta and we ALL voted for Ron Reagan.

Being an American in London is sometimes unpleasant because of people with attitudes like hers. I would guess she spends a lot of time at Colletts or reading the *Morning Star* instead of going to the actual *places* she has so much to compare with. As far as I've gathered, Britain is not far off from TONS of the Americanisms she detests. Why doesn't she just get the hell out?

Nevertheless her articles are forever entertaining if not totally off the mark.
J Kaye, Muswell Hill.
A liberal yet, but Julie hates liberals. — NS.

How about getting Chris Bohn to interview Rudolf Bahro?

ALTERNATIVELY, if CB continues to misrepresent the Greens, he may discover the true meaning of direct action.
Love and peace maaan!
The Giant Greenie, Cambridge.
What'll you do — plant a big slobbery kiss on him? — NS.

THE SUN ROSE in the east and the city ruins lay like bones of some ancient beast as the *T-Zer* team turned up for duty. They trundled down a deserted Carnaby Street still festooned with tickertape and bunting from last week's launching of The Monty and took their places at desks still veiled in a shroud of autumn mist. . .

Ted Power looked worried. He chewed nervously on a cheesy sandwich that **Alley Cat** had left half-eaten in his tray as the three **Dorothys** (**Dot, Dot** and **Dot**) began going through the tabloids in search of inspiration for this week's column. . .

Sting and **Brooke Shields?** No thanks! Fab **Macca** and his pets? Do us a favour! Drat! If only **Errol** hadn't been gunned down. If only **Monty** hadn't sailed away — he never did any work, but at least his drinking pal **Danny Baker** would drop by and rattle off a few gags for the column. All that's left is a bag of duff daily newsprint and a silent typewriter . . .

Ted stared dolefully at the keys, stirred one more cup of cold coffee and began to drift into a deep sleep. His dreams were of a *T-zer* column comprising all original material — a column that began around midnight in the hippest London and New York clubs and returned home drunkenly at dawn to find a gallery of stars from **Jeffrey Daniel** to **Jerry Dammers** nestling on its doorstep. . .

What now follows in an artist's impression of what that column might have looked like. . .

LONDON'S BURNING with breakers, yeah. At presstime the **B-Boys** from South Bronx — that's **Afrika Bambaataa, Bondi White** and the **Rock Steady Crew** — were lined up to draw all-comers to the Venue for their British debut on Tuesday evening, but the real scratch 'n' rap event of the week came with their one and only London club appearance at **The Wag,** run by Beat Route bloodnut **Ollie** and **Blue Rondo**'s **Chris Sullivan** — is shaping as *the* sickeningly trendy Saturday night hotspot in London town. As Sullivan says (in a rising Welsh valley lilt) it is called The Wag, boyo, "because you can wag your tongue or your arse". Among those turned away from the joint last week was **Clash** minder **Bernie Rhodes**. . .

Among those inside; **Animal Nightlife,** fresh from promoting their 'Great Pretender' single that night in Wimbledon, and **Marine Girl Alice Fox,** who informs us that the band's **Stuart Moxham**-produced elpee is now complete and ready for Cherry Red release in the new year. . .

Spandau's **Steve Dagger,** sporting a Nassau-style tan, propped up the bar, full of beans with the results of his boys' recent working holiday in the Bahamas. The group are now back in the studios with producers **Jolley** and **Swain,** mixing the alleged masterpieces and selecting their next single: "We've finished the album, but the tracks all sound so good that we can't decide on a single. It's all pretty commercial, but there are a few slow tracks that will surprise a few people. Some of it's not quite what you'd expect". . .

Others in the studio right now include the two former **Linx** playmates **Dave 'n' Sketch. David Grant's** first self-produced solo single is finished while sturdy bassman Sketch has been fingering the fretboard for one **Junior Giscombe**. . .

Back to clubland for a mo, tho'. Two more nightspots of note have emerged in the smoke during recent weeks. Assorted beatniks, bohos and Scottish art students can be found putting their feet up in The Living Room, a Monday evening club run by **Altered Images** artsmith **David Band** at the Beat Route. And at Wedgie's in Chelsea, former Barracuda deejay **Dancing Dick** can be found doing the business with swarthy man-about-town **Solly** on a Tuesday night. The name of the club — The Circus. . .

DUMPY 'Boy' **George** seemed somewhat riled by the drubbing dished out to his new single by horrid **Adrian Thrills** in our pages last week. When interviewed by **Trawler Bates** on The Tube last Friday he was moved to label the lanky Thrills "a dwarf". "Better to be a dwarf than a fairy," was all a tight-lipped and bleary-eyed Thrills would say to the *T-Zers* desk when informed of the mincing mannequin's remarks on Monday morning. More tales from the botton of the garden next week. . .

Talking of *The Tube,* the ins, outs, intricacies and inebriations of our humble Carnaby Street abode are to be featured in a forthcoming edition of the programme, with on-the-spot interviews with all your fave hacks by **Muriel Gray** ...

Now, for the benefit of electrical handymen everywhere, a couple of plugs. The first for **Terry Rawling**'s **Small Faces** history *All Our Yesterdays,* published by **Paul Weller**'s Riot Stories. In his review of the book last week, **Gavin Martin** neglected to mention the weighty tome is available for a meagre £2 (inc. P&P) from 45-53 Sinclair Road, London W14. . .

Plug number two: **The Other Club,** a new electrodisco opening at The Manor House in — wait for it — Manor House, London on Wednesday December 8, and open each week from Wednesday to Saturday. Promoter **Gary Shombert** is looking for "bizarre live acts". Loonies, fruitcakes and wackos can contact him at 70, Stanhope Avenue, Finchley N3. . .

What else have we here? **Shalamar**'s **Jeffrey Daniel** was so impressed after renewing his aquaintances with **Bananarama** after the band's Dominion show that he wants the girls to support the bodypoppers in the States next year. . .

Oh, and **Rusty Egan,** who seems to have finally tired of the **Human League** album over a year after it first hit his twin turntables at The Palace, has launched a "toughening up" campaign over the sounds served up at his Camden Town nightspot. After being spotted 'raving' at the **Danse Society's** gig at Heaven last week, Oor Rus was seen snapping up a consignment of **Killing Joke** and **Anti-Nowhere** slates at the Virgin Megabore on Thursday evening — all for that evening's session at The Pal ...

And what's all this about *Top Of The Pops* moving across town to the Palace?. . .

Dexys Midnight Runners' saxman **Spike** was 'disciplined' by fuehrer **Kevin Rowland** on the recent tour after having the insolence to take a duckwalk on stage. And *did you know* that any clean-shaven sessioneer who now complete the Dexys line-up are required to spread a soot-like substance over their faces in keeping with the Runners' current obsession with stubble chic? Well, ya do now. . .

Meanwhile, our tetchy Dutch lensman **Anton Corbijn** would like it known that the slightly suspect colour reproduction on his **Eddy Grant** pics last week were not his fault, but the result of a computer malfunction at our colour lab. Honest. Gripping stuff this, eh?. . .

Enough about us and more about. . . **Jerry Dammers? The Pale Fountains? Grace Jones?** Dammer's controversial 'Beirut' single — or is it now called 'War Crimes — due for release at the end of the month, has been put on hold as The General makes up his mind about the latest of many mixes. The Fountains continue to squeeze the lucre out of Virgin at a rate unseen since **Pistol**ian days. In addition to the alleged £150,000 they received for signing, the Scousers have now secured another £150,000 to cover production costs of their debut LP — things like country mansions, expensive cars and swimming pools we imagine. . .

Meanwhile Grace is set to start a film with revolting **John Travolta** and the devastatingly contemptuous **Sylvester Stallone.** The movie has yet to be given a title; *T-Zers* suggests *A Taste Of Money*. . .

QUOTES OF the week come from **Teardrop**-no-more **Julian** 'Justacouldna' **Cope,** who last week rent asunder his band of gypsies, layabouts, thugs and wackos four years to the day after they played their debut jig, sorry giggy, sorry pop concert. Whinges Jules: "I regard what I want to do next as an opportunity for gross self indulgence.

"The modern day music scene is about as vitriolic as a mindless TV programme like *The Love Boat.* Modern day music is cynical crap. What finally made up my mind was hearing the new **Blancmange** album. I hated it, skated round the floor on the record itself and then burnt the sleeve on the electric ring of the cooker. It's pinned to my wall as a reminder of how much I'm bored with the current music scene and. . ." *(continued in future in-depth Old Grey Whistle Test interview).* . .

Talking of **Copey,** his old pal **Pete Wylie** was complimented on the way he wiggled his bum by **Teresa** of **Dollar** during **Wah**'s New York show at Danceteria. Teresa destroyed all pretence by being spotted backstage with Wylie after the show. "Oh isn't this dressing room great," said she. "It's so rock 'n' roll, it really makes me want to work ..."

Still over in NYC, rumours abound that **Johnny Thunders** has been resuscitated and brought back to some semblance of life and that the Peppermint Lounge is to be converted into a gay disco after the appearance of **Nina Hagen** next week. Manhattan club-goers can console themselves with the news of **Jim Fouratt**'s latest venture, however, a new nightspot name of On The Waterfront, which opens on December 1 with deejay **Mark Kaymans,** producer of the **Animal Nightlife** single, at the controls. . .

To close — but more importantly to show what a big-hearted bunch we are at the *T-Zers* desk — some news of *NME* readers **Barrie O'Dare** of South Wales, who is raffling a complete set of autographed **Jam** albums on behalf of No Nukes Music. Tickets, at 20p a throw, are available from him at Higgons Well, Foretunes Frolic, Haverfordwest, Dyfed, Sarf Wales. Ain't we sweet. . .

"Right. OK. Like, this is me, right, the Cool Slugger . . . and this is my scooter and these two birds 'ere, them's my mobile backing group, the Sluggettes, right. We're cool, OK — don't get no fishbones stuck in our throats, right."

(Right) ***Los Angeles mods on a bank holiday weekend outing dahn the Sunset Boulevard, snapped between a quick snack of eels 'n mash and an 'engagement' down the convention with a few greasy, long-haired Republican Bruce Springsteen fans. Right?***

PIX: CHESTER SIMPSON

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Madness

new single

7" buy 163
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our house

From the album
The Rise & Fall

Father wears his Sunday best Mother's tired she needs a rest **The kids are playing up downstairs** Sisters sighing in her sleep **Brothers got a date to keep** – He can't hang around **Our house in the middle of our street** Our house in the middle of our **Our house it has a crowd** There's always something happening **And it's usually quite loud** Our mum she's so house proud **Nothing ever slows her down** *And a mess* is not allowed **Our house in the middle of our street** Our house in the middle of our **Something tells you that you've got to get away from it** Father gets up late for work **Mother has to iron his shirt** Then she sends the kids to school **Sees them off with a small kiss** She's the one they're going to miss **In lots of ways** Our house in the middle of our street **Our house in the middle of our** I remember way back then **When everything was true and when** We would have such a very good time **Such a fine time** Such a happy time **And I remember how we'd play** Simply waste the day away **Then we'd say** Nothing